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MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

SARA COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY

HER DAUGHTER.

"A Spirit, yet a Woman too."

WORDSWORTH.

VOL. II.

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CHAPTER I.

1846.

Letters to Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, Henry Taylor, Esq., Miss Morris, Mrs H. M. Jones, Mrs Richard Townsend.

I.

The Conviction of Sin—Exaggerated Self-Accusations of the Religious—Substantial Agreement amongst Christians of all Denominations.

To Miss MORRIS, Mecklenburg Square.

January 14th, 1846, 10 *Chester Place.*—I will at once tell you the thought or two that occupied my mind as I read your letter, on the subject of the comparative sense of sin. I quite agree with you that the *sentiment*, the feeling is natural, and, perhaps, necessary, in an awakened or awakening state of mind, respecting sin, its odiousness, and its danger. But, then, I think it is capable of being modified or balanced by the representations of the reasoning mind. This latter must tell most sinners, whose overt acts are not of the most flagrant description, that, in all probability, if they saw the hearts of others as they see their own, they would behold a very similar train of goings on to that which they discern by inward inspection. And when they hear so many of those, who appear to be trying to please God, express this opinion of their own *superior* wickedness in terms equally strong,—as strong as human language will admit,—how can they, without suspending the use of reason, avoid drawing the inference that it is no more to be relied on as *absolute truth*, than the unawakened Pharisee's notion, that he is *holier* than other men?

The feeling in itself I believe to be a good one, but I do think it is plainly the intention of our Maker that man should not be guided by feeling alone, or by his intellect alone, but that he should be kept in the right path by the alternate or mingled action of the two. The sense of being worse than any one else, if thus kept in its sphere by reason, will be nothing more than a keen spiritual sensibility; if it went further and clouded that inward eye which makes us acquainted with *truth*, we know not what perversions might follow, what evil reactions and corruptions, even of the spiritual mind by means of the understanding. How often has it appeared as if excessive spiritual humility passed over into spiritual pride, and the very man who was calling himself a worm, and really fancying himself such, has shown by his acts and words, that he considered every soul alive that did not embrace his notions of election, justification, and such parts of theology, as far beneath himself, in the eye of God, as a soul that is and is to be cast out for ever, is beneath a soul that is to be saved. Yet this same self-deceiver, as he referred to feeling alone, felt sure that he was really humble. Had he tried himself by all the different criteria whereby we may arrive at a knowledge of ourselves, by the state of his heart and by his outward course of action, by the conclusions of his judging and comparing faculty, as well as by his emotions, he could hardly have been thus ignorant what spirit he was of.

My clergyman friend, who is to spend this evening with me, speaks strongly and sadly of the mutual misunder-

standings that prevail amongst Christians, and I own I daily more and more lament these *dogmatic* differences. I know the parties on both sides insist that they are substantial and not merely logical (*ens logicum*) differences, but I do believe that most persons, who have gone between various parties as I have done, not merely *read* on both sides, that is by no means enough, but eat and drunk and slept, and talked confidentially and interchanged, not only courtesies, but heart kindnesses on both or all sides, would have very much the same impression with myself, that though logical truth is one, and cannot belong equally to those who logically differ, yet that the life and soul and substance of Christianity may be pretty equally partaken by those who logically differ. And to confess the truth, my own belief is that the whole logical truth is not the possession of any one party, that it exists in fragments amongst the several parties, and that much of it is yet to be developed.

II.

Grace in Baptism.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

1846.—People talk about a *seed* of grace sown in the heart remaining latent, then springing up, bearing fruit, &c., in all which, I think, they deceive themselves by material analogies, and forget the true nature of that which they speak of. The use of those metaphors in Scripture is quite different. I think that error and con-

fusion have arisen on the subject from confused notions of the nature and predicates of *spirit.* Men think of the "heart" as if it really were a fleshy receptacle. They do not consider that the *heart* means the mind considered as feeling, and that the mind is essentially *action.* The very passivity of the mind is an *act* of suffering. Again, men sophisticate the doctrine of regeneration by departing from the idea involved in the word, and presented in Scripture. It is nearly the same with re-creation, and must therefore be a general and inalienable change. The gift in baptism is regeneration (as I believe) in a *secondary* sense. It is a power unto regeneration, surrounding the soul as with an atmosphere, and influencing it perpetually with the subordinate co-operation of the will.

III.

Defence of Mr Coleridge's View of Baptism—Regeneration, in its Primary Sense, means the Work of God upon the Soul, which leads to Sanctification—Baptism effects a change of State (not of nature) by giving the promise of the Holy Spirit—"The Gospel of the Poor"—Use of Rationalism in rectifying popular Theology—Negative Character of German Philosophy.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

Chester Place, January 23d, 1846.—By *actual regeneration,* I mean that change of the soul from evil to good by the Spirit of the Redeemer, which fits it for eternal bliss. This is the idea of regeneration contained in Scripture, where to be a son of God and to be freed from sin are identified. Regeneration *in this sense* is

very fully described by South and Taylor, and many other (not merely evangelical) divines. Dr Pusey calls it the secondary regeneration, and has sometimes described it quite scripturally. St Paul speaks of the same thing when he talks of the "new creature," which is the soul of man renewed by the Spirit, its dispositions raised and purified, grace and goodness predominating within it, and sin being put down. Now, no divine ever has said, or can say, that regeneration in this (which I must own I consider its proper and primary) sense, is produced in the moment of baptism. The spirit of man and spiritual action, *as it is in itself*, considered apart from our representations, has no real relation to time, at least according to the philosophy adopted by my father, whose views of baptism in my essay I attempted to set forth and defend (a lady to-day told me that Mr Newman wondered that the said essay was not more read). But regeneration, which I suppose to be the under-side or co-extensive ground of justification and of sanctification (unless we take it as including them), *phenomenally* viewed, is a gradual process. What then is *baptismal* regeneration? Surely it must be neither more nor less than *a power given to the soul of the baptised for the production of the actual regeneration.* So far divines are agreed. All worth speaking of admit that the regeneration I have described is required in Scripture, and that it cannot take place in a moment in the soul of an infant. They differ when they come to define the power unto regeneration granted in baptism. or rather *how this power belongs to the soul.* Newman, in

his desire to adhere to the primitive doctrine, or at least that which the early Christian writers *most* inclined to (for I believe their conceptions to have been vague and unsettled), and which the Council of Trent adopted, described it to be *within* the soul, to constitute an entire change and spiritualisation of its nature. Now this my father considered to be utterly irrational, and I must add that I consider it, though not so meant, in itself most irreverential and profane. According to this view, the very same soul which is given to all evil, is an abiding place of the Spirit of God. Indeed Keble affirmed this in express terms, "almost in all evil," were his words. I cannot believe that any human being, whose soul had been spiritualised and re-created in the image of God, ever grew up a "scandal to the church." I hope it may be sufficient to say, with Waterland, Bethel, and, as I understand him, Thorndyke, that baptism *consigns* the regenerative Spirit to the soul, or, to adopt your expression, *introduces it into spiritual circumstances*, which is a very different thing from merely giving it outward means and opportunities. In virtue of baptism we have the Spirit, as it were, at *our right hand*, ever ready to lead us into all goodness and truth, and make means and opportunities available to our welfare. It is not *within* us from the first, but ever *coming within* us as fast as we admit it, and operating upon us from without, so that we cannot help admitting it, except by an act of resistance, an exertion of the rebellious will. Does not this doctrine secure all the same spiritual results as the other without, as the other does, bringing us into conflict

with Scripture and experience and the spiritual sense? One who has received the baptismal gift may indeed grow up a scandal to the church, because he may continually resist the Spirit. But holding fast by the *idea* of regeneration given by reason and Revelation, I hold it right to say that no *really* regenerate person ever became reprobate and ungodly, or ever ceased to be a true follower of Christ. If a man falls away from grace, as the Epistle to the Hebrews affirms that men may, it is because he never received grace more than partially, he did not *so* receive it as to prevent the sinful principle, though latent, from being the master principle of his spirit. So far, I own, my doctrine coincides with that of Calvin, and I think that our Saviour's words plainly affirm what I have just expressed. If there is no such thing as a state of the soul as preclusive of a final fall and general corruption, as the state of a butterfly is preclusive of a relapse into the caterpillar, how should Christ so positively have predicted that His sheep should never perish, and that no one should pluck them out of His hand? St. Augustine, that sophisticator of theology (of whom the late Bishop Butler said that, if he and Pelagius had been hung upon two cross sticks, it would have been all the better for the Church), was the first, I believe, who brought in the notion of the possible fall of the regenerate.

With a very deep sigh, my dear friend, I partly admit what you said about Rationalism, that it cannot be the religion of the poor and simple. But then, I believe that every *refined* view of Christianity is more or less a

rationalistic system. What, think you, do the poor make of correct Anglicanism, or of Newmanic Romanism? A philosophic Christianity maintains all the spiritual ideas of the Catholic faith; neither does it preclude the belief in an outward and visible system, but continually tends to rectify, purify, and explain it. The spirit and the principle have been at work in the church from the beginning. But then I am not prepared to say that a perfect scheme of philosophic Christianity has ever yet been developed, or that it is the possession of one party or any individual. The Rationalists of Germany have shown their philosophy for the most part destructively and negatively more than in any other way. But this is not true of Neander, or, as far as I know, of Schleiermacher. *They* have a body of substantive belief in their minds, not a world of unbelief on one hand, and a chaos of uncertainty and something-undetermined-ness—on the other.

IV.

"Moral Effects the Test of Spiritual Operations"*—Dream-Verses—Milton's Beauty.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

10 *Chester Place, January 17th* 1846.—I find that two clergyman-friends of mine, who attacked my little essay on Rationalism, hold, after all, precisely the same

* "Aids to Reflection," vol. ii., p. 66.—Essay on Rationalism, by Sara Coleridge.

opinion of baptismal efficacy which I have endeavoured to set forth in that essay—namely, that it is not, as Newman teaches, an internal, total, instantaneous, spiritual, non-moral change, giving a *power* unto righteousness, but a consignment of the regenerative spirit, made instantaneously, for the purpose of producing a total spiritual *and* moral change gradually realized, an introduction of the soul, as it were, into a new spiritual atmosphere, or, as my father somewhere expresses it, "the periphery of graces belonging to the Church of Christ." This is Waterland's doctrine, and, I believe, that of Arthur Thorndyke. I found that they disliked, as much as I do, the severance in Newman's theory of the spiritual and the moral (which he continually tries to cloak over, but is obliged to reveal, when he comes to display the root part of his doctrine) "the notion that a soul, in spite of being actually spiritually regenerate, may grow up a scandal to the Church!" This is a notion which common sense and common feeling protest against at the outset, and which the subtlest metaphysical sense, as I imagine, condemns, as an empty phantom, at the end of reflection's career. . . . .

Your sister's verses are very sweet and lovely. Thank you for sending them. Sir W. H.'s are mighty good ones to be written in a dream. My Uncle Southey had some good stories of dream verse-making. He was a sceptic on the subject. He thought that, on these occasions, men either dreamed that they composed in a dream (if the poem was good for anything, like Kubla Khan), or dreamed that their dream verses were

good poetry. He used to repeat some most inane verses which a certain poet composed in his sleep, and kept repeating in the hearing of his wife. He assured her, when he woke, that he had produced, while under the dominion of Morpheus, the finest poem in the world, —if he could but recollect it. He was rather crest-fallen when she repeated to him the nonsensical couplet which he had voiced aloud over and over again, while he supposed himself to be rivalling Milton.

Speaking of Milton, do you think that the human face divine ever fell into a finer form than his? It has all the beauty which Italian painters give to St John, and is infinitely more manly, meaning, and intellectual.

V.

Originality of Milton's Genius—Love of Nature displayed in his Poetry.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

1846.—Milton "not *characteristically* one of *nature's great men?*" *Every* great man is characteristically *nature's* great man. When did art or learning ever make the most distant approximation to a Milton? Learning may be the *form* of Milton's poetry, but nature is its matter—or at most, learning is the body, while nature inspires the soul. Book-knowledge was more to Milton, world-knowledge to Shakespeare; but I believe that the latter owed as much to what he

acquired, what he took into his mind from without, as the former. But book-knowledge, after all, was less to Milton than observation of external nature. It is this lore surely which forms the master charm of Comus, Lycidas, the Allegro and Penseroso, the descriptions of Eden, which are the most perfect part of the "Paradise Lost." Wordsworth has *humanized* nature; but Milton glorified it, *out of itself*, in showing how divine a thing it is, in its own, and none but its own loveliness, how evidently the work of God. Here he is, as you, and Wordsworth before you, say, essentially Hebraic, so far as the Hebraic mind appears in the Old Testament. Hence his sublimity,—his simplicity and grandeur, as to the nature of his theme, which the classical ornature by no means injures or misfits. He never is *so* ornamental as not to be "sensuous and impassioned," for his ornaments are all, in themselves, the fresh products of nature, and the use that has been made of them, since they were first gathered, has deadened, in no least imaginable degree, their everlasting verdure. Milton is more profusely, more thickly and richly poetic than Wordsworth, his felicities of diction and brilliancies of imagination are more uniformly spread over the mass of his productions. As for the Homeric poetry, it is perfection in its way; but in regard to *thought*, the work of the intellect-evolving reason and the spirit, it displays the childhood of the human race, and that under an imperfect, obscured, and broken Revelation.

VI.

Blanco White—Comparison between his state of Mind and that of Cowper and of Shelley.

To the Rev. FREDERICK D. MAURICE,
Chaplain's Lodge, Guy's Hospital.

Chester Place, February 4th, 1846.—I was disappointed with the review of Blanco White's* life, in the Quarterly, which I had heard highly praised for liberality and beautiful feeling. To my mind it by no means does justice to Blanco White's head or heart. It does not set in a strong point of view that in B. W.'s character in which he was superior, as it strikes me, to the mass of even good men,—a determined, far-going, all-sacrificing truthfulness. Neither does it render justice to the powers of thought in Blanco White. It is easy to point out vacillations, inconsistencies. The more a man thinks for himself and looks *into* things, the more will be his apparent inconsistencies. There is an external superficial consistency with which the masses of men are contented. And the review does no justice to the faith Blanco White evidenced in his last illness; nor does it fairly compare Cowper's state of mind with his, though the comparison is in one point instituted. Cowper was quite as unhappy as B. White,

* The Rev. Joseph Blanco White, Author of "Letters on Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado," was born at Seville, of a Roman Catholic family, in 1775. He came to England, and joined the English Church, about 1817. After passing through various phases of belief and scepticism, he died a Deist, in 1841.—E. C.

far more so than Shelley. A great deal of Shelley's misery was merely poetry; and he too had wretched health, and suffered habitual pain. It is also to be taken into account that men who have separated from the Christian world, do not conceal their heart-wretchedness, nor affect to receive comfort as others are apt to do.

I hope and believe that the Christian has the more consolation for being such. But the dearer this hope is, the less can one bear to hear half-truths and make-believes pressed into the service of it.

VII.

Character of her Mother.

To Mrs H. M. Jones, Hampstead.

February 21st, 1846.—I really feel more and more that your appreciation of my mother was just and clear-sighted. Her character rises upon me now as I look back upon it, and compare her *perfect* simplicity and honesty, her union of steady, deep affection for those she was connected with by blood or friendship, her earnest gratitude, with an artless way of dealing respecting them, and dispassionate views. Hasty she was at the moment of provocation, but never was any one more just to all mankind, as far as her knowledge and insight extended, less swayed by peevish resentment in her deliberate judgments. There are some more devout in temper, more exalted in the world's eye, who are far inferior to her in

those Christian tempers, who are perpetually on the watch *to set up* those they love by studied representations, while negatively or positively they are depreciating and unjust to those whom they love less, and whose praise seems to them so much taken from their own dear ones. *She* never disparaged others that those she loved might shine the more, though she sometimes too bluntly and straightforwardly commended her loved ones.

VIII.

Unfair Criticism of Mr Coleridge's Religious Opinions—His MS. Notes—Care taken of them by Mr Southey.

To Henry Taylor, Esq., Mortlake.*

February 26th, 1846.—I would always invite and welcome for my father, as he did for himself, the closest examination of the character and merit of his writings. The sooner they are clearly understood, both for praise and for usefulness, or for detection of delusive appearances of truth and excellence, the better. His complaint always was that nobody would question his views in *particulars*, that nobody would fight with him hand to hand, but that random missiles were discharged at him from a distance, by men who fled away while they fought.

I do not know how any of the Notes came to be effaced, never having seen the copy of the "Life of

* Author of "Philip Van Artevelde," now Sir Henry Taylor.—E. C.

Wesley," in which they were written by my father himself. He did sometimes forget to finish a note, in some instances most tantalizingly. Perhaps he broke off to think, and then either did not satisfy himself, or forgot to record his conclusions. Some of his *marginalia* have been cruelly docked by binders, some rubbed out. My uncle Southey used to ink over his pencilled notes, "that nothing be lost," as he said, with his usual diligence. When shall we see such diligence again, such regularity, with such genius and versatility? I think if he had not been a poet, he would have been called a plodder, and have become a respectable and useful writer by sheer industry.

IX.

Beauties of Crabbe.

To Mrs Richard Townsend, Springfield, Norwood.

Chester Place, June 17th, 1846.—I am glad that you enjoy Crabbe. Sir Francis Palgrave praised him most warmly, and was pleased and rather surprised to have a warm response from me the other day, at Mr Murray's. The "Tales of the Hall" are what I now like the best of all his sets of poems. In my earlier days I did not perceive half their merits, the fine observation of life, the tender sympathy with human sorrow, the gentle smile at human weakness, the humour, the pathos, the firm, almost stern morality, the excellent, clear, pure

diction, and the touches of beauty (as I think) interspersed here and there. The Songs I much admire: the descriptions of Nature are decidedly poetical, in my opinion, though they bear the same relation to Milton's and Wordsworth's descriptions as the expression of Murillo's pictures does to that of Raphael's and Lionardo's.

X.

Reflections of an Invalid—Defence of Luther—Charges of Irreverence often unjustly made—Ludicrous Illustration found in a Sermon of Bishop Andrewes—Education: how far it may be Secular without being Irreligious—Mr. Keble's "Lyra Innocentium"—Religious Poetry.

Miss ERSKINE.

July 23rd, 1846.—My dear A——, I thought to have answered your letter very soon; but I have been ever falling from one poorliness into another, each slight in itself, but producing a general weakness in me which is no slight evil, or rather it is the general weakliness which rendered me liable to those little attacks, and the attacks make it worse. But I am making the vestibule of my letter a doleful sick room, in which the most interesting and refreshing objects that present themselves, are bottles from the apothecary's shop full of tonics, sedatives, liniments, gargles, and so forth. Your letter, on the contrary, was full of fresh air, and made me think of you both when I read it, and from time to

time ever since, riding away on a spirited pony, with most *countrified* cheeks and eyes, and a very light heart and mind *less* light than ever. I could wish your heart and mind to be like two buckets, the latter to be ever filling, fuller and fuller, with the streams of sacred and all other lore, pure as water and rich as wine—while the former grows constantly more and more empty of earthly cares and troubles. I hope that your dear mother continues well and does not walk too much. She is rather apt, I believe, not to think of herself, when others are concerned. There are so many depôts, of the largest possible extent, where selfishness and self-preservativeness may be borrowed to any amount, that if she can but be persuaded of the necessity, she might readily furnish herself with a little of the needful article. But this I have said, as it were with one eye open and the other shut, for, though there are in every street and lane and country village such vast stocks of selfishness to be found, yet those who are in want of the article never know how to get at any of it. Every particle clings to its native place like petrifactions in marble. But all this moral reflection is enough to *petrify* you by its stupidity, and, in order to put a little life into both of us, I must e'en turn for a while to *controversy*.

How say you, my A——, that you are not *growing in love for Luther*, but rather becoming hardened in a *Tracts for the Times*-y view of that great and good man, the noblest divine instrument, in my opinion, which the world has seen after the Prophets and Apostles? *Coarse?* What is coarseness in such a man, of such dimensions, of

such mental and spiritual thews and sinews, with such a heart and soul and spirit, and such a mighty life-long work as he had to perform, and performed most heroically? If Luther had been a "nice man for a small tea-party," if to write a few Tracts for the times, or publish a few volumes of sermons, or to put a church in proper ecclesiastical order, after a modernized-primitive fashion, had been all his vocation upon earth, then truly a little coarseness would have quite spoilt him. But he was, as Julius Hare says, "a Titan," and "when a Titan walks abroad among the pygmies, the earth seems to rock beneath his tread." It is vain to tell me that Luther could not have been spiritual-minded, because he used rough, coarse, homely expressions. His whole life, public and private, the general character of his writings, so far as I know them, prove *to me* that he *was* a spiritual-minded man and the most deeply convinced of sin that ever lived. That Luther was profane I cannot admit. I have always thought that the language of the Oxford theologians respecting profaneness in religion had much in it that was both narrow and uncharitable. They confound want of good taste with want of piety, homely breeding with that irreverence which springs from the heart; in the meantime *they* are teaching doctrines and expressing opinions which appear to many earnest and thoughtfully-religious minds in the highest degree derogatory to God and Christ and Christianity. Every one is profane who does not adopt their peculiar ceremoniousness in religion, who cannot specially revere all that they have made up their minds to think worthy of reverence.

Think of this comparison from the pen of Bishop Andrewes, one of their highest favourites amongst our Anglican divines: "Are they like to *buckets?* one cannot go down, unless the other go up." The "*buckets*" are the Saviour and the Comforter! Now would not this be pronounced highly profane by the Luther-haters, had it been found in a book of Luther's? Yet Andrewes is considered the *beau ideal* of a reverential spirit, by the Oxford writers, and I have no doubt that he never for a moment lost the feeling of reverence out of his heart. Yet with all Luther's occasional scurrility and violence, I doubt whether an example so unworthy of the highest of all subjects could be found in his works. That instance from Andrewes is brought forward in a long note in the new work of Archdeacon Hare, "The Mission of the Comforter, and other Sermons." The second volume is twice as long as the other and full of notes. Note W. contains a most warm, thorough, searching, resolute defence of Luther against all his modern censors. It is not to be expected, indeed, that they who dislike the work which Luther did, can ever like the workman; still they should not bring up again the refuted slanders of Romanists, and quote his writings out of the books of his Romish adversaries instead of out of his own.

Yesterday I discussed with Mr M——, or rather, he with me, Dr Hook's remarkable pamphlet on National Education. M—— contends that no part of education should be dissociated from *religious* education, that we ought not to divide our life or our teaching into secular

and religious, and that such a plan as the one proposed would clamp and rivet a wrong principle of education and prevent the arising of a higher and more deeply religious system.

I think certainly that no man could teach History in an effective, living manner, without infusing into it the tone and principle either of Socinianism or Trinitarianism. But I believe that in the routine of the National School, except where religion is formally introduced, the spirit of Christianity is not felt at all. And certainly a man may teach reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic without letting it appear whether he is a Mahometan or a Christian—nay, more, I do not see how he could keep steadily to his business in teaching these branches, without keeping his peculiar form of religion in the background. Still, I believe that M—— is right, and that we who embrace with our hearts the Divinity of Christ, should not allow a disbeliever even to teach our children to cypher; though I would by no means admit that we ought to keep *out of all intercourse* with such disbelievers, and that is another point on which I think the Oxford teaching injurious.

I meant to talk with you a little about the *Lyra Innocentium*, but have hardly left myself room. I am doing it all possible justice, for I read it slowly, two or three poems a day, and some two or three times over. I like best "Sleeping on the Waters" and the "Lich-gate." Still it would be quite insincere to say that I either like or approve of it, *upon the whole*, either as religion or poetry, though there are beautiful passages.

I hope you do not *wholly* approve of it as religion. Surely the Marianism is far more than our best and greatest divines would approve. The article in the "Quarterly" is the article of a friend, and in the main a partisan; the reviewer mentions some important faults in the volume as poetry, but to my mind there is a deeper fault than any he mentions, namely, want of truth and substance, and not only of doctrine, but of human child-nature. The incidents recorded are quite insignificant in themselves, they add nothing to our knowledge, no richness to our store of reflections. They are used as mere symbols, suggestive of analogies. They are just so many pegs and hooks on which Mr Keble can hang his web of religious sentiment. The "Reviewer" says that to *excel as a poet* is not Mr Keble's aim. This seems to me something like goodyism. He who writes poetry surely should aim to excel as a poet, and the more if his theme is religion, and his object to spiritualize and exalt. Every great poet has a higher aim, of course, than that of merely obtaining admiration for his poetic power and skill. Wordsworth's aim was to elevate the thoughts of his readers, to enrich and purify their hearts, but he sought to excel as a poet in order that he might do this the more effectually. I believe that Isaiah and Ezekiel sought to excel as poets, all the more that their poetry was the vehicle of divine truth, of truth awakened in their souls by inspiration.

XI.

Composition of "Phantasmion"—Love in Fairyland.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Before writing Phantasmion I thought that for the account of Fairyland Nature I need invoke no other muse than Memory, my native vale, seen through a sunny mist of dreamery, would supply all the materials I should want and all the inspiration, but for the love part and the descriptions of personal beauty, I invoked Venus to aid me. On my application she told me that Fairyland love was such weak, syrupy stuff, and so little in demand, that it was hardly worth her while to keep any in store. She would send out Cupid as soon as she could catch him, to gather cowslips and primroses enough to make a few small bottles, that to ferment it she would use a little sea-foam which he might whisk off the surface of the waves after bathing, and that I should have it, fresh and fresh, as I wanted it in the progress of the story. In the meantime, though she could by no means lend me any of her swans or golden-breasted pigeons, she had a sick dove, which had broken its leg, and lost its health for want of exercise, which was at my service for any use I could put it to. These handsome offers I was glad to accept, seeing that they were the best I could obtain, and so if the love poetry of the volume is rather mawkish and soporific, or if some of it tastes a little brackish as if tears had trickled into the liquor, you must bear in mind what

poor wild flowers and froth I had to brew it of; and if the story is but a lame affair, and the whole piece a faint and sickly piece of painting, you must lay it all to the account of the broken-legged dove, and the shabbiness of Venus in lending me no better help. Coarse-minded thing! she can't endure Fairyland, where the lovers are as fine as mists, and the ladies evanescent as rainbows. She admires heavy hulks, downright, visible, tangible wretches, and would have the very ladies perceptible to the mere unpurged visual orb! There was Venus Cœlestis, but I dared not apply to her, *she* was too exalted for me. There ought to be a Venus Fairylandensis, abiding between earth and heaven, to assist writers of fairy tales.

Since you desired to know particularly what I did, and where I was when I wrote the book, and all the circumstances attending its composition, I must further inform you that Cupid behaved abominably about the cowslips. He wove them into tisty-tosty-balls, and tossed them up in the sun, so that they were absolute hay before he brought them to make the love-small-beer. I begged Venus, (who by-the-bye is just like her picture by Correggio in the National Gallery) to take him by the wing and give him a good shake, but she merely snatched up one of the cowslip balls and flung it in his face, which he took as a signal for a game of romps, threw a whole handful at her, then let fall his basket and ran away, screaming and laughing. Foreseeing how vapid the beer would be when the flowers were thus banged about, I grew very cross, and re-

proached Venus for taking the matter so lightly. But she only laughed and told me that I should have done just the same with my urchin; just at that moment Herby came in, and began to be as naughty as Cupid, looking all the time equally pretty, so that I thought it as well not to push the dispute any further just then.

Another misfortune to me was this, that Mercury, at my request, put off Cupid's reading-lesson, in order that he might have full time to gather the cowslips in the morning, consequently he came cross and tired to his master in the afternoon, and at last fell asleep over his book. This put Mercury out of humour, and he was heard to say, that since I had made a dunce of his pupil, I might appear like a dunce myself, for all the help he would give me toward the invention of my tale. However, I have since heard that he has taken the book into favour, so far as to teach Cupid to read out of it, and that the little fellow is well pleased with the descriptions of the butterflies and bees, and other creatures with wings, insect and human, and both his mother and his uncle think that Hermillian was intended as a portrait of him.

A Character.

To the Same.

. . . His manner is not shy or taciturn, yet is essentially reserved; all that is said seems meted out beforehand: so far it is to go, and no farther; and the smile is sweet, yet seems too intentional. I like more overflow and self-abandonment to the subject of dis-

course ; but then I was bred up amongst poets, who are enthusiastic, overflowing people for the most part, and let their thoughts run away with them now and then, as the dish ran away with the spoon. F. N. talks in a very finished way, but his talk is *all* finished when it is presented to you : it is stereotyped, as it were—not to be modified or enlarged by alien suggestions. Thus it is as perfect as he can make it—that is, very perfect on its own scale : you are to take it, and be thankful. He has a *Latin* sort of intellect.

December 30th, 1846.

XII.

Comparative Merits of the Earlier and Later Poems of Wordsworth—Burns.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

1846.—Your scheme of a critique on Wordsworth would be very noble and comprehensive, if adequately executed. The difficulty would be to avoid obscurity and vagueness. I agree to all your characteristics, so far as I understand them, except those of the later poetry, of which I take a wholly different view from that expressed in your prospectus. You have brought me to see more beauty in them than I once did ; but when you say they have more *latent imagination*, are more *mellow*, exhibit "faculties more perfectly equipoised," you seem to me to have framed a theory apart from the facts. They have more *fancy*, but surely not more

imagination, latent or patent. They can hardly be mellower, for they have not the same body; their substance is thinner; and some of the author's poetic faculties are, to my mind, not *there* to be equipoised. What! are any of the later poems, in the blending and equipoise of faculties, beyond "Tintern Abbey," "The Leech-gatherer," "The Brothers," "Ruth?" Did the instrument become mellower than in "Three years She Grew," "The Highland Girl," "The White Doe?" Surely there is far more real strength in the "Sonnets to Liberty," "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," "Platonic Ode," "Rob Roy's Grave," than in anything the author has produced during the last twenty years.

That is a good distinction of meditative and contemplative.

Your characteristics of Burns are excellent. I agree to them all heartily. I am glad you are not too *genteel* to like Burns.

XIII.

Classification of Mr Wordsworth's Poems, with a View to proving the Superiority of the Earlier Ones over the Later—Earlier Poems; Meditative; Lyrical—Poems of Incidents; Reflective and Pathetic—Poems of Sentiment; Reflective and Imaginative; Descriptive—Ballad Poems—Homely Strains—Sonnets—Later Poems.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

SCALE OF MR WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

The poems are arranged in classes according to the

character of the composition, but in a loose, inexact manner, as such classes are apt to run into one another, some poems having the characteristics of more than one.

The degrees of excellence are marked by the letters of the alphabet—*a* being the highest, and so on.

Meditative strains, sedate in character, and in which solemnity and tenderness mutually succeed or flow into each other.

The Old Cumberland Beggar. *a, a, a.*
Tintern Abbey. *a, a, a.*
Address to my Infant Daughter. *a.*
The Happy Warrior. *a.*
Lines on the French Revolution. *a.*
When to the Attractions.
Nutting.
To M. M.
There was a Boy.
The Yew-tree Seat.
A Little Onward.
Certain passages of the Excursion. See further on. (The excellencies of the "Excursion" are of a diffusive kind: you must gather them from a large surface. The most condensed passage is in the 4th book, "Within the soul a faculty abides.")

Lyrical compositions, more rapt and fervid than the former, and equally exalted in spirit.

Intimations of Immorality. Ode sublimely imagina-

tive. Thorough Wordsworthians think this poem transcendent, and that its merits baffle description.

Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle. *a, a, a.*

Ode to Duty. *a, a.*

Rob Roy's Grave. *a, a.*

Elegiac, but with a solemn fervour which connects them with the two former classes.

Peel Castle. *a, a.*

Laodamia. *a, a.* "Laodamia" partly belongs to the next.

Poems containing some history or incident, dignified and solemn in tone, or, when less elevated, full of a deep, reflective pathos.

The Leech-gatherer. *a, a, a.* (A title I prefer to the new one, "Resolution and Independence." Derwent says, "The Old Cumberland Beggar" might, in the same spirit, have been changed into "Advantages of Mendicancy.")

The Female Vagrant. *a, a.*

The Brothers. *a, a.*

Ruth. *a, a.*

Michael. *a.*

The Matron of Jedburgh. *a.* There is a lyrical air about this poem.

The Thorn. *b.* Fine in parts, but unequal.

The White Doe. First and last cantos, especially the former; interview of Francis and Emily, in the second; and speech of the Father in the fifth. *a, a.*

Peter Bell. Unequal, but striking and impressive in general conception, with passages of deep passion and potent imagination.

The Waggoner. Humbler in its aim and general conception, but more equal in execution, more tender and harmonious in tone, more truly in keeping if lower in tint, and with less depth and brilliancy of colouring. The Epilogue I prefer to the Prologue of Peter Bell.

Poems, reflective and pathetic, in which the *habit* of grief is more impressively described than any particular acts or accesses of the passion.

The Affliction of Margaret. *a.*

The Emigrant Mother. *a.* Pleasing but not powerful.

The Two April Mornings. *a, a.*

The Fountain. *a, a.*

'Tis Said that Some have Died for Love. *a.*

Vaudracour and Julia.

History of Margaret, in the Excursion; of the Solitary's Wife, and of Ellen.

Song for the Wandering Jew. Not improved by the new stanzas.

The Mad Mother.

The Complaint.

The Complaint of the Forsaken Indian Woman. This poem describes grief, not as the attendant on a permanent state, but arising from sudden misfortune. Schiller has a poem of the same sort,

Nadowernsche Todtenklage; but less intense in feeling.

Poems of sentiment, imaginatively presented, distinguished by exquisiteness of expression, in which the language seems more especially one with the thought, or inseparably incorporated with it.

b, not so great as the two first classes.

Three Years She Lived in Sun and Shower. *a*, *a*, *a*.
The Highland Girl.
She was a Phantom of Delight.
To H. C., Six Years Old.
Farewell, thou Little Nook.
Yarrow Unvisited.
Castle of Indolence.
A Poet's Epitaph.

All these first six are almost equally excellent; the two last very good, but less sweet perhaps.

Less perfect in execution, or lighter and humbler in the tone of feeling.

The Cuckoo.
To a Skylark.
I Travelled Among Unknown Ways. (Last stanza exquisite.)
She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways.
If Nature for a Favourite Child.
A Slumber did my Spirit Seal.
The Green Linnet.
The Sparrow's Nest.

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud. (Unequal; second stanza beautiful.)
I Met Louisa in the Shade.
The Solitary Reaper.
To the Daisy.
To the Same Flower.
O Nightingale, thou Surely Art.

Inferior, but of the same class.

To a Butterfly.
Stepping Westward.
Glen Almain.

Of this set some are as perfect in their way, having as much unity of execution as those of the first set, and some, as the verses on Matthew, " If Nature, &c.," are as deep in feeling. But none of them so finely unite harmony of expression with a high poetic spirit.

" Beggars " belongs to this class, and has some power about it. But though thoroughly Wordsworthian, it is to my mind unsuccessful.

Poems of reflection imaginatively conceived.

Gypsies.

I cannot yet feel quite satisfied with this poem. I wish that such fine language had a more clearly justifying subject. Mr de Vere alleges, that though, if the reality of the case be considered, the "tawny wanderers" were quite in the right to take their rest; yet, the poet,

looking at the matter poetically, did very well to be indignant at them, and to express his indignation in the most magnificent manner. Now, I know that the poetical aspect of things, and the common-sense, unadorned aspect of them are very different; but can it be right to make them clean *contrary*, the one to the other, on any occasion? The poet may *add* to truth of fact "the light that never was on sea or land,"—but this light ought surely to exalt and glorify, not to reverse or misrepresent it. The actual ought to underlie the whole fabric, and even regulate its form, though it be not itself immediately visible. Otherwise, we convert poetry, which ought to be truth of a peculiar kind, into falsehood. The great merit of Mr Wordsworth's best poems is, that they present realities of the heart and mind of man and of external nature, in the grandest forms, and under the most glowing and glorifying lights, wherein they can possibly appear. Some deny that these lights are glowing. They have seldom, indeed, any such glow as is opposed to purity and solemnity. But in his finest poems they are intense and transfigure the objects, not changing the form and lineaments so as to render them unrecognizable, but exalting, refining, illuminating them.

The small Celandine—There is a Flower, the lesser Celandine. Last stanza is in the pithy manner of some of the old poets.

Fidelity. Last four lines fine.

My Heart Leaps up.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves.
Yes, full surely 'twas the Echo.
It is no Spirit.
Preface to the White Doe.
Animal Tranquillity and Decay.—A prosy didactic title.

Descriptive pieces highly imaginative, and pervaded with a sentiment inspired by the objects of the description, the outward forms of nature, not arising from other sources, and arbitrarily arrayed therein.

Yew Trees. Sublime.
To Joanna. Containing the fine passage finely imitated by Lord Byron in Childe Harold, about the echo among the mountains.
The Danish Boy. A fragment.

Here I might have placed—

There was a Boy.
To M. H.
When to the attractions.
Nutting.

The "Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches are energetic, but seem to want a point to seize the heart and fancy. They want unity of aim.

Passages in the Blind Highland Boy.
Idle Shepherd Boys.

Description of Skating at Sunset.
Night Piece.
Emma's Dell. "There is an Eminence."
The Haunted Tree.
Influence of Natural Objects.

There are fine descriptive passages in the "Excursion," especially that beginning, "Such was the boy; but for the growing youth, What soul was his," p. 10, 1st book; and the description of the cloud city at the end of the 2nd book, p. 71.

"Characteristics of a Child Three Years Old" is pretty and graceful, like a woman's writing.

Poems of the ballad character.—Serious and Pathetic.

The Horn of Egremont Castle.
The Last of the Flock.
The Force of Prayer.
The Childless Father. Up, Timothy. Very affecting and pleasing.
Poor Susan. Still better in the same line.
Ellen Irwin. My old friend Mr Calvert wore me out with this poem. I have pleasing juvenile associations with it, but not poetical ones. He was always half-admiring, half-quizzing, his friend's muse.
The Seven Sisters.
Lucy Gray.
Repentance.

More homely, and with an occasional sportiveness

not sufficiently distinguished from the ludicrous. Mr Wordsworth's utter want of all sense of the humorous seems to me connected with his mistakes on this head.

The Idiot Boy. Admired by Charles James Fox. I think that none but a poet and a man of power could have written, or dared have written, "The Idiot Boy;" but, like "Peter Bell," and "The Thorn," and, in less degree, some of his other poems, it has in it a radical defect in the original cast and conception.
The Two Thieves.
The Farmer of Tilbury Vale.
The Pet Lamb.

The morality of the first two of these poems is dubious. It is not well to be so figurative and poetic in a matter of morals, that the wrong sense is the more obvious. But I do not see that there is any humility of thought and diction in these poems which is not within the rules of taste, rightly and liberally understood.

Lower again, but still not without power and marks of an individual mind, which to me are pleasing.

Goody Blake. That is surely a stanza which has some efficacy towards freezing the blood.—"She prayed, her withered hand uprearing."
We are Seven.
Written in Germany. "A fig for your languages."

Homely strains, not ballads.

To a Sexton. "Let thy wheelbarrow alone." Quaint, but with a sort of vivid realizing of the country churchyard which used to please me, as Tennyson's vivid realizations of cottage gardens, old country mansions, reedy swamps where swans expire, and spots about the country village, please me.

A Character.

Sonnets. The finer sonnets belong to the first-class of sedate, meditative strains, 1; or the less elevated sentimental class, 2; some are imaginatively descriptive, 3.

With how sad steps. 3.

Surprised by joy. 2.

Among the Mountains.

I watch, and long have watched.

I am not one. The series of four sonnets beginning thus. 1.

Three Sonnets on Sleep. 2.

Earth has not anything. 1.

Lady, the songs of Spring. 1.

The world is too much with us. 1.

Once did she hold.

Toussaint.

Inland, within a hollow vale.

Two voices are there.

Milton, thou shouldst be living.

It is not to be thought of.

When I have borne in memory.

These times touch monied worldlings.
Shout, for a mighty victory.
Another year, another deadly blow.
Clarkson, it was an obstinate hill.
Hail! Zaragoza.
Brave Schill.
Ah! where is Palafox?
The power of armies.
What need of clamorous bells.
From the dark chambers.
Calvert, it must not be unheard.
Pure element of waters.
Calm is all nature.
With ships the sea.
It is a beauteous evening.
Praised be the art.
The fairest, brightest hues.
Methought I saw.
The Imperial Consort.
Fallen and diffused.
Grief, thou hast lost.
As the cold aspect.
While not a leaf.
Ye sacred nurseries.
Shame on the faithless heart.
Ward of the Law.
&c., &c., &c.

EXCURSION.

Such was the boy, p. 10 of 6th vol. of last edition.
Story of Margaret, p. 36.
Cloud City, p. 71.
Voiceless the stream, p. 96.
Description of the Solitary's married life and mental history after his bereavement.
His wife's death, pp. 101-113.
How beautiful this dome of sky, p. 116. Miltonic.
Religion of the Ancients, pp. 138-39-40.
A Curious Child — passage that Landor quarrelled about, p. 155.

Of the later poems, those that have pleased me best are—

Lines on a Portrait.*
Dion.
On the longest day.*
The Triad.*
Evening Ode.
Ode to Lycoris.
The minstrels played.†
Ethereal Minstrel.
Yarrow visited.
Yarrow revisited. Inferior, but elegant.
Remembrance of Collins.
Lines in a Boat.
The Pass of Kirkstone.
Some of the Duddon Sonnets. My father said the best of them were written early.

Of these poems, I like best those that I have marked with a *.

I have purposely exhibited the earlier poems by themselves, in order to make it appear whether or no the author's fame rests principally on them, whether anything approaching to the like amount of poetic *stuff* can be produced from the later productions, which almost equal them in bulk. How comparatively few of the former could lovers of his poetry afford to part with! Perhaps my great preference of the earlier set may not be defensible by æsthetic rules: I might not be able to prove that there is a difference of *kind*, more than of mere degree, between the first and the last; that the former are poetry and works of genius in a higher sense than the latter; that the latter are produced wilfully by the author's poetic skill and talent, while the former were effluxes of the poetic spirit, and results of inspiration; that the latter are imitations and elaborate reproductions of what was produced *in substance* before, rather than fresh products of thought and feeling. But so it is, that I feel they never can have any great hold on my mind. I have heard some of them to the greatest advantage; for if anything can *teach* one to love poetry, it is to see that it is loved, and hear it repeated in tones of love and admiration by those who are themselves poetical. And I shall read it through again, and see much more in it than I have ever yet

† "Laodamia" and the "White Doe" are intermediate in style between the early and later poems, and mark the transitional state of the Wordsworthian genius.—S.C.

done, though nothing, I fear, comparable to two-thirds, at least, of the old set.

My notion of the superiority of such poems as "Tintern Abbey," "The Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle," "The Female Vagrant," &c., over such as "Dion," "The Triad," "The Ode to Lycoris," I might *partly* illustrate by referring to the difference betwixt such a face and countenance as that of J—— H——, or of B—— N——, at the same age, with the face and countenance of Schiller, or any of the handsomer of the ancient Greeks. The former are graceful, refined, and elegant, but they want breadth, mass, and expansion. There may be all, and more than all, their elegance, with greater breadth; for where the features are more solid and on a bolder scale, the face may be altogether wider, with no loss of beauty, but the contrary, and with an infinite gain in grandeur and force. So, too, the expression may be as refined, yet far more impressive and energetic.

XIV.

Critique on "Laodamia"—Want of Truth and Delicacy in the Sentiments attributed to the Wife in that Poem—No Moral Lesson of any Value to be drawn from such a Misrepresentation—Superior Beauty and Fidelity of a Portrait taken from the Life—Leading Idea of Shelley's "Sensitive Plant."

REASON FOR NOT PLACING "LAODAMIA" IN THE FIRST RANK OF WORDSWORTHIAN POETRY.

Laodamia is, in my opinion, as a whole, neither powerfully conceived nor perfectly executed. I venture to say

that there is both a coarseness and a puerility in the design and the sentiments. I see a want of feeling, of delicacy, and of truthfulness, in the representation of Laodamia herself. The speech put into her mouth is as low in tone as it is pompous and inflated in manner. Would even a Pagan poet, would Homer have ascribed such an address to Andromache or Penelope? Would he have made any virtuous matron and deeply-loving wife address her lord returned from the dead so in the style of a Medea or a Phœdra? Surely in Ovid's "Epistle of Laodamia to Protesilaus," there is nothing so unmatronly and unwifely, bold and unfeminine. Not only does the poet make Laodamia speak thus—he clenches the imputation by a commentary. He ascribes to her *passions* unworthy of a pure abode, *raptures* such as Erebus disdains—implies that her feelings belong to mere sense, the lowest part of our nature. By what right does he impute to the spouse of Protesilaus such grossness of character, and how can he do so without representing her as quite unworthy of that deep sympathy and compassion which yet he seems to claim for her? "O judge her gently who so deeply loved." *Deep* love is utterly incompatible with such passions and raptures as Erebus can have any pretence to disdain. Even where they existed, they would be consumed, burnt up as a scroll, in the strong, steady fire of conjugal affection. After all, what is the moral of this much-pretending, lofty-sounding poem? What is it that the poet means to condemn and to warn against? To judge by his words, we must suppose him to be declaiming against

subjugation to the senses, because these things earth is ever destroying and Erebus disdaining. Now if Laodamia really longed to be re-united with her husband only for the sake of his "roseate lips" and blooming cheeks, she would deserve censure and contempt too, but the true reason of her sorrow and reluctance to part with him is this, that *she* is chained to the sphere of outward and visible things, while he is gone, Heaven knows whither, and that except through a sensuous *medium*, she can have *no communion* with him, none of which she can be conscious, not the highest and most spiritual. Love can have no other fruition than that of union. The fervent apostle longs to be dissolved and to be *with* Christ. The poet's machinery, too, is extremely ill-adapted for bringing out any deep or fine thoughts on such a subject. His heaven itself is a heaven of *sense*, Elysian fields, with purling brooks and lilied banks, "purpureal gleams," and all that we have here on a brighter and larger scale, where the pride of the eye, by far the strongest and most seductive of all the senses, is to be oceanically gratified. But is submission to the will of God, and a patient waiting to be *made happy in his way*, true faith and *trust* in the Author of our being, that He who gave us our hearts and the objects of them, can and will give us the feelings and the fruitions best adapted to our eternal well-being, if we rely upon Him with an energy of self-abandonment and patience, what the poet meant to inculcate? I can only say that if this be the case, nothing can be more circuitous and misleading than the way which he takes

to arrive at his point; all along, if he aims that way he shoots another.

In this poem Mr Wordsworth wilfully divested himself of every tender and delicate feeling in the contemplation of the wife and the woman, for the sake of a few grand declamatory stanzas, which he knew not else how to make occasion for. Of course a poor woman is glad to see the external form of her husband after a long and perilous absence, right glad, too, to see him with a ruddy cheek, thankful under such circumstances to receive ever so dislocating a squeeze—a thing to the mere sense unluxurious, nay painful, but comfortable to the heart within, as making assurance doubly sure that there he is, the good man himself, no vision or spectre like to vanish away, but a being, confined like herself within the bounds of space, and likely for many a day to be perceptible within that portion of space which is their common home; proof also, or, at least, a strong sign,—that whether or no he be as glad to rejoin her as she is to have him back, at all events, he is more glad than words can express.

Why did Mr Wordsworth write in this hard, forced, falsetto style of Laodamia? Was this a sketch taken from *very* nature? Was it drawn by the light of the sun in heaven, or by real moonlight in all its purity and freshness? No—but by the beams of a purple-tinted lamp in his study, a lamp gaudily coloured, but dimmed with particles of smoke and fumes of the candle. Compare with this the thoughts and feelings embodied in that exquisite sketch, "She was a Phantom of Delight,"

the fine and delicate interweaving of the outward and sensuous with the things of the heart and higher mind in that poem. Can we not see in a moment that the poet had been gazing on the deep and manifold countenance of Nature herself, of Truth and Reality, when he threw forth those verses, that he had been *seeing*, not inventing? Yet is it not far more finely imaginative than the other? Would any but a great poet have so seen the face of Nature, or so pourtrayed it? Mrs Wordsworth lies, in essence, at the bottom of that poem. How angry would the bard be to have her connected in any way with the other, and its broad, coarse abstractions! So long as sense *is* divorced from our higher being, it is, indeed, a low thing, but may it not be redeemed, and by becoming the minister and exponent of the other, be purified and exalted? I have ever thought those doctrines that seek to sever the sensuous from our humanity, instead of retaining and merging it in the sentimental, the intellectual and the spiritual, "a vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls on the other side."

I have received more consolation from Mr Wordsworth's poetry than from any sermons or works of devotion at different times of my life, but I must have more truth and freshness than there is in Laodamia to be either highly gratified or consoled. I would not have poetry always dwell in the *common* world, but still it must always have truth at the bottom. I admire, for instance, and see great truth in Shelley's "Sensitive Plant." It is wild, but there is nothing unreal or forced

about it. I look upon it as a sort of apologue, intended, or at least fitted, to exhibit the relations of the perceptive and imaginative mind, as modified by the heart, with external nature.

CHAPTER II.

1846.

July—December.

Letters to Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Rev. Henry Moore, Miss Fenwick, Mrs Farrer, Miss Morris.

I.

Mr Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

To Miss Morris.

1846.—A book which has interested me much of late, is a thick volume by a graduate of Oxford, whose name is Ruskin, on the superiority of the modern landscape painters to the old masters in that line. The author has not converted, and yet he has delighted me. I think him a heretic as regards Claude, Cuyp, G. Poussin, and Salvator Rosa ; but his admiration of Turner, whom he exalts above all other landscape painters that ever lived, I can go a great way with ; and his descriptions of nature in reference to art, are delightful, clouds, rocks, earth, water, foliage, he examines and describes in a manner which shews him to be quite a man of genius, full of knowledge, and that fineness of observation which genius produces.

II.

A Talk with Mr Carlyle—Money as the Reward of Virtue—Different Effects of Sorrow on Different Minds—Miss Fenwick —Milton Good as well as Great.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Carlyle, I think, too much depreciates money as an instrument. I battled with him a little on this point

when I saw him last. He is always smiling and good-natured when I contradict him, perhaps because he sees that I admire him all the while. I fought in defence of the mammonites, and brought him at least to own that the labourer is worthy of his hire. Now this contains the pith of the whole matter. The man who devotes himself to gain riches deserves to have riches, and like Hudson, to have a monument set up to him by those whom he has enriched, and if he strives for riches to spend them nobly or kindly, then he deserves to have the luxury of *that sort* of doing good. A Burns or a Berkeley aims at, and works for, and ought to find his reward in, other harvests. But Carlyle seems angry because the Burns or the Johnson or the Milton has not the same honours, or from the same men, as millionaires and fashionists, because the whole world—unphilosophical and unpoetical as the main part of it is—does not fall down and worship them, and cast forthwith into the sea or some Curtius gulf all the gauds and playthings which *they* do not care about. This is overbearing and unfair. Let him teach the world to be philosophical and poetical as fast as he can; but till it is so, let him not grudge it the rattles and sugar-plums and hobby-horses of its infancy. . . . . .

Your last letter received at Herne Bay, gave a delightful account of your mother and her consolations. Soon after reading it, I saw a fine appearance in the sky—for then I was always watching sky and sea and atmosphere spectacles—the sun and moon in a mist, the latter pallid and sickly, while the former burned through the veil,

and converted all the vapour around it into a vehicle of golden radiance. This seemed to me an apt image of the diverse effect of sorrow on different minds. To a warm and deeply benevolent spirit it becomes the means of a more diffusive charity and kindliness; the sorrow itself is pierced through and overpowered, yet serves to spread abroad and augment the benevolence which it cannot damp or extinguish; while to those who have but a comparatively scanty stock of love belonging to them it is the extinguisher of all social amiability, it renders them dull and cold, the mere ghosts of their former selves. . . . . .

I took great delight in Miss Fenwick and in her conversation. Well should I like to have her constantly in this drawing-room to come down to from my little study up stairs—her mind is such a noble compound of heart and intelligence, of spiritual feeling and moral strength, and the most perfect femininenes. She is intellectual, but —what is a great excellence—never talks for effect, never *keeps possession of the floor*, as clever women are so apt to do. She converses for the interchange of thought and feeling, no matter *how*, so she gets at your mind, and lets you into hers. A more generous and a tenderer heart I never knew. I differ from her on many points of religious faith, but on the whole prefer her views to those of most others who differ from her. Once she said something against Milton, which made me feel for the moment as Oliver Newman did, when Randolph denounced the "blind old traitor,"

"With that his eyes
Flashed, and a warmer feeling flushed his cheek."

"Time will bring down the Pyramids," he said, and so forth. Randolph's respondent did but defend Milton on the score of his poetry. But I think he was great as a *man* and a *patriot*, very noble in the whole cast of his character, and very far from being what she thinks him, for his writings against that weak, wily (or at least *un*-straightforward, not ingrainedly honest) despot King Charles I.,—"malicious." It is seldom that so brave, so public-spirited a man as Milton harbours malice in his heart, he too who had "never spoken against a man that his skin should be grazed." So, like Oliver, though I kept "self-possession as a mind subdued," yet was I "a little moved."

III.

A Picture.

To the Same.

Her features are not Grecian; but a most graceful contour of figure, head, neck, and arms, having that χαρις ευμορφων κολοσσων, that *grace of well-formed statues*, of which Æschylus speaks,—a camellia-japonica complexion and gazelle-like eyes, go far towards making a pretty girl. You must stand off a little to see her beauty, and look at her as you would at a tree, a weeping birch or delicate ash, the lady of the woods or the princess, as Mr Wordsworth used to call it.

IV.

Danger of Exclusiveness in Parental Affection.

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE.

Chester Place, August 5th, 1846.—It is certainly right that parents should form, as much as possible, a friendship with their children, and seek mental association with them; but it seems to me that their desire for this, and endeavour after it, should not be without limits. Parents and children cannot be to each other, as husbands with wives and wives with husbands. Nature has separated them by an almost impassable barrier of time; the mind and the heart are in quite a different state at fifteen and at forty.

Then, too, we must consider, that though so many difficulties attend the comfortable marriage of young people in our rank of life; yet, marriage, somewhere between seventeen and thirty, is what we should look to for them, as a possible and, upon the whole, desirable event for them in ordinary cases. This probability alone must interfere with our forming such habits of *continual* intercourse with them and dependence upon them for hourly comfort and amusement, as it would be very painful to break off in case of their doing what it is certainly most for their life-long happiness that they should do,—forming a marriage connection which may endure when we are gone to our rest. Whatever is most *natural*, so that it be not of the nature of sin, is in all ordinary cases the best and safest. I have seen and

heard of a great deal of distress and misery arising from parents setting their hearts too much on the society and exclusive or paramount love of their children; and have always felt, especially since I have been a widow, that this was a rock which I had to avoid.

V.

St Augustine's College—Holiday Tasks—The Evening Grey, and the Morning Red.

To Miss FENWICK.

St George's Terrace, Hernebay, August 20th, 1846.—One day last week we drove to Canterbury to visit the rising Missionary College of St Augustine, which will be completed and set agoing,—made alive, as it were, before the end of next spring, as is now expected. I was much struck with the true collegiate air of the pile of buildings, and the solid handsomeness and appropriate beauty of the separate parts. I was particularly pleased with a long gallery running between the two ranges of fifty students' rooms; it will be such an excellent walk for the meditative student in bad weather, and at all times when he wishes to relieve his sitting posture. There he may untie many a knot, occurring in his studies, which has *stuck him up*, as the boys say, while he was sitting on his chair. There he may cast his eye over his future prospects,—though, perhaps, as to some part of them, it may be as well not to "proticipate," to use Mrs Gamp's expression, for

hardships seem still harder at a distance, I think, than close at hand.

D. and M., and their sweet chattering C——, who looks, when in a madcap wilful mood, even prettier than when she is good,—like a little wild cat of the woods, or kitten ocelot in a playful fury,—returned to St. M—— some days ago. They left their son for some time longer to be Herbert's companion. I cannot say that I have an absolute holiday even here, as I am bound to read Homer and Æschylus with these youths (of whom my son is to be sixteen, my nephew eighteen, in October) every day, and though their lessons at present are not long,—yet to rein them in when they are galloping on, leaving sense and connection of thought in the far distance;—and to have my own way about the disputed passage, when I *am* in the right, and let them have theirs and their little triumph when *Ma* has proved to be a "verdant creature," as my boy has the coolness to call me when I have betrayed an ignorance of something that he knows,—is to me some little exertion;—but not too much, for I see very little good in entire holidays, especially when there are so many sad remembrances in the background of the mind as there are in mine, ever ready to come forward when the foreground is not well filled up. Sad indeed they are not, by this time,—at least, not always and wholly. They begin to lose their blacker hue, and to be tinged with the soft though sober grey of thought and meditation on things to come, with which they blend, and in which they seem to sink, and at times almost to be

absorbed. Still, I am glad to have my eyes turned for a while towards brighter objects, and the rosy dawn of youth, and health, and gladness. These young ones are as hoity-toity and fantastical, and *crest-perky* as boys who have never known care or want, and are full of health and strength, (if not naturally of very sedate dispositions,) usually are. They are fond of chattering about the pretty girls they meet and fascinate. M. and I make a point of thinking the young ladies they admire particularly plain and vulgar, and assuring them, on our own early life experience, that young ladies seldom have any eyes for the charms of gentlemen, but are solely intent on the degree of admiration which their own charms excite. Well, this is a very motherly and auntly tale; you will think that these young beaux have one admirer at least, their own mama and aunt.

VI.

"Saintism"—Untrustworthiness of Religious Autobiographies.

To Miss Morris.

Hernebay, August 22d, 1846.—Dear friend—I have read a part of the memoir of the 'Sisters,' and have been much interested by it; but I think I do not feel about it *quite* as you do. It seems to me to present a mixture of real pure Christianity, and of *Saintism*, that spurious or semi-spurious piety, which is to be found, not among Methodists alone, but amongst Christians of all names, and sometimes *leavens* the religion even of

the truly religious. But why do I feel thus? What is there in the book that is otherwise than pure and holy? Dear Miss M——, you will perhaps think me very wrong and over-captious, but it is just this absence of everything that is not presentable in the record, that makes me distrust it, as not being the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. So far as my reflection, and experience, and knowledge of life, and knowledge of biography go (I do not say they go far, but by such as I have I must judge), souls seen *as they are*, without a glorifying mist, do not look quite as those souls do in that book—scarcely ever, if ever. Yet if Papistical and Methodistical and other religious biography be absolutely trustworthy, and to be taken literally, there must be thousands upon thousands of such white lambs in every country. The very same sorts of things which I read there are to be read in so many other volumes. There is too little individuality about them, they do not read (like poor Blanco White's Memoirs) like actual life, with all its peculiarities; for if every leaf is unlike every other leaf, how much more is every soul unlike every other soul! True it is that religion, like love, levels many distinctions; but yet, in every portrait of a living face we recognise a thousand lines and expressions peculiar to itself. These girls call themselves worms, poor sinners, *as in reference* to their God, to Infinite Perfection. There is not much humility in making this avowal. But see, after all, what a fine character, what a noble, elevated character, with none but *noble* faults, is traced of each of them in those pages! And by whose hands is that character traced? By any

other than *their own*, and that of their memorialist, partial and proud, as their biographer, and as their own sister? I cannot, and I never could, feel deeply impressed by such representations as these. I always feel that there may be, that there probably is, much of unconscious self-deception about them. A man's own journal, his own book of private confession, so far as it reports well of him, is not to be entirely trusted; for we cannot help drawing flattering pictures of ourselves even *for* ourselves, we do not give an exact copy of our own hearts, we involuntarily soften it off. We say we are evil, but we do not *show* it, and prove it. I admire and am often deeply affected by the goodness of many of my fellow Christians, but then it is such as I have had the means of witnessing myself in their daily acts and course of life, or such as is attested by persons not interested on their behalf, or from some record that has that life-like air about it, that natural light and shade, those *vera*, and not *ficta peccata*, of one kind or another, which I believe that every *real* life, faithfully and fully drawn, would exhibit. Still I think that Anne and Emma must have been girls of a very high stamp; the whole, family of the M——s appear to me to be very superior.

VII.

Human Sorrow and Heavenly Rest—"The Golden Manual"—Blue and White, in Sky, Sea and Land—Landor's Pentameron—Comparative Rank of Homer, Shakespeare, Miltonand Dante.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase.

August 31*st*, 1846, *Herncbay*.—Of all the thoughts that

press upon us, on the loss of nearest friends, that which presses hardest and strongest, is the self-question, "How have I done my part towards him that is gone? Is he now or has he been the worse through any fault of mine?" Then how earnestly we pray, when he is in the hands of his heavenly Father alone, in the bosom of Infinite Mercy, that he may have that perfect kindness and boundless compassion shewn him which we failed to shew him here, even humanly and as far as we might. For, then, the double-faced glass is reversed, it magnifies all our trespasses against him, and exaggerates our shortcomings, while it reduces our efforts to serve and please, our bearings and forbearings, to narrow room, or at least takes the colour out of them, and makes them look as wan as the dear face that used to smile and glow in our sight. But I meant to have said something different from this, more calm and soothing. I was going to speak of the religious peace and firmness of your father's dying hours, the *sure and certain hope* he seemed to feel of mercy through the "Merits and Death of his Redeemer." These are remembrances on which the mind may repose, as on a bed of balm—more lasting in their fragrance than any balm that ever grew in Arabia, for they will yield fresh odours from time to time as long as they are pressed upon. As those dying hours of our dearest ones can never be far out of mind, it is a blessing indeed, when they have more of the rest of heaven in them than of the sting of the grave. Those you spoke of to me remind me of my own father's. He, too, was calm and clear to the last, till he fell into the

coma that so often precedes death, and neither afraid nor grieved to depart, and he was thoughtful for others still struggling with the world when he was leaving it. Perhaps it is easier to die at sixty (he was near sixty-three) than at forty. It ought to be so, if we make use of our time. A man who reaches that age may feel that he has done a day's work; and then life, as it runs on, changes its colour and aspect, just as the natural day changes from meridian light to afternoon mellowness, and then to evening grey. It seems right and fit to go hence in that evening grey, when the shadows are falling on all things here to our altered eyes, not to leave the full sun behind us when we enter the darkness of the tomb. It is true that this darkness exists but in our imagination; we transfer to the state of the departed the obscurity of our minds respecting it, or, at least, our incapability of beholding it visually as we behold this present world; still, it has a real influence upon our feelings, although by efforts of thought we can dispel those shades of Hades, and bring before us that place where there is neither sun nor moon—no need of them, for the glory of God will lighten it, and the Lamb be the light thereof. May we more and more dwell upon that place and state, remembering that, whatever be the form and outwardness of it, whatever be its relation to the beauty of this world in which we now dwell, it is to be a spiritual state more fully than that which we abide in here, and yet that here we must be prepared for it, and, in part, conformed to it. I am at this time reading a little book of mystic divinity, the Theologica Ger-

manica, or little "Golden Manual," a great favourite with the Platonist divine, Dr. Henry More. It contains very high spiritual doctrine, and dwells on the necessity of setting aside all "selfness and egoity," and serving God purely for love's sake alone, without respect to even a *heavenly* reward.

We are just come in from a sea-side walk, driven home by the glaring sun. Scarce a breath is stirring, sea and sky are all one hue, and the air is heavy. The sunniest day in last week was fresher than this,—then there was one light wreath of white but shaded clouds rolled along the horizon, and to match it there was a fringe of still whiter foam along the edge of the retiring sea,—all else of sea and sky was brightly blue. Herbert reminded me of Homer's expressive phrase, about spirting off the divine sea, which sounds low in English, but is not so felt in the Greek ἀποπτυει ἁλα διαν. The seaside plants and insects too, all do their part of brightness on these sunny days, none more than that shiny blue flower, which grows upon a shrubby stem and emulates the sky so boldly.* Veronicas make a fine show of azure in the mass, as they creep over a bank, and beds of harebells are earth-skies in the clear spaces of the wood, but the single blossoms of this plant are each a little sky in itself. Quite as lovely and as lustrous in its way is the foam-white convolvulus, which looks so exquisitely soft and innocent, as it gleams amid the brambles and nettles which its lithe stem embraces.

* Centaurea Cyanus (Corn blue-bottle)—E. C.

Critics have made a "mighty stir" to find out what Virgil meant by his *ligustrum.*

Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Surely, he must have meant this snowy-blossomed bind-weed. Privet is out of the question. It is neither very white nor very caducous. The flowers of the bind-weed are especially so; they soon sink into a twisted roll, and fall to the ground, though not wafted away so early as the petals of the anemone and gum-cistus. Then near the sea there are always blue and white butterflies, hovering over these blue and white flowers.

I have just finished reading Landor's Pentameron. It is full of interest for the critical and poetical mind, but is sullied by some *Landorisms*, which are less like weeds in a fine flower bed, than some evil ingredient in the soil, revealing itself here and there by rankish odours, or stains and blotches on leaf and petal. The remarks on Dante, severe as they are, I cannot but agree with in the main. I believe you expressed some dissent from them. I think that Dante holds the next rank in poetic power and substance after Homer, Shakespeare and Milton, perhaps above Virgil, Ariosto and Spenser, but there is much in his mind and frame of thought which I exceedingly dislike,—and I have ever *felt* much of what Landor expresses on the subject, though without speaking it all out even to myself. It happened that just after I had been declaring to Derwent my opinion of Milton's superiority to Homer, and he had been upholding the paramountcy of the latter, I came upon Landor's sentence on the subject. *He*

pronounces Homer and Dante both together only equivalent to Milton "shorn of his Sonnets and Allegro and Penseroso." I suppose he thinks that the objectivity of the one and subjectivity of the other (which, however, is not equal to that of still later poets) blended into one might come up to the epic poetry of Milton ; and truly in poetic matter and stuff of the imagination, they might even surpass it: but there is to my mind, in the latter, a tender modern grace, a fusion of sentiment and reflection into the sensuous and outward, which is more exquisite in kind than anything you would obtain from Homer and Dante melted together. I must tell you, however, that Mr. Wordsworth considers Homer second only to Shakespeare, deeply as he venerates Milton.

VIII.

Age and Ugliness—"Expensive Blessings"—Æschylus—Principle of Pindaric Metre, and Spirit of Pindaric Poetry—Physical and Intellectual Arts of Greece.

The Rev. HENRY MOORE, Eccleshall Vicarage, Staffordshire.

Hernebay, September 5th, 1846.—You kindly renew your invitation, and put it in a new shape. I can only thank you for it, alas! and try to keep alive a hope that I may enjoy your hospitality some future autumn. We read much in books, amongst other things about women which to many of our sex are altogether new and surprising, that the softer sex are apt to toughen as they lose the graces of youth. Really, if

this were the case, it would be such a set-off against grey hairs, and withering roses and lilies, and all those ugly, unflourishing dells which time gradually introduces into our face-territory, that we might behold those changes with at least half-satisfaction; but I should say from experience that on the contrary, we grow weaker and more sensitive in advancing life, quite as fast as we grow uglier. Then women who are so *unfortunate* as to have a boy and girl growing up under their eyes, are reminded of their age and weakness continually. It is a miserable thing to be sure! and then how much money it costs! Why, if it wasn't for these plagues, I should be quite rich, and should not have to cast an anxious eye towards railways, or be tossed up and down in soul and spirit with the fluctuations of the money-market. I need never care whether I got 5 per cent. or only 3½. I *was* rather pleased, certainly, when my fellow-lodgers expressed their astonishment that I should be the mama of "that fine boy." They expected to see a buxom dame, after seeing him first. But matters are not always ordered so; and, even in this way, the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

During Herbert's stay here, before he left us to return to Eton, he read with me the Eumenides of Æschylus, and great part of the Choœphorœ, and the Olympics of Pindar. The drawback to pleasure in reading the former is the corruptness of so many of the choruses. You may read Latin, German, French, English translations of those compositions, all different and all unsatisfactory.

Pindar is much easier; one can make him all out at last, bring him back from his long excursions to the spot whence he started, though not without some trouble. But the drawback to pleasure in reading *him*, for me, is the impossibility of realizing to my ear his strange metre, so strictly regular, yet of a regularity so varied and complex, that it seems like lawlessness and wild extravagance to those who cannot feel, though they may *understand* the law of it. To judge from the eye, I should say that its flow somewhat resembled the sea with its waves, growing ampler and ampler, for a while, then sinking back again, and that this suits well with his style of thought and imagery, that combination of impetuosity with a majestic gravity—a tempered enthusiasm, controlled and regulated by the law of reason, and a deep spirit of reverence for the Supreme and the Invisible,—the things that are above us, and at the same time are lying at the very depths and foundations of our nature.

What a high rank bodily exercises held in those ancient days! A man's feet or fists, or skill in horsemanship or driving, lifted him to renown and wreathed his brow with laurel,—and yet, in those same days, the intellectual arts had reached a point in some respects (in execution, certainly,) unsurpassed. The celebrated race-hero now lives in memory of man only in virtue of the poetry devoted to his celebration. Pindar seems but half to have foreseen this when he intimates that the mighty man of feet or of fists would have had but a brief guerdon but for his glowing strains. It is some

exertion for me to keep pace with Herbert's Greek now; his eye is rapid, more so than mine ever was,—I wish he would unite with this a little more of my pondering propensities and love of digging down as far as ever one can go into the meaning of an author;—though this is sometimes unfavourable to getting a given thing done for immediate use,—it takes one off into such wide and many-branched excursions. As long, however, as I can *keep pace* with the youth, I shall be able, in virtue of my years and experience, at least for some time, to *shoot ahead* of him when we come to any really hard passage, in which it is not so much the knowledge of one particular language, but of thought in general, that is required for the elucidation. John often exhorts me to let my mind *go to grass;* but who can do this while their mind can do any sort of good in harness? After all it is a gain, even for our own mental enjoyment, to be led back to these evergreen haunts of the Muses, which, but for the sake of accompanying our children, we might never revisit; and I am thankful that the limbs of my mind are still agile enough for these excursions, and that I am not aged for rambling in those literary fields, or for enjoying myself there, which in some respects I am able to do far more than when I first entered them.

IX.

Miss Farrer.

To Mrs Farrer.

10 *Chester Place, September 21st,* 1846.—My dearest

Mrs Farrer,—Since I read the last pages of your kind and interesting letter, I have been thinking almost continually of dear Miss Farrer.* I feel as yet as if I could scarcely understand or reconcile myself to her death. The event is so unexpected, as well as unwelcome. When I first saw her, she struck me as one full of firmness and vigour, in rich and undeclining autumn. To say I shall never forget her is nothing. I might *remember* a far less impressive person; but she will remain in my mind as one of the most marked and interesting persons whom I have met with in my walk through life —one of those who most made me feel that religion is an actual reality—not merely a system, but a vital influencive truth, which, even in this world, can give such happiness as the world cannot give. I am unable to remember many of her sayings, but I well retain the spirit of her discoursings, and her deep, glad, earnest voice will often sound in my ears. How graceful and persuasive too she was in her gestures! These are the outward things, and it seems wronging her who had such riches within, such a depth of heart and spirit, to speak of them; but they were a part of her here, and they bring her vividly to mind, such as she was altogether, outwardly and inwardly; and never was any one's outward part, countenance, carriage, and even bodily form, more expressive of the soul within than hers was.

* This lady, whose acquaintance my mother made in the autumn of 1843, is mentioned in one of the letters of that date, in which her interesting and remarkable character is dwelt upon with cordial admiration,—E. C.

How many must there be, and in what distant quarters of the world, that will truly mourn her death! I am sure she must have a large interest in the heavenly habitations. How many years she was doing good, and how steadily she trod the path of Christian charity and bounty! I think she was not clear-sighted on some points, and that she fixed her eyes too exclusively on one side of truth, though she sought so earnestly to look upon all who call on the Name of Christ as belonging to one fold under one Shepherd, let them shut themselves up within walls and hedges of partition as much as they might. She would have embraced all *believers* with the arms of her charity, but did not always do full justice, I think, to the *belief*. She was, however, a sincere and bountiful Christian. Her example has been a burning and shining light, and will, I trust, be remembered for good long after the tears are dried that will be shed for her. What attracted me so to her was to see her, wide as her charities were, so warm and liberal and loving in her own family. I mean by *liberal*, so full of sympathy, so ready to see all things in the best light, and to promote all that is gay and gladsome and beautiful. There have been philanthropists, and sincere and noble ones too, who have been oppressive and inconsiderate and morose in their own families. Some who do good abroad, from ambitious motives, are selfish and even cruel at home. But she was so faithful and tender and affectionate!

X.

On the Establishment—The Church Supported by the State, not in its Catholic, but in its National Character—Bishops in Parliament.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

What Dr Hook says on the Establishment in his pamphlet on the Education of the People, I rather admire. A correspondent of mine exclaims with indignation, "Conceive his asserting that the State is no more bound to the Church than to Methodists, &c., and asking, if it is, by what Act of Parliament? As if the Church were not an estate of the realm, as much as the monarch is, or either House of Parliament." I cannot quite understand what my friend means by this. Our Church, with the sovereign at its head, and with its present formularies, dates only from the sixteenth century. Dissolve its present connection with the State, and merge it in the Church of Rome, still the State remains essentially the same; but take away the monarch, or either House of Parliament, and you, at least organically, derange the State. It will remain, but as a different thing, with its character quite altered. Dr Hook seems to mean only this, which seems to me undeniable, that the British *nation* is not of one form of Christianity, but of several, and that the State, which surely must conform itself to the nation, acting through Parliament, does not, and must not, protect, support, and, so far, help to *establish* one form alone, but as many as the nation embraces. It is true that the Church of England has some special rela-

tions to the State, which other bodies of Christians have not. But how has she obtained these? Is it simply from her being spiritually the Church of Christ, apostolically descended, while those other bodies are not the Church of Christ, or any part of it? It seems to me chimerical to say so. The special relations of the Church of England to the State, as I understand the matter, are of a temporal character, derived from her having once been the church of the whole nation, still being the church of the majority, and consequently having a greater amount of property than other religious communities, and that in a more imposing and dignified form. The Council of the nation *may* be filled with Dissenters and Papists. It never, therefore, can be the duty of that Council, *as such*, to support the Church of England more than other religious bodies, except in proportion to numbers. The bishops do not represent that Church in Parliament, for they sit there as temporal peers. I believe that Christianity, religion in its deepest form, is interwoven with the State, and every state, in a vital and intricate manner. We know of no civilized state that was not in alliance with religion; but I cannot think that one particular form of Christianity, though it be the truest form, is a component and essential part of the State, while the large body of Methodists, with Quakers, Independents, and others, are in a totally different predicament. I cannot think Dr Hook so far wrong for asking in what real, substantial sense is the Church of England *established* here, or how has it a right to *peculiar* State support and protection,

to be supported as the *Church of England*, not merely as a part of the Christianity of the land. Of course it is still formally the Established Church, and long may it be.

XI.

The Divina Commedia—Barbarous Conception of the World of Fallen Spirits exhibited in the "Inferno"—Dante compared with Milton, Lucretius, and Goethe—Dante as Poet, Philosopher, and Politician.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase.

October 1846.—I cannot quite agree with you (*yet*, at least) on the superlative merits of Dante, whom you seem to me to view through a glorifying glass, bigger than that with which Herschel inspected the sun; but your reflections on the state of your country are full of that heart-poetry and spiritual wisdom, which, methinks, you "half-create," and do but half, or scarcely half, "find," in the great Epic Poem of the Middle Ages. What you say of hungry people, that they should not be convened in multitudes, is a part of this wisdom. The clamours of the *Times*, and the mingled yells and hisses of the *Dublin Review*, are—a disgrace to a Christian country. This is quite a bathos. I had something in my mind much more energetic, which I forbore to utter, lest you should think that I had had a little bite of Cerberus myself, and that my preference of the "Inferno" to the other parts of Dante's poem arises from a fellow-feeling with those amiable gentlemen in

the City of Dis, who shut the gates in the face of Virgil.

How graphic all that is! How one can enter into the *spitefulness* (if Dante had not been spiteful, he couldn't have written it) with which they proposed that Virgil should stay with them, and Dante find his way home by himself; how one can see them tearing off as hard as they could go, to bar the entrance! Milton could not have conceived this intensity of narrow malice; he could not have brought his rich and genial mind, his noble imagination, down to it. It may truly be said that Dante brings the violence and turbulence of the infernal world into heaven—witness his 27th canto of the "Paradiso," which is all denunciation after the splendid introduction, yet comprises, to my mind, with slight exceptions, almost the whole power of the "Paradiso," on the merits of which, as at present advised, I quite agree with Landor; while Milton invests even the realms below and their fallen inhabitants with a touch of heavenly beauty and splendour. And is this in an irreligious spirit? Oh! far from it. This is consonant with religious truth and with the Bible, which leads us to look upon the world of moral evil as a wreck, a ruin, rather than a mere mass and congeries of hideous abominations. It is this which renders Milton's descriptions so *pathetic:* sympathy with human nature, with fallen finite nature, pervades the whole. If this be "cotton-wool," then cotton-wool for ever, say I. But this cotton-wool I believe to be a part of the substance of Christianity. For pure, unmixed wickedness,

we can have no feeling; we can but shudder, and turn away. Dante utterly wants this genial, expansive tenderness of soul; wherever he is touching, it is in the remembrance of something personal—his own exile, or his love for little Beatrice Portinari, or the sorrows of his patron's daughter, Francesca. Let him loose from these personal bandages, and he is perpetually raging and scorning, or else lecturing, as in the "Paradiso." How ferociously does he insult the sufferers in the "Inferno"—actual individual men! You say this is but imagination. Truly, if it were not, the author would have been worthy of the maniac's cell, chains, and darkness; but surely the heart tinctures the imagination. I know my father's remark upon this very point, and admit its truth as a general remark; but I think it is not strictly applicable to Dante. His pictures *are* like the visions of heart-anger and scorn, not mere extravagant flights of merry petulance, or pure, high-flown abstractions, but have something in them deep, earnest, real, and individualizing. It is a hard turn of mind, to say the best of it. Carlyle does Dante more than justice—rather say, generous *in*justice—on this point, when he tells us of his softness, tenderness, and pitifulness, at the same time extolling his rigour. Rigour is all very well in the right place; but such rigour as Dante's could scarce be approved by Him who said, "Judge not, lest ye be judged." It is well enough to be rigid against the *passion of anger*, but not to stick a certain Filippo Argenti up to the neck in a lake of such foulness as few men could have conceived

or described, and then to express a "fearful joy"—or what is fearful to the reader, rather than himself—in seeing the other condemned ones fall furiously upon him, and duck him in it all but to suffocation! And he makes Virgil (who would have been above such schoolboy savagery) hug and kiss him for it, and apply to him the words spoken of our Blessed Saviour—Luke ii. 27! Dante ought to have looked upon the tortures of the lower kingdom with awe and a sorrowful shuddering, not with triumphant delight and horrid mirth. But the whole conception was barbarous, though powerfully executed.

You must not think that I am wholly an armadillo or rhinocerean, insensible to the merits of Dante, from what I have said. I think that his "Divina Commedia" is one of the great poems of the world; but of all the great poems of the world, I think it the least abounding in grace, and loveliness, and splendour. There is no strain in it so fine as the address to Venus at the beginning of Lucretius' great poem; scarce anything so brightly beautiful as passages in Goethe's great drama. I think, certainly, that the religious spirit displayed in it, especially in the "Purgatorio," is earnest and deep, but far from pure or thoroughly elevated. If you set up a claim for Dante, that his is the great Catholic Christian mind, then *αφισταμαι*—I am off, and to a great distance. The following description of Carlyle seems to me to point at what is Dante's characteristic power:—"The very movements in Dante have something brief, swift, decisive—almost military. The fiery, swift

Italian nature of the man—so silent, passionate—with its quick, abrupt movements, its silent, pale rages—speaks itself in these things." Yes; it is in this fiery energy, these "pale rages," that Dante's chief power shows itself, as it seems to me, not in genial beauty and lovingness, not in a wide, rich spirit of philosophy. You compare a passage in the "Aids to Reflection" to the conclusion of canto I. of the "Paradiso." They are indeed in a neighbouring region of thought; but as neighbours often quarrel violently when they come into close contact, so I think would these if strictly compared. S. T. C. in this passage speaks of the *scale* of the creation—how each rank of creatures exhibits in a lower form what is more fully and nobly manifested in the rank above. Of this, Dante says not a word. How should he? The thought is founded on facts of natural history unknown in his day, and a knowledge of zoology in particular, to which his age had paid no attention. The chief beauty of my father's aphorism consists, I think, in the striking manner in which instances of his remark are particularized, and the poetic elegance with which they are described. Then he proceeds to a concluding reflection, which is spiritual indeed—no mere fancy, but a solid truth. But Dante's passage ends with that confusion of the material and the spiritual which my father made it his business to drive out of the realms of thought as far as his eloquence could drive it. The next canto—the Beatrician lecture on the spots in the moon—I think now, as I thought when I first read it, the very stiffest oatmeal porridge that ever a great poet

put before his readers, instead of the water of Helicon. If it were ever such sound physics, it would be out of place in a poem; and its being all vain reasoning and false philosophy makes it hardly more objectionable than it is on another score.

October 29.—For saying that Dante's spots of the moon doctrine is, as the commentators say, a mere *fandonia* and *garbuglio*, we have no less authority than Newton. Canto III. you put your own opinions into. But I must not enter the field of Spirit *versus* Matter. I only beseech your attention to this point. God is a Spirit, and yet He is Substance, and the Head and Fountain of all Substance, and the Son is of one Substance with the Father. If the tendency of the whole creation, when not dragged down by sin, is upward to the Creator, then surely there is a progress away from matter into spirit. This I believe to be Platonism, and this Platonism Schelling, Coleridge and others have tried to revive. You oppose to them Mediævalism, or the semi-Pagan doctrine of the primitive Christians, *converts from Paganism*, and both parties appeal to Scripture. We think the Bible plainly teaches that flesh and blood, however *smartened up*, cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven, but that things, such as *eye* of man hath *not seen*, nor *ear heard*, are prepared by God for them that love Him. It is true we cannot here, in this life, *image* to ourselves that kingdom. God Himself tells us that we cannot, both in Gospel and Epistle. However, few new books would give me so great delight, as a full, wide particular criticism from

your pen, of Dante, Milton, (yes, I would trust you with him, you could not but do him glory and honour, in spite of yourself, when you took him up, though you might have thought you were going to depreciate him) and Wordsworth.

Herbert keeps me busy. He writes continually about his studies, asking for explanations, advice, and so forth. He is learning Icelandic, of which he brags greatly, and is reading Dante, Tasso and Ariosto. I sent him a sheet of Dantian interpretations lately. I take the political view of the beasts in the 1st Canto, instead of the merely moral. Dante's politics are very remarkable. Born a Guelf, he became the most intense and vehement Ghibelline. It was Ghibellinism that perverted his mind into that strange judgment of Brutus and Cassius.

XII.

Dante's Lucifer, and Milton's Satan—The Anthropomorphism of Milton an Inheritance of the Past—Personality of the Evil Spirit—Confusion between the Spiritual and the Material in the Divina Commedia—Poetic Merits of Dante.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

December 24th 1846.—I am sorry that you differ so *toto cælo* from S. T. C. in your estimate of Milton's Satan. He, the poor old "silly bard," thought the character deeply philosophical, as well as poetically sublime in the very highest degree, "the height of poetic

sublimity," and the passage * in which he expatiates on its excellencies, Mr Hallam, in his "History of Literature," has cited as a proof of the great advance of the present age over Addison's in deep and thoughtful criticism. My father was looking at this creation of genius poetically and dramatically. *You* seem to be looking at it religiously, and in reference to a high, pure philosophical Christianity; the objections to it in that point of view no one saw more strongly than my father, no one was less disposed to "bind up his Milton with his Bible." *He* had a right to condemn Milton's anthropomorphism, if obtruded upon us for religious truth, but I cannot think that the Antiquarian High Churchman has the least right to look down upon it, and I hail the sentiments you utter on the subject as a sign that your hold on that antiquarian system is beginning a little to relax. The Christian of antiquarian views cannot reject the legend of the Fall of the Angels, because a sacred writer refers to it *as if he believed in it.* The passage in Jude plainly refers to the book of Enoch; now that book contains an account of the Fall and Apostasy in Heaven substantially the same as Milton's, and certainly involving all the absurdity which you and others find in "Paradise Lost." The passage in Isaiah about Lucifer is supposed by *orthodox* divines of this school to refer to the same subject. And look, I pray you, at the preamble of the book of Job. Do you think it right to take that as literal verity? If you saw that account expanded in a modern poem, and did

* Coleridge's "Lay Sermons," page 69.—E. C.

not know it to be in the Bible, would you not apply very much the same language to it that you now apply to Milton's "War in Heaven?" And just consider the common High Church view of the Atonement. Is not that as derogatory to the Supreme Being, does it not bring Him to a level with weak, erring mortals, and their blind, selfish acts, fully as much as Milton's representation? Yet for pointing this out, and for other such anti-anthropomorphisms, my father has been set a mark against, as *an unsafe and unsound writer* by the Antiquarian High Church School, even by men who admitted him to be rather above his fellows in genius and intellect, than below them; strange, as Carlyle said, if he be a man of genius, with rather more wit than the common herd, instead of less, that on these deeply-concerning points he should know *less* than the multitude, and this without one motive on the face of the earth to bias his mind; whereas to hold fast by the old system, *every* man has *some* inducement, clergymen the greatest inducement that it is possible to conceive. You think that Dante would have been above such a conception as Milton's. *I* think he would have been right thankful for such a conception, but that nothing so refined and sublime ever entered his pate. What is Dante's "Lucifer?" Has he not all that contrariety to reason which you find in Milton's "Satan," without one particle of the sublimity? He is a fallen angel too, but every bit of the angel is well done out of him, and how he ever could have been aught of the kind is inconceivable. After all, is not the irrationality of which you speak,

contained in the very idea of a personal evil Being, the adversary of God? What better account of such a Being can you give, what better conception of him can you frame, than Milton's, or rather, I should say, how can you avoid some such conceptions as his, if you admit the idea at all? If he be a personal agent, he must be powerful, he must be proud and rebellious, he must be capable of assuming splendid and alluring aspects, and if he be a personal being and have a personal history, how can the symbol be realized more finely than as Milton has done it? The fault is not in the poet, but in the gross idolistic system to which he adhered, which system writers of the Tractarian school have endeavoured to bring back whole in all its self-consistent absurdity, but, as I believe, in vain, for as soon as men forget their theology, they fly out against such notions as you do against "Paradise Lost." Of course I do not mean that "God the Father talks like a school divine" in the Book of Enoch, but I believe that the author of that book would have made Him talk so, had divinity been the fashion of his day. What I mean is that the ancient writers were all anthropomorphic in their conceptions of God, and some things are found fault with in Milton, that are actually in the Bible, or just like things that are in the Bible, as God's laughing at the vain thoughts of men. M——'s sermon last Sunday was all against Rationalists who oppose anthropomorphism, and consider "*I shall behold his face*" as symbolical. I do not think that any mere Pantheist who does not believe in a moral, intelligent Creator, cares for the Bible at all.

No rationalist that does hold to the Bible, would say that these words did not express something deep and spiritual. The literal meaning is *not* deep and spiritual.

The offences in the Divina Commedia against a pure, philosophical Christianity seem to me as great as possible. I pass by his "Regina Cœli," and the prayer addressed to her, versified from St Bernard, though *I* hold it a fearful giving of God's glory to another, but think of the ridiculous jumble of Pagan mythology with the Christian religion which runs through the Inferno, and think of this absurdity which stares you in the face from beginning to end; the poem treats of disembodied spirits, not angelic beings that may have a *kind* of bodies merely, but *souls divested of their bodies*, yet to these Dante assigns corporeal pains, and every attribute of matter. I admit that in the "Paradiso" his representations of the Supreme and of heavenly things in general are not so derogatory as Milton's, they are not so broad and bold, but to my mind they are most insipid and fatiguing.

You do not exceed me in admiration of Dante, any more than in admiration of Wordsworth, though you admire some things in both more than I do. I admire in both their passages of plain, broad vigour and humble pathos, humble, I mean, not in thought or feeling, but in circumstance. When they put on jewellery and fine linen, I do not like them so well as in their plainer garb. Dante can describe an old *Graffiacane* with a grappling-hook in his hand to the very life. I like that better, I

own, than most of his sweetnesses in the "Paradiso," though some of them are very sweet. His bird comparisons I like better than his baby ones. He makes a baby of himself too much beside Beatrice, it puts one in mind of Gulliver and Glumdalclitch. However, the devylles, good as they are, are not the best parts of the Inferno; the best parts are his meetings with old associates in that dolorous realm, his sorrow for their fate, their punishments, some of which are not simply horrible, graphically hideous, but most. . . . .*

* The conclusion of this sentence is missing. –E. C.

CHAPTER III.

1847.

January—July.

Letters to Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge, Miss Fenwick, Miss Erskine, Miss Morris, Miss Trevenen.

I.

Characters of Milton, Charles the First, and Oliver Cromwell.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase.

Chester Place, January 1847.—To rebel against a tyrant, himself a rebel against the laws and liberties of his country, and a traitor to its constitution, is no disgrace to Milton's memory. Both parties were wrong and both were right, in my opinion—the struggle was to be, and on either side there was much error and much wrong-doing, from a blindness, under the circumstances, scarce avoidable. Charles I pity, admire, but do not deeply respect. Cromwell I respect more, but do not venerate. He was a man of great firmness, courage, ability. Charles had personal not moral courage—*he* had both. I think he was sincere and patriotic at first, but became in some measure corrupted, just as Artevelde became corrupted in the course of his career.

II.

Reserve in Friendship—A Labour of Love—Dedication of the Second Edition of the Biographia Literaria to Mr Wordsworth —"The Silence of Old Age."

To Miss FENWICK, Queen Square, Bath.

Chester Place, 1847.—Your affectionate assurances I value more than I can well express, not for lack of

words, but because there is a natural shyness, a little of that reserve which Mr Keble talks so much about, both in reference to poetry and prose, in most minds, when they have to speak of what they feel very seriously about. There is always a sense that bringing the feelings up to the light tends to fade them a little, and that some may see them with a cold or careless eye, or that the very friend to whom you utter them and to whom they refer may not be thoroughly pleased with them. But there may be too much of this reserve in the intercourse of friends with each other, and it is a little to be fought against.

I am seriously thinking of availing myself of your kind invitation, but if I do, it must be during the latter part of your stay at Bath. The printers are now sending the sheets of the "Biographia Literaria," and I cannot correct the proofs anywhere but at home. Dear Miss F——, the trouble I have taken with this book is ridiculous to think of—it is a filial phenomenon—nobody will thank me for it, and no one will know or see a twentieth part of it. But I have done the thing *con amore*, for my father's book; and after this I shall not scribble or search in books (except for reading with H. and E.) perhaps any more.

I lately had thoughts of writing to ask you a question, but recollecting that Mr Robinson* was at Rydal, and

* This was Mr Henry Crabb Robinson, "the friend of Goethe and Wordsworth," whose interesting diary, extending over three large volumes, has been lately given to the public. The name of another honoured guest at Rydal Mount, Isabella Fenwick, will also be familiar to readers of the "Memoir of Wordsworth."—E. C.

that quick despatch of the matter was desirable, I wrote to him instead. It was about dedicating this new edition of the "Biographia" to Mr Wordsworth. Soon I had from himself an affectionate and gracious accedence to my wish. He said, what I wished him to say and feel, that no one now had so good a claim.

Mr Robinson thought dear Mr Wordsworth aged in mind—not that there was any confusedness, but an inertness, an absence of activity. He said himself, "it is the silence of old age," when Mr Robinson remarked how little he had said the evening before.

III.

A Visit to Bath—Her Son's Eton Successes—Schoolboy Taste—The Athanasian Creed—Doctrine of The Filial Subordination not contained in it—The Damnatory Clauses—Candour in Argument.

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE.

8 *Queen Square, Bath, March 20th*, 1847.—My dear John—Here we are at Bath, in the commodious temporary abode of Miss Fenwick, with my dear old friends, Mr and Mrs Wordsworth. Our journey on Thursday was a bright and pleasant one. Mr and Mrs W. were waiting to welcome us at the station, and most affectionate was their greeting. Mr Wordsworth has always called me his child, and he seems to feel as if I were such indeed. . . .

Since I wrote the first page of this letter, I have

had to answer two notes from Edward on a very pleasant occasion; the first told me that Herbert was in the number of the select, and also that he had gained the essay prize in a very distinguished manner; the second announced, with very hearty congratulations, that he had been declared the medallist, Whymper being the Newcastle scholar. I could not help thinking with special keenness of feelings on those who are gone, who would have shared with me and E. in the pleasure of this success; but it is best, for my final welfare at least, that all is as it is, and that the advantages of this world and its drawbacks have ever been mingled in my portion. It is a great addition to the pleasure to feel that Herbert's success gives real delight to others besides myself. Anything of the kind is received at St. M——s quite as a little triumph. Edward says that to Latin composition and the general improvement of his *taste* he must chiefly address himself during the next year. His taste will certainly bear a great deal of improvement during many a year to come, for the formation of a sound literary taste is a matter of time. His taste, taking the word in a positively good sense, as the appreciation of what is excellent, is now in fragments, not a general embryo, apparently, but much more developed in parts than on the whole. He has a much better notion of the true merits of ancient writers than of modern ones—modern *subjectivity* he does not understand in the least, hence his preference of Southey's poetry to that of Wordsworth.

. . . Mr Dodsworth asked me in his last call what I

thought of the article on Development in the Christian Remembrancer. I mentioned to him, among some other part objections, a statement toward the end which seems to me rather awkward for those who hold by the Athanasian Creed—I mean those who not only believe the doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation which it sets forth, but defend the imposition of it upon the Church and the propriety of its expressions from beginning to end. The statement is that the Subordinateness of the Son, *as the Son*, to the Father, "an awful and sacred doctrine," taught by the early Fathers, had been suffered "to fall into the shade," "to become strange to modern ears," and thus (according to the writer's own argument, that mere implicit knowledge is practical ignorance) to remain unknown to the mass of Christians, Christians who are anxiously instructed by their pastors in all the most subtle mysteries of the faith, except this (as for instance that Our Lord had *two wills*, against the Monothelite heresy), that on account of its tenderness as a matter of theological handling, the Church had discouraged any handling of it at all. It is natural to ask, can that be *the Church*, led and enlightened by the Spirit of Christ, which shrinks from the statement of any true and sacred doctrine, which is unequal to guard it from running into heresy, and actually sets forth a creed which virtually denies it; for the expressions of the Athanasian Creed, "none is afore or after other," "none is greater or less than another" (although Christ said "my Father is greater than I," and Bull applies this to the Filial Subordination—indeed, as applied to the

human nature, it would be a truism inconceivable for Our Lord to have uttered), unaccompanied by the admission of *any* sense in which the Father is before the Son, are to all intents and purposes a denial of the doctrine. Nor does the Nicene Creed remedy the defect, as the article seems to insinuate. It expresses the *Origination*, as the Athanasian does also, but not the *Subordination ;* and if the latter be a direct and necessary inference from the former, is it not the extreme of faithless cowardice to be afraid of a direct and necessary inference? After all, what I most object to in the "pseudo-Athanasian" Creed, is the damnatory clauses, which I take, according to the common sense of mankind, and consider to be a positive assertion of what no man *now* believes, though when that Creed was written, the belief was common enough. To go back to Mr D——, he agreed with me, as I understood him, in this and some other objections to the article, interesting and suggestive as it is, and in some parts satisfactory. Mr D—— is remarkably candid in discussions of this sort. Most persons, if an objection to their view is stated, which they know not how to meet, will oppose it by a general non-admission, waiting in hope that something will turn up to justify that which they hold as part and parcel of their creed ; but he always says frankly at once "that is very true," to any point which he may have at first denied, if reasons are alleged in favour of it which seem to him sufficient.

IV.

Reasons why Popular Fallacies on Religious Subjects ought to be Exposed—Gradual Advance of the Human Mind in the Knowledge of Divine Truth—Admission of Objections to the Athanasian Creed by Churchmen—The Nicene Creed.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Bath, April, 1847.—The opinions of A., B., or C. may not be weighty in themselves, but if they are signs of the times, samples of the kind of stuff which is accepted by the would-be orthodox, as wisdom and truth, and which numbers of persons not deficient in sense or discernment in practical matters, or in any matters which they have really examined with study and earnestness, adopt (even if they adopt them implicitly merely because they like the sound and look of them), they are worth controverting and exposing, so far as they are unsound and spurious, though specious. As soon as ever their hollowness is plainly shown, men say, why take the trouble to break bubbles which will burst of themselves? The truth is that bubbles of false opinion will last whole ages, and deceive whole generations, till they are broken by some powerful breath, and even then how often they reunite, and again shine in the eyes of men, who hold them solid as cannon-balls! What you say about the agile feats of theologians playing with texts, is true enough; but on the other hand there is, I think, a change and a progress made in course of ages in divinity as in other applications of the human mind, and this change is brought about by individual labours, as huge

rocks are built by the labours of coral insects, each insect labouring individually. It is also true enough that theological subtleties are of no direct practical value; but so long as a practical system, of no little weight in its effects and consequences, and a whole attitude of thought and feeling are supported mainly on the adherence, explicit or implicit, to certain theological tenets, the establishment or overthrow of which involves a development and explication which must appear subtle to all that have not become familiar with it, I cannot think it a mere cat's cradle pastime, or rather waste-time, to endeavour to show what the nature and internal consistency of these tenets really is. The more I look into these subjects the more persuaded I am that the *practical* value of the various forms under which Christianity is embraced by various sects of Christians varies far less than is commonly supposed by the various parties themselves. The means and instrumentalities by which morality and religion are sustained and promoted differ in efficacy among different bodies of Christians; but I believe that the real spiritual substance of the belief of well-informed and well-disposed men, who have the Bible constantly in their hands, differs far less. I verily believe that *Tritheism* is the intellectual form in which numberless Trinitarians hold the faith of the Godhead, and that their view of the subject is as wide of the truth, and as inconsistent with the voice of Scripture, as that of many whose creed they speak of with horror as a "God-denying heresy." The Unitarian who worships Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the Source of

salvation, and believes in one God to Whom all fealty and submission from man is due, ought not, in my opinion, to be described as holding a "God-denying heresy." But this opinion is so very unpopular, that if I were prudent I should keep it to myself. I am like the poor pigeon who painted herself black in order to escape ill-usage from the crows, and thus looking neither like crow nor pigeon, was driven away with scorn by both parties.

I certainly agree with you that the Church was neither dove nor eagle, when she uttered the so-called Athanasian Creed; or rather I do not believe that it was the true Church at all who uttered it, the Church led by the Spirit of Truth. Athanasius himself would have been right sorry, I doubt not, to hear it called by his name. I will not trouble you with my reasons for this opinion, but will just say that the article on Development in the last "Christian Remembrancer" contained a statement on this subject which those who object to that Creed may lay hold of to their own advantage. There is nothing new in the statement, S. T. C. said it long ago. But the *admission* is a triumph. You must not suppose me to doubt or deny, that the doctrine of the Godhead taught in the Nicene Creed, which I firmly and reverently hold, is quite irreconcilable with Unitarianism; but I would suggest that the errors of the Unitarian ought to be looked on indulgently, when it is considered how difficult it is to preserve the mind from intellectual error upon this subject, when it is opened out as it is in the Athanasian Creed. Well! how much I have said on the Athanasian Creed, and yet not said half that I should say if I spoke of it at all!

V.

Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth—Walks and Talks with the aged Poet—His Consent obtained to a Removal of the Alterations made by him in his early Poems.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

April, 1847, *Bath.*—I have made an effort to come hither, availing myself of Miss Fenwick's most kind invitation, although it separates me from Herbert during his holiday time; because I felt that the opportunity of being once more under the same roof with my dear old friends was not to be neglected. I find them aged since I saw them last in many respects; they both look older in face, and are slower and feebler in their movements of body and mind. Mrs. Wordsworth is wonderfully active; she went three times to Church on the Fast Day,* and would have fasted almost wholly, had not Mr. W., in a deep, determined voice, said, "Oh, *don't* be so *foolish*, Mary!" She wisely felt that obedience was better than this sort of sacrifice, and gave up what she had "set her heart upon," poor dear thing! She is very frail, in look and voice, and I think it very possible that a real fast might have precipitated her downward progress in the journey of life,—I will not say how many steps. Mr. Wordsworth can walk seven or eight miles very well, and he talks a good deal in the course of the day; but his talk is, at the best, but the faintest possible

* The Day of Fasting and Humiliation, appointed on account of the Irish Famine. This occasion gave rise to the general remarks on fasting, as a religious exercise, in the ensuing letter to Miss Trevenen.—E. C.

image of his pristine mind as shown in conversation; he is dozy and dull during a great part of the day; now and then the dim waning lamp feebly flares up, and displays a temporary *comparative* brightness—but *eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo!* He seems rather to recontinue his former self, and repeat by habit what he used to think and feel, than to think anything new. To me he is deeply interesting even in his present state for the sake of the past; the manner in which he enters into domestic matters, the concerns and characters of maids, wives, and widows, whether they be fresh and gay, or "withering in the stalk," is really touching in one of so robust and manly a frame of mind as his originally was, and, in a certain way, still is. We sit round the fire in the evening, his aged wife, our excellent hostess, your friend S. C., Louisa F., a very handsome and very sweet and good girl, and my E., and talk of our own family matters, or the state of the nation, or the people of history, Tudors and Stuarts, as subjects happen to arise, Mr. W. taking his part, but never talking long at a stretch, as he used to do in former years. Sometimes we walk together in a morning, and one day I had the satisfaction of hearing him assent entirely to some remarks which I ventured to make upon the alterations in his poetry, and even declare that they should be restored as they were at first. I say "they," but it remains to be seen to what extent he will do this. He promised, in particular, that the original conclusion of "Gypsies," should be restored in the next edition; he also seemed to assent to my view of the new stanzas in

the Blind Highland Boy, that though good in themselves, they rather interfere with the effect of the poem. I would have them preserved, but detached from the poem, and the story of the tub retained with a little alteration of expression if possible. One day I contrived to draw Mr. W. out a little upon Milton, and to hear him speak on that subject in a *to me* satisfactory manner.

VI.

Fasting and Self-denial.

To Miss E. TREVENEN, Helston, Cornwall.

April 9th 1847, *Bath.*—As for the sham fasts or semi-fasts, with a great heavy supper afterwards, which some people practise by way of obeying the Church and following the example of the ancient Christians, I cannot believe that they are of any great service to Christendom ; and real fasts are so injurious to the health of a large proportion of Christians, that I can never believe them to be an acceptable sacrifice to God. However, on this point I differ from many whom I deeply respect, while I agree with some whom I deeply respect also, and I will enter into the subject no further than to say, that I believe in fasting, in a high and spiritual sense, that of abstaining from self-indulgence for the sake of doing good to others. Contracting our wants into as narrow a compass as possible, without injury to our body or mind, is a most important part of Christian duty, and no

one can be a true Christian, who does not practise it. They who give largely to the poor *must fast* in this sense, because they diminish their means of indulging in the pride of the eye, and all kinds of unnecessary luxuries and elegancies.

VII.

The Irish Famine—Defects and Excellencies of the Irish Character—Bath Churches—"The Old Man's Home;" an Allegory.

To Miss Erskine.

8 *Queen Square, Bath, April* 1847.—My dear A,—— I thank you for your kind congratulations, and for your wish that this visit may encourage me to avail myself of an invitation to Little Green at some future time from dear Mrs E——. I strained a point to come hither in order to be with my dear old friends Mr and Mrs Wordsworth. They are aged since I saw them last, but still wonderful people of their age, very active in body, and in mind to me most interesting. We have many, many mutual recollections and interests and acquaintanceships, and should have enough to converse about, even if *news* reached us not here. It is impossible, however, not to dwell a good deal on the state of Ireland. I have just received a long letter from Adare. No one has died of starvation in his neighbourhood, my friend tells me, though there is want and trial enough. He is indignant at the abuse of Irish landlords in our

papers, which he treats as absolute slander. "People who cannot get rent enough to keep them in snuff," says he, "are spoken of as having £10,000 per annum, and men who are feeding their poor on the venison of their parks, are accused of living in palaces amongst beggars, just as if they could grind down the statues in their halls into powder, and make the poor people live on limestone broth." He calls the English subscriptions "magnificent," but says that all the good-hearted people he converses with are dreadfully incensed at not being allowed to feel as grateful as they would wish to feel. I believe that there are good, bad and indifferent among Irish landlords, as amongst other sets of people, and that *some* are as bad as they have been represented. We have reports of some from persons resident among them, which describe them as most selfish and unfeeling. Surely, too, there are some besetting faults in the poor of that land; they seem to be indolent, improvident, not truthful. How much of this arises from misgovernment is hard to say, but I am inclined to think that the *circumstances* of the Irish would never have been so bad as they have ever been, had their original disposition and character not been wanting in certain elements, conducive to prosperity and well-being. They have passive courage, but they want persistent energy and activity, and steady, effective principle, though there are many excellent, amiable points of character in them, and they have produced some admirable men. Bishop Berkeley I have long thought one of the best and most-to-be-admired of mortals, and

have warmly assented to that line of Pope's, in which he assigns

"To Berkeley every virtue under Heaven." . . .

Since we have been here we have tried more churches than the Little Old Woman tried chairs of Bears to sit down in, and at last have fixed on one about the middle of the hill, as more comfortable in its arrangements and inoffensive in doctrine than any other.

I have no time, or scarce any, for reading here, but have read by snatches Adams's "Old Man's Home," which is sweet and pleasing in style, but in aim and import, as it seems to me, very vague and unsatisfactory. It is difficult to see exactly what moral or maxim or sentiment the author means to enforce; if you take it one way, it seems scarce worth making a tale about, if another, then it is an untenable falsity, such as it is scarce worth any one's while to take the pains to refute. Equivoques and paradoxes I never could entertain any respect for myself, though they are often very popular; a sentiment looks well in a mist, and has a sublime air, like our terraces in the park; which look like common houses of £200 or £300 a-year, instead of romantic palaces, when the vapours clear off.

VIII.

Last Visit of Mr Wordsworth to London.

To Miss Fenwick, Queen Square, Bath.

April 26, 1847, *C. Placc.*—. . . . Last Saturday

I saw dear Mr and Mrs Wordsworth, probably for the last time during this visit of theirs to the south. He has looked remarkably well since he came to town; when I have seen him there has been a rosy hue over his face, and he struck my nephew, J. D. C., who saw him on his arrival at Paddington, as wondrously full of vigour, quite a grand old man, and as one might expect the poet Wordsworth to be. . . . I was not able to obtain a dinner or breakfast-visit from the great man, though several times promised it. But I believe he dined out nowhere, and even declined breakfasting at Mr Robinson's. You have heard, no doubt, that he has written part of the Installation Ode; Miss F. says that there is a great deal of thought in it; but he says himself that it is but superficial thought, and that it is not worth much. However, I am glad that his mind is still lithe enough to perform such tasks, even in an ordinary manner, if ordinary it be. There will probably be a manner in it that reports of himself, even if the substance be not very new or powerful.

IX.

Illness of Mrs Quillinan—Answer to the Question "whether Dying Persons ought to be warned of their State at the risk of hastening their Departure?"—Holy *Living* the only real Preparation for Holy *Dying*.

To Miss Fenwick.

Chester Place, May 3d, 1847.—My dearest Miss Fenwick,—I return to you, with many thanks, poor

Mr Quillinan's very affecting letter, which conveys the impression that our sweet, dear Dora* has but a few weeks, perhaps not many days, of life in this world before her.

In my reply to Mr Quillinan, I expressed briefly my own strong opinion against communicating to the patient medical opinions, that destroy all hope of prolonged life. The truth to me seems this, dear Miss Fenwick. That we ought not to deprive our friends of a certain or even highly probable spiritual advantage for the sake of saving them any *trial* or *suffering here*, I most entirely agree with you; but I cannot help greatly doubting, as I believe James Coleridge doubts too, that the spiritual advantage is such as many suppose it. Have we a right to hasten death, to destroy (as in *some* cases we may) a remaining *chance* of recovery, to cut short what may be days of *real*, if not formal preparation, to produce a state of, perhaps, unspeakable distress and terror, preclusive of that calmness and self-possession, which are so indispensable to the best and most efficacious spiritual reflection? Every medical man will say that such communications have generally a bad effect upon the body; can spiritual guides *assure* us that they have a good effect upon the soul, or give us great reason to think so? What Mr Wordsworth expresses seems to me to be the simple truth; my uncle Southey held the same opinion. It is very true that

* Mr Wordsworth's only daughter, whose early life was spent in sisterly intimacy with the family at Greta Hall. She died of consumption in the first week of July 1847.—E.C.

numbers of persons view the approach of death with composure, even welcome it; this was the case with my sister Fanny Patteson; she had long thought that she was death-stricken, and not regretted it; when her time came she *knew* the truth, without being told it, and great as her blessings in this life had been, was "glad to go." But there are other persons equally good, equally religious, to whom the near prospect of dissolution is intolerable; to persons in general, I think we may say, the shock is awful. I fear you may not agree with me, but I must express my doubt whether the agitated prayers which persons offer up in this terrified state, prayers produced more by a vague horror and dread of punishment, than a calm, clear sense of the odiousness and unhappiness of sin as *sin*, let it bring further consequences beyond itself or no, are of such service in a religious point of view, as persons generally suppose. It seems a trite thing to say, that it is the use we make of life and all our active powers, what we make ourselves to *be* inwardly by the life we lead, that our well-being hereafter depends upon, and not the thoughts of our final change specially occupying the mind during our last few days, and producing a special preparation. Yet this special preparation, if it can be brought about, well or *usefully*, is by no means to be disregarded. I am inclined to think, however, that even where there is still hope of life, and not an absolute coming face to face with approaching death, there is often a most salutory discipline and real preparation: a sense of the precariousness of life, and the weakness and liability to

suffering of this our earthly state, must be strongly impressed on any *impressible* mind under such circumstances; and to this preparation, with its subdued yet quiet and cheerful frame of spirits, I should trust more than to any which the prospect of speedy dissolution brings about. I would not go so far as to say that *true* penitence may not be produced by this prospect, but I think it is best for Christians through life to feel that if they do not repent of sin effectively while they yet may practise it, the mere sorrow that they *have* practised it when they are on the verge of a state where only the misery of it can survive, will stand them in little stead, or at least is nothing to rely upon.

If you ask me how would I myself be dealt with under such circumstances, I scarce know what to say; only I feel *now* that if I do not now prepare to go, it will signify little then. I should be resolved to have everything temporally, as much as I can, in readiness, and as I should wish it to be were a disabling illness to come upon me, and I always pray to be prepared for my final change, and enabled *now* to realise the short interval between my present existence and that other state. I earnestly hope that I may be, as Fanny was, aware when the time is approaching, by my own inward feelings, so that friends about me will not have the pain of breaking it to me. Alas! I have neither husband nor parents to be grieved; and children, however loving and beloved, cannot feel as they feel. But, dear friend, this is not altogether to be deplored. I doubt not you feel with

me that there is a calmness, even if a sadness, in this thought. We must, as Keble says, take that last journey alone; we must learn to be alone *in heart* here first. I always felt that my deep losses would make it easier to die.

X.

A Month later—Criticisms on her Introduction to the "Biographia Literaria"—Controversial Difficulties—London in May—Mrs Southey's Poems.

To Miss MORRIS, Mecklenburg Square.

Margate, May 31st, 1847.—This place is very refreshing. The larks twittering in the fields of dwarf beans, now in fragrant bloom, and the lush green oat crops, and the clover-beds, not yet in blossom, but soon to be, and the sight of the blue field of ocean beneath the blue sky, are all very pleasant. I think of the time when I came hither first, four years ago—a sad, sad widow. My children were with me, and their gambols and extreme vivacity were not like what any other gaiety would have been to my feelings, as "the pouring of vinegar upon nitre, and the taking away a garment in cold weather." They "sang songs to my heavy heart," without seeming to increase its burden. Then the dying bed of my beloved husband, who had ever been such a lover to me, his last illness and dying hours, were all fresh in my mind; but a little space interposed between the present and that sorrow. *Now* I have to dwell on the dying bed of one of my very earliest companion-friends, dear

Dora Quillinan, once Wordsworth, who is sinking in the last stage of consumption. You know I was with her parents at Bath in March. In April they were for a week in London, were hastened home by a report that the medical man had discovered fatal symptoms in her. Now for the last fortnight she has known her prospect, that she is death-stricken, and that it is only with her a question of time, and nothing can exceed the heavenly composure, sweetness, and piety of her frame of mind. She bore the communication, which she solicited herself, with perfect firmness, seemed quite happy to go, though full of love to all around her, and no dying bed can be more full of amiable dispositions, or more perfect in its resignation than hers. I must write to Mrs Wordsworth in reply to a detail of her beloved child's sayings and doings in this her season of death-expectancy and final weakness, which she thought due to me as her earliest companion-friend. Scarcely a day passes that I do not receive, either from Rydal Mount or from our mutual friend, Miss Fenwick, accounts of the dear sufferer. It is quite a privilege to be admitted to dwell on such a dying bed as hers. In the day my children and other interests share my thoughts with her, but at night, in my sleepless hours, I am ever with her, or dwelling on my own future deathbed, or going back to that of my dear husband, or the last days and hours of my beloved mother. The parents are wonderfully supported, but deep, deep is their sorrow. Mr Wordsworth cannot speak of it without tears. Poor Mr Quillinan! But I must say no more of this, to me, engrossing sorrow.

The "Biographia" has various misprints, omissions, &c. in it, which I have been correcting in my friends' copies. Some of my "Catholic" friends have been objecting to my remarks, and I have been replying and explaining. I find no difficulty in this. People never do. Replying and rejoining may go on *ad infinitum*, because, somehow or other, different thinkers assign such a different value to the same considerations. There is always a something left which cannot be churned up, like the buttermilk which cannot be turned into butter; there is always a something which cannot be absolutely settled by logic and reasoning, and this something determines whether you are to be on this side or that.

Mr D——, still judging by circumstances, instead of looking straight at the opinions themselves, will have it that my father's views would have been much modified had he read the ancient Fathers. I think he would have read them more at large had he not felt assured, from what he had read of them, that this would not bring an adequate return in the way of sound Christian knowledge. We have the grain without the chaff, I should imagine, in our great divines.

However, time fails, and if I go on defending my statements as I have done of late, I shall have no time left ever to think of anything else. It is impossible to please one's opponents, so it does not signify trying. If we argue weakly, they triumph, and if strongly, they don't know that they are beaten; but having a sort of half suspicion of it, they are far worse satisfied than if the argument against them had been more unsatisfac-

tory! However, I admit that I can be no great judge of the satisfactoriness or the reverse of my own arguments. But sometimes one is attacked for not considering a position which one thought so very untenable that if one took it in hand, folks would say one was fighting with a shadow.

I dined at the Chevalier Bunsen's not long before I left town. It was a most pleasant party. I was also at pleasant ones at Lord Monteagle's, where I met Whewell, and was delighted with his talk, at Sir Robert Inglis's, and Serjeant Stewart's, and met Carlyle at Mrs W——'s one evening. I should have had party fever, had I not run away.

I saw the exhibition, admired the landscapes, a lovely Danby, Rippingille, Cooper, Stanfield. I liked the Mulready, and the first of the Joan of Arc's. I also liked the great Landseer, and the lion picture too, in its way. The good-natured look of the lioness is true to nature, though perhaps exaggerated. The amiability and good-humour of lionesses are very remarkable.

Talking of lionesses, Mrs Southey's volume of poems contains many of merit, though I do not like her continuation of "Robin Hood." Her "Young Grey Head" is exquisitely pathetic, and beautiful too, in the style, of all others, that suits her best.

XI.

The Earnest of Eternal Life.

To Miss FENWICK, Bath.

Chester Place, July 1st, 1847.—Poor Mr Quillinan's

letter increases the sad feeling with which I approach in thought that sick room at Rydal Mount. But while the mind is so far from sick, these are indeed, as you say, but temporary emotions: the natural horror of continuous pain and suffering will go; the remembrance of the sufferer's strength and sweetness will remain. We cannot need arguments and sermons on immortality; or, at least, after being instructed in Christianity, we cannot need them to strengthen and refresh our faith when we have such living documents and earnests of Eternal Life before us as these. If the mind seemed to weaken and die with the body, we might doubt; though even then I trust the written Word might sustain us; but up to the last breath, how brightly the light shines in some! It would be impossible to think, even without the Word, that such a power of thought and feeling was in a few moments to cease to be for ever!

XII.

The Sister of Charles Lamb.

To Miss Fenwick.

Margate, July 6th, 1847.—I see that Mary Lamb is dead. She departed, eighty-two years old, on the 20th of May. She had survived her mind in great measure, but much of the *heart* remained. Miss Lamb had a very fine feeling for literature, and was refined in mind, though homely, almost coarse, in personal habits. Her departure is an escape out of prison, to her sweet, good

soul more especially. To put off the clog of the flesh must be to the sanest an escape from a body of death.

XIII.

Religious Tendency of Mr Coleridge's Writings—Her Father, her Uncle, and Mr Wordsworth.

To Miss FENWICK, Queen Square, Bath.

Chester Place, July 7th, 1847.—Dear Friend—I have been extremely gladdened by what you said in your last but one, on the use that my father's writings had been of to you. No better compliment could be paid them, than to say that they *sent you to the Bible;* and this exactly describes my own feelings and experience. I, too, feel now, that though I read books of divinity—especially of Jeremy Taylor and our old divines—with delight, and a certain sort of advantage, I do not *want* any book spiritually, except the Bible, now that, by my father and Mr Wordsworth, I have been put in the way of reading it to advantage. They, indeed, have given me eyes and ears. What should I have been without them! To my uncle Southey I owe much—even to his books; to his example, his life and conversation, far more. But to Mr W. and my father I owe my *thoughts* more than to all other men put together.

XIII.

Margate in a Storm.

To the Hon. Mr JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Margate, July 16th, 1847.—Yesterday I longed for E——, or any of our dear young people in my pleasant, long walk with nurse. A storm came on, and I stood, backed and screened by a hedge, and saw Margate looking really fine under the dark, tumultuous sky, with her two churches of opposite characters—the young, tall, upright Trinity Church, crowning the town; and at the farther end of it, the little, old, dumpy, yet venerable St John the Baptist's. I prefer this place, upon the whole, to Herne Bay or Broadstairs: there is more to see—more of human life in this long-established, half-new, half-old town, than in those later-settled spots; and the country and the views are pleasanter.

CHAPTER IV.

1847.

July—December.

Letters to Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge, Miss Fenwick, Rev. Henry Moore, Miss Erskine, Miss Morris, Miss Trevenen, Mrs H. M. Jones, Mrs Richard Townsend.

I.

Grasmere Churchyard.

To Miss Fenwick.

August 2d, 1847.—Your account of dear Mr and Mrs Wordsworth is very consolatory. I am sure they must be soothed and sustained by the remembrance of their blessed child's sweet, loving, beneficent life, and of her calm, happy, patient deathbed, so full of faith and Christian graces. I should think that a visit to the churchyard where she lies must, under these circumstances, be soothing. Well do I remember Dora shedding tears when we, her thoughtless companions, read aloud the names of her little departed sister and brother in that churchyard. How little did I think, full of life and strength as she then was, that she would be laid there herself while I survived, and her own parents still lived to lament her loss!

II.

The Installation Ode—The Triad.

To the Rev. Henry Moore, Eccleshall Vicarage, Staffordshire.

Chester Place, August 4th, 1847.—The visit to Bath was very interesting, though I saw in Mr Wordsworth

rather a venerable relic, so far as his intellectual mind is concerned, than the great poet I once knew; and I do not agree with H. T. in thinking highly of his Installation Ode.* It is only so far Wordsworthian that it is not vulgar, not decked out with a second-hand splendour that may be bought at any poetry-mart for the occasion. But the intercourse with my dear old friends was saddened by the bad news they were receiving of their beloved daughter. A week after they came to town they received a report of her which hastened them home, and now she is in her grave,—has been in her grave for some weeks. She is one of my earliest friends, and her death has saddened this summer to me. Never was there a more blessed deathbed than hers,—one fuller of faith, and love, and fortitude, and every Christian grace. Still, it is sad for those who knew her from childhood to see her light go out in this world. Look at "*The Triad*," written by Mr Wordsworth four or five and twenty years ago. That poem contains a poetical glorification of Edith Southey (now W.), of Dora, and of myself. There is *truth* in the sketch of Dora, poetic truth, though such as none but a poet-father would have seen. She was unique in her sweetness and goodness. I mean that her character was most peculiar,—a compound of vehemence of feeling and gentleness, sharpness and lovingness,—which is not often seen.

* Written on occasion of the Installation of the Prince Consort as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. —E.C.

III.

High Church Principles practically carried out.

To the Rev. HENRY MOORE.

Chester Place, August 1847.—*To be sure* I should vote for Gladstone! Why, don't I always *support* the High Church party with all my *mighty power and influence?* What can you be thinking of? Didn't I give money to St. Augustine's—more than I could afford,—and always stand up for Mr D—— to his back, though I oppose him to his face? And am I not as constant to his church* as a dove; and wouldn't I rather join the Tractarians than any other *party* if I was forced to join any? I am for the Church practically in all ways. I am only provoked with High Church divines for some of their dry dogmas, which, as distinctive opinions, have no practical value whatever, so far as I can see, but which they set up as saving truths, and denounce all other Christians for doubting. Their theology, on the whole, I think better than that of any other party. But the theology of all parties wants ventilating and sifting. The abuse of Rome in the Anglican party is vulgar and ignorant, and their representations of Calvinism are the finest specimens of misrepresentation that I am acquainted with.

* This was Christ Church, Albany Street, where my mother was a regular attendant for many years, till her health failed.—E. C.

IV.

Intellectual Ladies, Modern and Ancient.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Chester Place, August 20th, 1847.—I had a very interesting talk last night with Mr H. T., who is looking remarkably well. He put in a strong light the unattractiveness of intellectual ladies to gentlemen, even those who are themselves on the intellectual side of the world—men of genius, men of learning and letters. I could have said in reply, that while women are young, where there is a pretty face, it covers a multitude of sins, even intellectuality; where there is not that grand desideratum to young marrying men, a love of books does not make the matter much worse in one way, and does make it decidedly better in the other: that when youth is past, a certain number of persons are bound to us, in the midst of all our plainness and pedantry; these old friends and lovers cleave to us for something underneath *all that*, not only below the region of good looks, skin, lip, and eye, but even far deeper down than the intellect, for our individual, moral, personal being, which shall endure when we shall be where all will see as angels ken, and intellectual differences are done away: that as for the *world of gentlemen at large*—that world which a *young* lady desires, in an indefinite, infinite way, to charm and smite—we that are no longer young pass into a new, old-womanish, tough state of mind; to *please* them is not so much the aim, as to set them to rights, lay down the law to them, convict them of their errors,

pretences, superficialities, &c., &c.; in short, tell them a *bi of our mind.* This, of course, is as foolish an ambitio as the other, even more preposterous; but it is so far better, that even where the end fails, the means themselves are a sort of end, and a considerable amusement and excitement. So that intellectualism, if it be not wrong in itself, will not be abandoned by us, to please the gentlemen.

God bless you, and prosper you in all your labours, for your country's sake and your own. But do not forget the Muses altogether. Those are intellectual ladies who *have* attractions for gentlemen worth pleasing, and who retain "the bland composure of perpetual youth" beside their refreshing Hippocrene.

V.

Sacred Poetry: Keble, Quarles, and Crashaw.

To Mrs RICHARD TOWNSEND, Springfield, Norwood.

Chester Place, September 1847.—I am much pleased to hear of your undertaking,* and feel provoked that I cannot aid you in it—poet's daughter, and niece, and friend, as I am—I mean in the way of pointing out some green haunts of the sacred Muses which you have not yet found out. But though sacred poetry abounds, good sacred poetry is more scarce than poetry of any other sort. I

* A collection of sacred pieces, chiefly from the elder English poets, entitled "Christmas Tyde," and published by Mr Pickering in 1849. It was followed by "Passion Week," a companion volume.—E. C.

do but half like the "Christian Year," I confess; but this you will think bad taste in me, though I could quote some poetical authorities on my side. I admire some stanzas and some whole poems in the collection exceedingly, but they seem to me quite teasingly beset with faults both of diction and composition. Of these, the former annoy me most, and most interfere with my pleasure in reading them. I know no other mass of poetry so good, that is not at the same time better, showing more poetic art and judgment.

I can only mention to you Quarles, a great favourite with my uncle Southey, and Crashaw,* whose sacred poetry I think more truly poetical than any other, except Milton and Dante. I asked Mr Wordsworth what

* Richard Crashaw, a contemporary of Herbert, Quarles, and Vaughan, became a Roman Catholic during the troubles of the Civil War, and died a canon of Loretto, A.D. 1650. His poetry is marked by a dreamy, fanciful sweetness and devotional fervour, which give it a peculiar charm. The following elegant little poem, "On Mr George Herbert's Book, intituled the Temple of Sacred Poems, sent to a Gentlewoman," must surely have been prized by the receiver, as adding to the value of the gift:—

"Know you, Fair, on what you look?
Divinest Love lies in this book,
Expecting fire from your eyes
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings—
One that gladly will be nigh
To wait upon each morning sigh,
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you,
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-faced kindred there!"—E. C.

he thought of it, and whether he did not admire it? to which he responded very warmly. My father, I recollect, admired Crashaw; but then neither Quarles nor Crashaw would be much liked by the modern general reader. They would be thought queer and extravagant.

VI.

The Art of Poetry—A Lesson on Metre.

To Miss Morris.

1847.—My dear Friend,—I may not on Wednesday, or before, for I hope we shall meet again before, be able to squeeze in a word about the Art of Poetry; and so I will write a few lines on the subject now, only as a prelude to much talk on such subjects, which I hope to have with you from time to time.

I must begin with telling you that I never wrote blank verse in my life, and smile at myself when I think that I am about to attempt giving instructions, or even hints on metre. I always, in attacking Wordsworth's later poetry with Mr. de Vere, admit that, from his far greater practice in verse-making and executive skill in poetry, he is more alive to delicacies of metre and elegancies of diction than I am. However, though I never wrote Latin verses myself, I could often inform Herbert of the faults of his; and so in regard to your lines. I can perceive that some of the lines have not quite the right metre, without too much humouring.

You know blank verse consists of ten feet called iambuses, each foot containing a short and a long syllable, represented in the symbols of ancient prosody thus : ˘ – , as fo͝rbe͞ar.

This heroic measure is called pure when the accent rests upon the second syllable through the whole line, as But whó | can bea͝r | th' appro͝ach | of ce͝r | tain fa͝te. Still it would be very wearying and tame if the accent was never transposed in the course of a composition. Very often spondees are introduced in the place of the iambus ;—the spondee is a foot formed of two long syllables as *wa͝x-li͝ght*;—or a trochee, a long and a short, as *da͝ily.*

Here Lo͝ve | his go͝ld | en sha͝fts | emplo͝ys | he͝re li͝ghts |
His co͝n | stant la͝mp | and wa͝ves | his pu͝r | ple wi͝ngs—
Reigns he͝re | . . . . . .

In the second line you see the iambic measure is pure, in the others mixed. (I should have said above, that the ancients have *syllabic* quantity, their short and long syllables depending upon the number and position of the consonants, and the time taken up in pronunciation ; we have only *accentual* quantity, at least as an absolute rule, though some attention to the length of syllables is also paid by every fine versifier). Milton often crumples two short syllables into one for the last half of his iambus at the end of a line, as

Yo͞ur bo͞ | die͘s ma͞y | a͘t la͞st | tu͘rn a͞ll | to͘ spi͞rit͘.

Equivalent in time to a short and a long, for two shorts are equal to one long.

So again :—

Ĕtēr | năl Kĭng, | thĕ aūth | ŏr ōf | all bĕing

In this line there is a pyrrhic in the fifth place, and a dactyl (-˘˘) in the last, which forms a very agreeable variety. Here you see the time is equal to that of the pure iambic, if you take the two last feet together, because the long syllable "all" is in the place of a short syllable. The time in the two last feet is the same as six shorts, or three longs, or two shorts and two longs, which is the usual distribution. Only the change of arrangement, introduced but very seldom, and in an appropriate place, is a beauty. Do just mark the exquisite metrical variety in the passage—Book III. l 344-371,—especially from "With these that never fade;" to the end of the paragraph.

By way of practice you ought to scan Milton's Paradise Lost. That is, read passages, attending principally to the metre, and putting them on paper with the prosodiacal marks, as—

Pāvement | that lĭke | ă sēa | ŏf pūr | plĕ shōne

and mark in a paragraph the varieties of accent and their relation to the sense and the feeling of the verse. Does it not seem brutal thus to anatomize and skeletonize poetry? but so painters learn to paint, and so poets must learn to poetize, I believe.

It is the sense of the great difficulty of writing blank verse that has always kept me from attempting it. In

rhymes and stanzas there is a mechanical support, a sort of *framework* of poetry which my weakness rests upon. But some person's thoughts (probably yours are such) naturally flow into that form more than any other.

I have criticized you as freely at I do many of my other friends. I think that writing verse is useful in a secondary way, as learning music is also; it teaches us to feel doubly the excellencies of the great poetic artists, as musical practice to understand fine playing.

VII.

Lodging-house Discomforts—A Programme Unfulfilled.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase.

Margate, September 20th, 1847.—We came hither on Friday in pouring rain. I had not been able to secure our former nice lodgings, and was not disposed to spend money at the inn as on previous occasions, so on we went to find a shelter amidst the cats and dogs, and rushed into apartments as a hare rushes into her form when pursued by her enemies. The little sitting-room has a pleasant view, but the moss-rosebuds that adorn the paper of the walls are emblematic in their very conspicuous thorns, of the discomforts of the abode. I put my foot on a tea-caddy, by way of a foot-stool, and E—— eats her plum-tart with a salt-spoon. But all this is nought to the brawling of the people who keep the house; never did I hear the like, except in fancy,

when I have been reading that passage of the Inferno, about the

> "Diverse lingue, orribili favelle
> Parole di dolore, accenti d'ira,
> Voci alte e fioche."

Talking of the Inferno, you accuse me of want of love and reverence for Dante! Oh! that you would come as near me in respect and affection for Luther, as I near you in admiration of the stern Florentine! I see more faults in the Paradiso than you do, and I cannot place it relatively so high, but I think you no more outgo me, dear friend, in reverence for the genius of Dante, than in general estimation of Wordsworth. I marvel that you do not think Luther a great man, and that you do not love, as my father did, as Carlyle and Hare do, one side of his character. It is the union of force, gigantic energy, constancy, indomitable resolution, dauntless courage, (Mr Wordsworth calls him "dauntless Luther") with tenderness of spirit, and in his writings a deep insight into the meaning of St Paul, and a most animated and expressive style, perfectly adapted to the work it was to do, which I so admire. Different men have different gifts and missions to perform, and are great in different ways, but I do not think the world has ever seen a greater man *upon the whole* than Luther, or one who was the instrument of greater works, except the worthies of the Bible, Lawgiver and Leader, Prophets and Apostles. Are you thankful for the Reformation? do you prize a reformed and Scriptural Church? do you think we have a purer faith than that which Rome

taught in the sixteenth century, and even now teaches? If you do, how can you *not* honour God's instrument in effecting the noble work—heroic Luther? Do you admire and love our good old divines "the Anglican Fathers." . . .

I was going to inflict on you a lecture in the shape of a parallel between English divinity and that of the Continental divines, a recapitulation of all the testimonies to the merits of Luther in our Church, and a history of the rise and progress of Anti-Lutherism in the Church of England, but my heart relents towards you. I think that you are working hard to be useful to your fellow-creatures in a tedious way. I have eaten my early dinner since I began the Lutheran lecture, and though the hash was hard, scarcely less so than the "rhinoceros veal" of which Herby and Dervy complained at Herne Bay, and the French beans were fit fare for Nebuchadnezzar in his state of humiliation, yet having a philosophic mind, I am not exasperated, but softened by this lodging-house repast, and will leave you to repent about Luther at leisure.

VIII.

Modern Novels: "Grantley Manor," "Granby," The "Admiral's Daughter."

To Miss Fenwick.

Fort Crescent, Margate, October 2nd, 1847.—We have both read "Grantley Manor," with which we have been

rather disappointed after the ecstatic reports of it which we received. The story proceeds languidly though never devoid of interest, till the middle of the third volume, and whether or no it was Anglican prejudice, but so it was, that the heroism and oft-repeated agonies and anguishful trials of the Romish heroine, were to me more wearying than affecting. It was so easy to give the fine, elegant, heavenly-minded, firm-souled, poetical sister to the Church of Rome, and the little short, half-worldly, half-coquettish, pretty, but cross-mouthed sister to the Church of England! The trap for admiration is too palpable. We see it afar off, and will not walk into it. Still there is much to admire in this book, and some scenes are extremely good. There is every wish on the part of the authoress to be candid, and in Ann Neville she has pourtrayed a character quite as excellent and admirable as Ginevra, and given her to our Church.

But I confess, fond of the poetical as I am, and of reflection and sentiment, I do not like so much of this sort of thing *in a novel*, as Lady Georgiana Fullerton gives us. At least I think the best sort of *novel* is that which deals chiefly in delineation of character, dialogue and incident. I have been much pleased, more than I expected to be, with a novel by Mr Lister, "Granby." The *ease* with which it is written throughout is admirable. This ease is quite inimitable. It results from birth, breeding, and daily association with that sphere of thorough gentility where the inhabitants have little else to do than to be refined, and are cut off from all particular occupations that give a particular cast and

impress to the manners. Dickens could as little give this air to his dialogue by letters or narrative as the author of "Granby" could have produced Sam Weller and his father, or Ralph Nickleby, or Sairey Gamp. Do you like Mrs Marsh's books? The "Admiral's Daughter" seems to me one of the best tales of the day. It is deeply pathetic, and the scenes are admirably well wrought up.

IX.

"Marriage," by Miss Ferrier—Novel Writing.

Margate, October 1847.—I am now engaged with "Marriage" by Miss Ferriar, which I had read years ago. It is even better than I remembered. The humour reminds me of that of our good old plays. Lady Maclaghlan and Sir Sampson are excellent, and there is an easy air of high life in Lady Juliana which makes it bearable to dwell so long on a heartless childish creature. To read novels is all very well; but to write them, except the first-rate ones, how distasteful a task it seems to me! to dwell so long as writing requires on what is essentially base and worthless!

X.

Mrs Gillman of Highgate.

To Miss Fenwick.

Chester Place, October 30th, 1847.—I was much pleased

to see my dear old friend, Mrs Gillman, at Ramsgate, looking far better, and evidently in better health than several years ago. She is wondrously handsome for a woman of seventy, far more interesting than I remember her in middle age,—for she has more colour and becomes the fine cap close to her face, all hair put away, more than her more common-place head costume of former days. Her profile is quite Siddonian, and her black eye is bright; the only drawback is rather too keen an expression, inclining almost to hard and sharp, when she is looking earnestly and not smiling. She is still lame from the effects of a fall which, I think, she had in running once hastily to my father when he was ill. It was interesting to me to see her surrounded with portraits of old familiar faces, now past away from earth, and pictures that I used to know at Highgate.

XI.

The Salutary Discipline of Affliction—Earthly Enjoyments and Heavenly Hopes.

To Miss Morris.

24 *Fort Crescent, Margate, October 6th,* 1847.—My dear Friend—Most sincerely do I thank you for your letter,* which affected me deeply,—affects me, I may say, for I cannot look at it, or think of it without

* Containing the account of a sudden and severe affliction in the writer's family, and of the Christian resignation with which it was borne.—E. C.

feeling my eyes fill with tears. It contains a record which will ever be precious to me,—a testimony to the power of faith, one of those testimonies which make us feel with special force that Christianity is no mere speculation or subject of abstract thought, but a blessed and glorious reality,—the *only* reality, to speak by comparison. But I believe it impossible for us in this earthly sphere to realize religion without an attendant process of destruction; while this destruction of the natural within us goes on gradually we do not note it, —but in great affliction, when much work is done at once, the disruption is strongly felt; and the body for a time gives way.

After a while, even the body seems to gain new strength; it has adjusted itself to a new condition of the soul. It remains attenuated, but firm. We seem to have passed into a partly new state of existence, a stage of the new birth. One coat of worldliness has been cast off; the natural is weaker and slenderer within us, and the spiritual larger and stronger. I seem to myself scarce worthy to talk of such things. I have not profited by affliction as I ought to have done. Better than I once was, possessed of a far deeper sense of the beauty and excellence of Christianity, I do humbly hope that I am. But I have had perhaps too much worldly support, *earthly* support, I should rather say. Things of the mind and intellect give me intense pleasure; they delight and amuse me, as they are in themselves, independently of aught they can introduce me to instrumentally; and they have gladdened me in

another way, by bringing me into close communion with fine and deep minds. It has seemed a duty, for my children's sake and my own, to cultivate this source of cheerfulness, and sometimes, I think, the result has been too *large*, the harvest too abundant, of inward satisfaction. This is dangerous. How hardly shall the rich man enter into the kingdom of heaven! and these are the richest of earthly riches. They who *use* intellect as the means of gaining money or reputation, are drudges, poor slaves,—though even they have often a high pleasure in the means, while they are pursuing an unsatisfactory end. But they who live in a busy, yet calm world of thought and poetry, though their *powers* may be far less than those of the others, may forget heaven, if sorrow and sickness, and symptoms of final decay, do not force them to look up, and strive away from their little transitory heaven upon earth to that which is above. Bright, indeed, that little heaven continually is with light from the supernal one. But we may rest too content with those *reflections*, which must fade as our mortal frame loses power. Hope of a higher existence can alone support us when this half-mental, half-bodily happiness declines.

XII.

Controlling Grief for the Sake of Others.

To Miss ERSKINE.

Chester Place, October 1847.—I have always gone upon a plan of avoiding all excitement and agitation on

the subject of my own deep irretrievable losses. This for me was an absolute necessity; had I not kept sorrow at arm's length, as it were, with my very irritable state of nerves, I should have been perpetually incapacitated for doing my duty to my children. In early youth one thinks it impossible to keep grief at bay. To banish it is indeed impossible; keep it off as far as we may, there it stands dark and moveless, casting its shadow over our whole life, tinging every thought and action, and every would-be sunny prospect with at best a twilight evening hue. But this is far better than to be for ever at close quarters with sorrow, continually plunged in tears, and stung with keen regrets. I take no credit to myself for what I have done in this way, because it was not I that did it, but my circumstances. I had children to consider and to act for; and the sense how cruel and selfish it would be to shadow their young lives by the sight of a mother's tears, was a motive for exertion in cultivating all cheerful thoughts, which I could never have supplied to myself. Hence, as soon as possible, I did away all the special reminiscences of my past happy wedded life which lay in my daily path; this was not to diminish the remembrance of the departed; that remains vivid as ever without a hue faded or a line erased, but it prevented me from continually beholding the image of the departed in the midst of my daily work, when I could not afford to stand still and gaze upon it, and forget the present in the past.

XIII.

"Anti-Lutherism"—Charges made against Luther, of Irreverence, Immorality, and Uncharitableness. Luther's Doctrine of Justification adopted by the English Church — "Heroes," and the "Worship" due to them — Luther's Mission as a Witness for Gospel Truth.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase.

Margate, October 12th, 1847.—I regret our difference of feeling and opinion concerning Luther more than on any other subject, but differences on persons are not such discrepancies as differences on things. Did I conceive the old Reformer as you conceive him, I should admire him no more than you do. But a totally different person is before my eyes, when I think of him, from what you present. I marvel how you can admit him to be a *hero*, if you believe his strength to have been "of a very physical kind,"—look upon him as a religious demagogue, a "self-intoxicated man." It seems to me that you do by Luther what has so often been done by my father,—that is, that you present an exaggerated image of the mere surface of the man—the outside of his character—for the man himself. I believe that Luther was not that *mere* tempestuous struggler for liberty, that coarse, bo , irreverent, self-deceiving fanatic whom you present to me.

The truth is, your view of the objects of Luther's warfare, the things for which and against which he strove, determines your view of his personal character. You call him irreverent. Why? Because he did not

revere much that you look upon with veneration. But has it yet been shewn that Luther wanted reverence for the objects of faith and religious awe to which there is a clear testimony of reason and the spiritual sense,—which are *Christian*, not mediæval? He had no reverence for the priesthood, considered as the possessors of *mystic* gifts and ecclesiastical privileges—*pseudo*-ecclesiastical, I should say. I confess I have just as little as he. I think no one can exceed me, according to the powers and energies of my mind, in love and respect for the Christian pastorate. I honour the minister of Christ both in his office, and still more, when he is what he ought to be, for his personal gifts and graces. I look with deep interest and gratitude to God on the *succession* of Christ's shepherds from the Apostles to the present day, but the Succession *dogma*, taught in the "Tracts for the Times," I cannot behold with any respect whatever; just because it seems to me absolutely devoid of evidence, and secondly, a mere spiritual mockery, which adds nothing to religion but a name and a notion.

It is true that Luther, in the beginning of his career, spoke rashly of St James's Epistle; but I cannot permit this fact to nullify for me all the evidence of deep religious feeling which I see in his writings and in his life. As for his want of charity, I do not defend his language; but vehement language alone can never convict him or any man of an uncharitable heart. Luther began with *great moderation*, but the murderous malice and violence of his enemies, who would have martyred him ten times over, and would be content with nothing

but absolute renunciation of what he held to be the truth of God, goaded him to a degree which a writer of "Tracts for the Times," sitting quietly in his study, does not fairly allow for.

What are those moral enormities, those *thicks and thins* that Mr Hare defends? There is but one moral offence of any magnitude that has ever been brought home to Luther,—the affair with the Landgrave of Hesse,—and surely Hare does not defend his part in that matter. He only shews, very ably, as I thought, all the extenuating circumstances, and exposes the ridiculous unfairness of the representation of it by his adversaries. Those Romanists, and admirers of Romanism, treat it as an unprecedented crime in Luther to have done, with deep repentance afterwards, what their infallible Vicegerents of Christ had done before, without repenting of it at all. That Luther ever meant to defend or recommend polygamy, he shews, I think, very clearly to have been one of the ten thousand calumnies uttered against him by his untruth-telling foes. He said, I think justly, that we ought not to look upon polygamy as *essentially* a crime. What God has once sanctioned (surely the words of Nathan to David shew that it was sanctioned) cannot be compared with sins against which there is a fiat of the Eternal.

Do you think that I admire Luther's doctrine for its energy and spiritual boldness? No, I admire the energy and boldness for the sake of the doctrine. What are those most vehement assertions of his which you consider heterodox? The great assertion of Luther's life

as a theologian was justification by faith alone Is this heterodox? Then is the Church of England heterodox in her Articles and her Homilies. It is vain to say that they teach Melancthon's doctrine. There is no real difference, I believe, and I have studied the subject a good deal, between Luther's view of the subject and that of his bosom-friend Melancthon. But Philip was a mild, calm man. He explained the doctrine, and put it into language less liable to be taken by a wrong handle, though far less calculated to make way for it in the first instance. The commentary on Galatians was spiritual thunder and lightning. That it reads as well as it does now, when we consider the sort of work it did, and compare it with other such instruments by which great changes are made suddenly in masses, we may see, and ought, I think, to acknowledge, that if Luther was a spiritual demagogue, he was of the first order of such after inspired men. Indeed, my father, as appears in the "Remains," put him in the next rank after St Paul and the Apostles. That article of our religion which the Commentary on Galatians is specially devoted to set forth, the manner of our justification, he thought more clearly seen, with greater depth of insight, by Luther than by any other man after the Apostle to the Gentiles. Such are his and my heresies.

As for hero-worship, if by *Hero* you mean only a strong man, able to produce great changes and make a sensation, and by *worship* such homage as Romanists pay to the Virgin and the Saints—which I believe to be too near that which belongs to God alone—I am as

little a hero-worshipper as you are. I mean by a Hero a great, good man, endued with extraordinary gifts by the Father of Lights, which he employs for the benefit of mankind. Ought we not to *worship*, that is, honour, and praise, and listen to such men? It seems to me that Luther's ends were great and noble, and that his motives were always disinterested, high, and pure. In some instances, his means were blameworthy. He was embarked in a mighty, and most perilous, laborious, and difficult enterprise; and if, in the conduct of it, he sometimes, through fear of losing what had been gained, departed from the strict rule of right, surely a liberal and charitable judgment will not deny him the praise due to a benefactor of men. That he was a true religious enthusiast, not one who makes religion either a source of self-glorification or worldly advancement, seems clear from his dedication of himself at first, before the struggle with Rome began. He was raised up, as I fully believe, by Providence, to resist the practical corruptions of the Church, and to bear witness to the truth that it is the state of the heart, and not any number of outward acts or course of observances, on which our spiritual prospect depends.

XIV.

Performance of "Philip Van Artevelde," by Mr Macready, at the Princess's Theatre.

To Miss FENWICK.

Chester Place, November 27th, 1847.—Rather impru-

dently, I went to the Princess's Theatre last night, and have not improved the state of my cold thereby. However, I cannot feel sorry to have gone, for I really seem to have gained something of knowledge of "Philip Van Artevelde." We live and learn in regard to any really good and important work of mind. It is wonderful how it keeps opening out to one fan-wise. The fan is soon unfurled to its full length, but a good play or poem is a sort of hundred-fold fan, that *bides* a deal of unfolding.

During the first act I felt as if the piece was being murdered. The dresses had an unfavourable effect on my irritable imagination. Myk accused Van den Bosch of *hounding his pack upon him*, Bosch, as far as I could hear, having uttered no word of the menace whereto that is a natural reply. Macready did not take possession of me, *on his first essay*, as Kean did. He did not flash out the fine and uncommonplace actor all at once. He began to be effective in the scene where he wins over Ryk and Much, and threatens Occo. Thence onward the piece continued, rising in power, or sustaining itself on to the end. The closing scenes were very spirited in the way of mere stage effect. The interviews between Van Artevelde and Van den Bosch were most powerful, the most moving scene of all was Philip's address to the people, when he makes the three propositions. All the interest centred in the hero, even more than in the play as read. Macready was the only good actor, he evidently had entered into the character with enthusiasm, and the nobleness of the conception rose more strongly before me as the play proceeded, or at least was more

keenly felt than ever before, though this might not have been had I not been imbued beforehand with a knowledge of it from perusal of the play. Many parts, well omitted in the representation, aided the effect from being remembered.

I think it was in some respects advantageous to the effectiveness of the drama, that Van Artevelde was thrown into even stronger relief than in the reading play; scenes good in themselves being cut away, his part became more prominent, and proceeded more rapidly.

XV.

Dr Arnold on the Wickedness of Boys—Social Oysters—A Liberal High Churchman.

To the Rev. HENRY MOORE, Eccleshall Vicarage, Staffordshire.

Chester Place, December 3d, 1847.—Dr Arnold took a strong view of the wickedness of boys. I wish I could think that men were so very much better. Men conceal a good deal which boys show, and this is pleasanter to me in boys than in men, that they so seldom assume the virtuous, or talk as if they were far more charitable and disinterested and religious than they are practically. But perhaps Dr Arnold meant only a lamentation over the weakness and pravity of human nature, not to put *boy* nature at so much lower a level than that of adults.

I was much struck, in conversation with Mr G——, at the appearance of amiability in his countenance and manner, a sort of simple frankness amid his intellectual

refinement, which I much admire. There is in some men a kind of pride, in the guise of modesty, a reserve and self-shelterment, as of a cold fish in its self-made shell still colder than itself, which is to me most disagreeable. These men, if they have talent, are always highly esteemed and extolled by the few who enter with zeal into their peculiar views, and can accept their narrow terms (for they always are narrow in such tempers) of soul-communion.

Now I must say good-bye; so farewell, *High Church* friend! though, after all, your High Churchmanship, when you come to explain it, looks wonderfully like the *lowness* and *liberality* of some whom you set down on the wrong side of the hedge, the contrary to your own side! I am sure you gave a fearfully liberal and philosophical account of Apostolical Succession, which would make a staunch Anglo-Catholic's hair stand on end, while his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and on getting free, would be employed in showing you, if he condescended to hold any communication with such a Rationalist, how utterly un-Catholic, how unmystical, and how abominably intelligible and rational, such a conception of the matter is! Why, such a view as yours need not be taken implicitly, like a pig in a poke! the pig can be *seen* and commends *itself!* The truth is, you may talk as you will about your *highness*, but you are not very high according to the Tract standard, which places height in this, exaltation of the *outward* in reference to religion, with a proportionate depression of the acts of the intelligent will in the individual mind. Not but that they

would like reason well enough, if she declared in their favour, but they hate her as the angry king did the prophet, because she always prophesieth against and not for them—that is, against their priest-exalting system. Now, *you* are too Coleridgianized in mind to adopt their philosophy. There are some who affect to think my father's a great mind, who play with his doctrine as a hungry cat does with meat that has mustard on it. What to them is mustard you take as the natural gravy of the meat, and then, though I must say you are remarkably honest and bold, more so than most men, especially of the clergy—you try to stir up your High Church reputation and keep it brisk, by declaring how desperately *high* you are—knocking at the stars with your head, so that one is in fear for the planetary system, and calling poor unpretending things like me *low* and *liberal*, who are not a bit more liberal than yourself, if you come to that.

"Take that now, Father M'Grath!" and believe me your faithful and ever obliged friend,

SARA COLERIDGE.

XVI.

Pamphlet by a Seceder to the Roman Church—The Hampden Controversy—Church-Ornamentation.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq.

Dec. 1847.—. . . I have been lately reading "Reasons of my Conversion to the Church of Rome," by Mr

Gordon, one of our late curates. The pamphlet is very able, and the first six or seven letters contain, I think, a good deal of *ad hominem* truth. The writer's aim is to show what we, who never have wholly submitted to the Tract Doctors, have been saying all along, that Anglicans of the Oxford school are in a false position in the Church of England, that for them to remain here is to be in constant collision with their own principles —a very uneasy rock to knock against. He urges, that such thinkers have no living Church at all, which is to them a guide and a mother, the pillar and ground of the truth. The Church in which they abide they treat as a child and a pupil, whom they are to instruct and improve; so long as this pupil-church keeps within certain bounds, they will remain, trying to unprotestantize and improve her; if she transgresses these bounds they must leave her,—and for what? form a body of their own? But they cannot create a church—they cannot reproduce Apostolical Succession. In that case, therefore, they will be out of the Church of Christ, absolutely churchless.

Then he takes them up on *private judgment*, and shows what a system of private judgment they are themselves involved in, whilst they are condemning private judgment; that their appeal to the Fathers is after all, at bottom, but an appeal to themselves and their own determination what is the true import of patristic teaching, and what its value. He insists, that when the Church of England accuses Rome of corrupt doctrine and of schism, this is but the protest

of the culprit against the judge. Like many other assailants, he is strong while he points out the defects of the Anglican system, and the inconsistency of Anglo-Catholics. But when he comes to the positive defence of his own position, to speak of that system which he has preferred, then the strong man is suddenly palsy-stricken; his firm, rapid march is turned into staggering weakness; assumption and one-sided representation take place of careful examination; and audacity that of candid reasoning. By the line of argument that he adopts, the worship of Baal and Moloch, and the restitution of the calves and groves, and other heathen abominations, might be quite as well defended as Purgatory and the cultus of the Virgin Mary.

What think you of Hampden's elevation? Are you of those who think the war made upon him at Oxford was right? A High Church clergyman friend of mine was here last night, and I had the rare felicity of hearing him say on this subject what seems to me the golden mean; with Hare he regrets the appointment, but thinks the measures taken against Hampden unjust, (hundreds voting who had not read his books, condemning on the authority of another), and that his doctrines are misrepresented. He *has* read that heavy book, the "Bampton Lectures," which few of the many that condemn Hampden have done.

Mr —— is raising a subscription for a painted window; and I scarce know what to do about it. I must confess, though here again I am out of sympathy with most of my friends, for, like Mr M——, I am ever

protesting against my own party (that is to say, the party which to my mind embraces *most* of the truth, and with whom I can in general concur in all that is practical,)—but I must confess that I have scruples about giving spare money for painted windows when there is spiritual destitution still to provide for. "Oh! the more is given in one way, the more will be given in the other," is the cry. This seems to me an equivoque. The same spirit which excites one kind of giving will excite both; but that any man who gave *all* he properly could and ought for the higher object would have anything left for the lower I cannot believe; and thus, while some churches are smartened up, (and there is no limit to the expensive smartness that may be lavished upon a single edifice,) others are erected of the meanest description. I do not feel quite satisfied that church grandeur was ever based on pure gospel *faith*, as Keble and others maintain. Pure faith does so much *else* for God, so much for her neighbour during life-time, that she leaves not great sums behind to build a temple, to make up for the temple to God's honour and glory that she did *not* build, while she might, with her own hands. Then our modern church splendour is so poor, and petty, and equivocal; so vulgarized by patterns displayed in shops, and all kinds of trade associations. It does not flow from any great universal spirit which will last, but is supported by an effort of a busy section, running counter to the age instead of concurring with it.

XVII.

Origin of the Dislike felt to Dr Hampden's Views.

To Mrs H. M. JONES, Hampstead.

1847.—Hampden has offended the bigots and zealots of all parties, Romanistic and Puritanical, by his charitable and conciliative sentiments, by daring to say that good and well-disposed men, with sound heads and sound hearts, who hold in their hands the one Gospel of Christ, believing it all to be the Word of God, cannot and do not differ substantially, in their vital operative faith, as much as they appear to do in dogmatical statements and intellectual schemes of belief. This has given far more deep and bitter offence than if Hampden had been really a disbeliever in any of the truths generally acknowledged in Christendom; the self-styled orthodox love to think themselves up in heaven, those who differ from them in the gulf below,—themselves to be the soft, snowy, lovely, innocent sheep, others the great coarse, rough, ill-scented goats. Hampden's doctrine partly fills up the gulf, the wide chasm which they would establish betwixt themselves, and all who are not ready to swear to all their articles, and embrace what the Middle Ages determined on matters of faith by the mouths of uninspired Ecclesiastics, with implicit faith.

XVIII.

Dr Hampden's "Observations on Dissent."

To Miss ERSKINE.

1847.—As to the Hampden controversy you guess

highly indeed, dear A—— if you think I am not with the opposition. I wish to know what has ever been *proved* against Dr Hampden, shewing him to be unfit to be a Bishop in our Church? All the allegations against him appear to me to be either false or insufficient. Quite false, I think, is the charge that he represents the Divinity of Christ as being no essential part of the Christian faith. His arguments all along suppose the contrary, that it is essential for all men. I do not like or agree to all he says in the "Observations on Dissent," but I believe that the leading principles of Hampden's teaching, and *those positions which have brought upon him the enmity under the effects of which he is at present labouring*, are true and valuable.

What is considered such a crime in Hampden is his having dared to proclaim what are simple facts, of which proof has been given, and which have never been disproved; as for instance, that the phraseology commonly used by Divines in theological statements, has been established by dialectical science; that the *forms* of doctrine have been determined by the psychological philosophy of the period when they arose; and that the doctrine of the Sacraments (that is the Scholastic theories concerning them) is "based upon the mystical philosophy of secret agents in nature Christianized.

CHAPTER V.

1848.

Letters to Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Rev. Henry Moore, Miss Morris, Miss Fenwick, Mrs H. M. Jones, Mrs Richard Townsend, Mrs Gillman, C. B. Stutfield, Esq.

I.

Mr Coleridge's Religious System addressed to the Heart and Conscience, not to the Intellect alone.

To Miss Morris.

1848.—This cannot be an answer to yours, dear friend, but in reply to some of your concluding sentences I would reiterate my former assertions, that my father's religious views have in reality no more connection with the reasoning faculty—neither more nor less—than yours or any one's else; although he has written so much about reason and the understanding. His theory of faith pre-eminently appeals to the *heart*, to the moral and spiritual being. He never supposed that the inspiration of Scripture, a spiritual subject, could be known or apprehended by mere intelligence. But he did maintain that the human mind is one, though it has many different powers, and that the moral and spiritual only subsist by the co-inherence of the intelligential—that Reason and Will are necessary each to the other, so that the one is what it is, as existing in union with the other. Have you not a *doctrine* of inspiration as well as *feelings* on the subject? If yes, by what faculty of your mind is that doctrine apprehended? Has reason, has thought, nothing to do with it? And have the heart and spirit nought to do with the views you seem to reject? My father does not judge of Inspiration by

the intellect an iota more than others. Nay, I am sure his objection to the views he rejects is because they are so heartless, so empty, and unmeaning. Why should you assume that he *judges* Inspiration more than you judge it, by the view you take? On the subject of Reason and its province in religion, my father says nothing that has not been said by Christian philosophers and great divines in all ages. To say otherwise than as my father says, on this point, if carried out, is sheer Romanism. Denial of it is a denial of the Reformation, and makes every act of the Reformers flat rebellion and falsehood.

What think you is my last appeal which is not your last appeal? Whither can either of us go as the last resort, the ultimatum of our religious search, but to the depths of the human spirit, the heart and conscience of which Reason is the pervading light, and in which God and His Truth are mirrored? Have *you* then any place or object of appeal beyond this? Can *you* contemplate God and His Christ except in your own soul?

II.

Her Son's Preparation for the Newcastle Examination—School Rivalries.

To Mrs GILLMAN, Ramsgate.

Chester Place, March 1848.—Herbert is now preparing for the Newcastle contest. On the 3d of April it will commence, the Scholarship will be declared on the 8th,

and on the 10th he returns home. He bids me have no expectation of his gaining the Scholarship. His most formidable competitor, the eldest son of Sir Thomas F——, is nearly a year older than he, very clever, and very desirous to conquer, and has had much instruction during the holidays,—more than H. has.

It is a comfort to see what an excellent state of feeling exists between him and F——, not a shade of jealousy, I am sure. Indeed, I think that rivalry at public schools and at college is not the source of evil generally. Boys are generally inclined to like and respect those whose pursuits are similar to their own, and who exhibit talent in the line in which they are trying to distinguish themselves. They are oftener unjust to those of different habits, pursuits, likings, and dislikings, are apt to set them down as "brutes" and "asses," and to be perfectly blind to their abilities and good parts.

III.

The Newcastle Scholar—The Chartist Demonstration—Lowering of the Franchise—Moral and Material Improvement the real Wants of the Poor, not Political Power.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Ireland.

April 14th, 1848, *Chester Place*.—The news of Herbert's success, on which you congratulate me in a manner which adds greatly to the pleasure of it, was indeed very pleasant. He darted in upon us like a beam of light on Saturday afternoon, and received from us an awful account of the

Chartist preparations for insurrection and violence. You at a distance, except by comparing our troubles with your own, not by reports, can hardly have a notion of the alarm and excitement that was produced all in a day or two. I had been thinking of the matter a week or two before, and consulted our intelligent neighbour, Mr Scott, whose opinion with regard to the state of the poor I thought more important than any other. He told me that he had been trying by private letters to rouse people in authority to a sense of the necessity of making a determined show of the power and will to put down violence. The middle or shop-keeping class, he said, think all these points of political arrangements and government very much the gentry's affair. Still, they will side with the gentry, feeling them to be their natural protectors, and the class with whose interests, in the present state of things, theirs are interlinked, if they feel that the gentry can stand up for themselves, and present a bold front to the insurgents; otherwise, having no *principle* to guide them one way or the other, and not being given to theories or abstractions, or to go beyond the present hour, they might throw themselves into the arms of the mob, as did the shopkeepers and National Guard, who are so much composed of that class, in Paris. But then the army? Well, he did not think we could be certain of the army. There was no knowing how they might act if the Chartists proved very formidable. He thought the danger lay at present in the apathy and inactivity of the upper classes, who carried a good principle of not interfering with the

liberty of the people much too far. At this time no one was alarmed. Nothing was said about the Chartists in the large print part of the *Times*. On Saturday people began to be frightened. I was resolved, though the maids were terrified, and we had no man-servant, not to go away. The gentlemen of the neighbourhood —several of them—called on me on Sunday morning, to tell me all the arrangements for the defence of the Park, to offer protection, &c. On Sunday evening I went to St Mark's College. The young men brought alarming reports from the city. The Bank and other offices were bristling with artillery,—it was reported that the Government had received bad news. Now, for the first time, I did feel a little alarmed. The report was (quite false, as it turned out), that two regiments were disaffected. I did not wholly believe this. I hoped it was not so, but Miss T. had heard the report about the Coldstream Guards at Plymouth,—and it seemed to me that if the Duke of Wellington *was* unpopular, as was said, and the troops *were* discontented, and should refuse to act against the people, there might be a revolution. Still, I should have staid in the Park (for how was one to run away from a revolution that would reach one in Cumberland) had I not received a letter from Eton, pressing me to go thither with plate, &c. I accepted this offer, because I feared that otherwise Herbert would hardly be prevented from coming home on the dangerous Tuesday. So we flew to Eton on Sunday morning, and at Eton heard the happy event of the dreaded Chartist demonstration. Now all feel that the

attempt has been a blessed thing for the country, since it has plainly discovered the weakness of the physical force party and the power of that body in the State who are interested in the preservation of our present constitution. I really feel with the *Times* that our country has afforded a "sublime spectacle" to Europe on the late occasion. The arrangements of the Duke for the preservation of the metropolis were worthy of the hero of Waterloo, and how merciful thus to preclude, by the formidable and complete nature of the preparations, any attempt on the part of the misguided Chartists. Even if their demands were in themselves reasonable, or such changes as they propose could benefit the people at large, the *manner* of making them is contrary to all government whatsoever, and if yielded to must lead to pure anarchy alternating with despotism. Some think that these events will lead to an extension of the franchise. It does not seem at all clear to me that there would be the slightest use in giving votes to more and poorer men, without bettering their condition or improving their education before-hand. They say not more than a fourteenth part of the population is represented. I do not see the grievance of not being represented *per se.* What the poor really want is to be better off; they care not for more representation except as that may favour their pockets. An extended representation cannot produce more bread and cheese. As it is, taxation does not affect the very poorest people. The income-tax is hard upon professional and trading persons who make only just enough for their wants.

Hardly any of these persons are Chartists. I believe the Chartist body to be composed principally of men who have nothing to lose, are not doing well in any trade or calling, for the humblest charwoman who has work is furious against them, and looks to the upper classes for support. A great proportion of them are sufferers by their own fault, though there may be some bodies of men thrown suddenly out of employment, who are in great distress through pure misfortune, and who become Chartists in pure ignorance, with a blind hope of bettering their state by changing the present order of things.

IV.

Youth and Age.

To Miss FENWICK.

1848.—I am glad, dear friend, that you have had some enjoyment at Teignmouth. I feel a good deal as you do, that there is not so much greater a proportion of happiness in youth (and, I would add, still less in childhood) than in more advanced periods of life, when thought and experience have brought more knowledge of all that it concerns us most to know, and more tranquillity. Youth and childhood are indeed beautiful and interesting to look back upon; but I feel as old Matthew did about the lovely child, *I do not wish them mine*—mine to go over again.

V.

Early Marriage.

To C. B. STUTFIELD, Esq., Hackney.

Chester Place, 1848.—I have been much interested by your note; it really gives the *pith* and *marrow* of the case in *pithy* language. I agree to it all without reserve, except a partial one on a single point. You say that a "young man much occupied, will not generally think of marriage till past thirty." I know a good many exceptions to that rule, I think. It seems to me, I own, that the time to form a marriage engagement, in an ordinary case, for a man, is between twenty and thirty. It is not so naturally, easily, or well done, afterwards. D—— who has had some experience of youth, laments exceedingly the difficulties in the way of early marriage for men, and my uncle Southey was of the same mind. But the difficulties are often insuperable. What I like is to see a young man ready to work hard, and ready to be married. Energy, energy, that is the thing, if it be kept in order by a religious mind.

VI.

Charms of our Native Place—Country Life and Town Life—Portrait Painters—Portraits of Middle-aged People.

To Mrs RICHARD TOWNSEND, Norwood.

Chester Place, July 7th, 1848.—It strikes me, dear Mrs Townsend, that you would be better off, as regards your health and spirits, if you resided in

Regent's Park, or some airy part of London, than at Norwood, sweet and (for a summer-spell) enviable as Norwood is. Your husband seems to be much engaged, and the society of any country place is necessarily limited. Our native place is quite a different affair. *There* every stick and stone, or at all events every nook and woody clump, and turn of the well-known river, whose sounds were the first that struck upon our infant ears,—*there*, all the old familiar faces, however hum-drum or even unpleasing to strangers, are full of interest from old association. We see in these objects not simply their present selves, but a host of past impressions, which, as it were, illuminate them,—impart to them both a general luminous glow, and a rich mosaic embroidery, which render them far more interesting in our eyes, than new ones though infinitely more striking, as seen for the first time.

Here I have almost too much excitement from intercourse with interesting people. I feel the charm of London society deeply, but my nervous system is so weak and irritable, that I seem always on the verge of being outdone, even though I keep quite on the outskirts of the gay, busy world, and go out little in comparison with most of my friends,—very seldom (never if I can help it) two nights consecutively.

I broke through that rule this week. I had on Thursday a little party to meet an old friend, C. H. Townshend, known most to the public as author of a book on Mesmerism, but to me and my brother Derwent, as a poet and a lover of poetry, amateur painter, and collec-

tor of paintings. To meet him, I had my brother's party from St Mark's, Mr R——. the artist, and his wife, Mr L—— the artist, and a few more. Both R—— and L—— are highly interesting men in very different ways. The former is more genial, mild and popular, and Oh, how he is improved in his art! His picture of my Herbert is the very youth himself. Every one says so. He told me that he enjoyed taking his portrait, and gratified my mother's-heart by describing him as a capital subject.

L—— has a severe cast of mind. He is very intelligent and a beautiful speaker, and when he is successful, his success is of a high order. He paints the mind. So indeed does R——, but L—— sees the mind, I think, in a sterner way. Both contemn the old, fashionable Sir Thomas Lawrence style of painting.

I am now sitting to Mr L—— for my dear old friend Mrs Stanger. E. thinks that the picture promises well. Some of my friends decline sitting because they are middle-aged, and middle-age is neither lovely nor picturesque. *My* objection is not the plainness of the stage of life, but the variability of my nervous state, and consequently of my looks. Sometimes the artist is forced to work away at the gown (at least Mr R—— was sometimes) because the *face* is actually gone away *pro tempore.*

VII.

Teaching Work—Dickens as a Moralist for the Young.

To Mrs H. M. Jones.

Hernebay, August 17th, 1848.—My sister and C—— left us last Monday; young D—— remains with us till Friday. He reads Homer to me, and this with H.'s readings, and E.'s, is as much in that way, as my nerves will stand; for I can do everything that I ever could, *a little*, but nothing much or long. The hundred lines with each youth, and sometimes Pindar or Horace beside, which seems nothing to my brother, is a good deal to me. They like to talk with me and each other about "Harry Lorrequer" and other military and naval novels, and above all about the productions of Dickens, the never-to-be-exhausted fun of Pickwick, and the capital new strokes of Martin Chuzzlewit. This last work contains, beside all the fun, some very marked and available morals. I scarce know any book in which the evil and odiousness of selfishness is more forcibly brought out, or in a greater variety of exhibitions. In the midst of the merry quotations, or at least, on any fair opportunity, I draw the boys' attention to these points, bid them remark how *unmanly* is the selfishness of young Martin, and I insist upon it that Tom Pinch's character, if it could really exist, would be a very beautiful one. But I doubt, as I do in regard to Pickwick, that so much sense, and deep, solid goodness, could co-exist with such want of discernment and liability to be gulled. Tigg is very clever, and the boys roar with

laughter at the "what's-his-name place whence no thing-umbob ever came back;" but this is only a new edition of Jingle and Smangles, Mark Tapley also is a second Sam Weller. The new characters are Pecksniff, and the thrice-notable Sairey Gamp, with Betsy Prig to shew her off.

VIII.

Mr Coleridge's Philosophy inseparable from his Religious Teaching—His View of the Inspiration of Scripture.

To Miss Morris.

1848.—I doubt not that though your American semi-Coleridgian, or rather Coleridgian only in fancy, imagines my father a "Heretic" in his *formal-divinity mind*, yet that his heart and spiritual being, if he really have benefited in any way or degree worth speaking of, by his writings, is making a far different report. Why should a fine intellect, (and most men allow my father *that*) united with a disposition to believe, and strong desire to be in sympathy with the religious, become suddenly effete and worse than useless, when applied to the discernment of religious truth? I know how vain it is to argue. But I say this to shew you my own state of mind on these matters, not in any expectation of altering yours, or that of any of those who see the subject of religious belief, or rather *the theory of faith*, as you do. My father's religious teaching is so interwoven with his intellectual views, as with all deep and earnest thinkers must ever be the case, that both must stand or fall to-

gether; and in my opinion those persons dream who think they are improved by him intellectually, yet consider his views of Christianity in the main unsound. There are some portions of his theology on which I feel unresolved, some which I reject; but in the mass they are such as both embrace me and are embraced by me. His view of Inspiration, as far as it goes, I do entirely assent to; and it is my strong anticipation, as far as I have any power to anticipate, that after a time, all earnest, thoughtful Christians will perceive that such a footing *in the main*, as that on which he places the Inspiration of Scripture is the only safe one,—the only one that can hold its ground against advancing thought and investigation. I refer not so much in this to examination of outward proof, but to reflection on the nature of the thing in itself, the discovery of the internal incoherency of the ordinary schemes of belief on this subject. I think it will be found how satisfyingly spiritual it is.

IX.

Mr Spedding's Critique on Lord Macaulay's Essay on Bacon—The Ordinance of Confirmation—Primitive Explanations of its Meaning and Efficacy.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

1848.—I am delighted and interested in a most high degree by the vindication of Bacon. It seems to me no less admirable for the principles of moral discrimination and truth, and accuracy of statement, especially where

character is concerned, which it brings out and elucidates by particular instances, which as it were substantiate and vitalize the abstract propositions, than for the glorious sunny light which it casts on the character of Bacon. Then how ably does it shew up, not Macaulay's character individually and personally, so much as the class of thinkers of which he is the mouth-piece and representative. There are numbers who dislike and suspect that anti-Bacon article, and would take in with avidity the refutation.

But can it be true that Bacon doubted whether Confirmation were a *subsequent* to Baptism? How can it be doubted by any one who knows what Confirmation is, what are the purposes of it?

There can be no doubt that Confirmation was in the beginning considered, if not a component part of the whole sacrament of Baptism, yet certainly a sacrament in which the regenerative Spirit was received. The two were united in time, and formed one double rite. Confirmation or Imposition of Hands, was performed directly after Baptism; and Tertullian affirms that men are prepared for the Spirit, or purified by the Baptismal rite,—that they receive the Spirit by Imposition of Hands.

I think we may argue from this, and many like dogmas of the early Fathers, that it is not possible to follow out the primitive rationale of Sacraments on all points. The Church afterwards separated Imposition of Hands from Baptism, and taught that the gift of the Regenerative Spirit appertained to the latter. Still

Confirmation is surely a complement of Baptism, has a special reference to it, though it be not necessary to salvation, or an essential part of Baptism. The term "subsequent to Baptism," is ambiguous. Confirmation is not to *confirm the Baptism*, but to confirm or corroborate *the baptized* in the graces and spiritual edification originally received in baptism.

X.

Pindar—Dante's Paradiso—"Faustina," by Ida Countess Hahn-Hahn—Haziness of Continental Morality—A Coquette on Principle—Lord Bacon's Insincerity.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Ireland.

Chester Place, 1848.—One feels proud of reading Pindar. It is like being at a fountain-head, at the fresh top of a lofty aerial mount, a wide prospect of the land of beauty spread out before one. The Second Pythian Ode contains one of those scripture-like passages which one seems to have read somewhere in the Old Testament, but knows not exactly where,—perhaps in the Psalms, in Job, or Isaiah. . . . . .

Canto V. of the "Paradiso" is in the main rather dry, sententious, and unsensuous, but it reads impressively, and I feel this time, more than before, how finely the light *keeps growing* as one goes on in the "Paradiso," how the splendours accumulate, the glory deepens, the colours glow out more and more in ever richer variety.

I was very glad, however, to conclude the evening

with Countess Ida; and now I have read her story carefully to the end, and what do I think of it? Why, that it is in the style of execution very exquisite, full of grace, beauty, light rich fancy; but that it is as strong an instance as I ever met with of that pseudo-morality, that vague, slippery, luminous-misty view of right and wrong, which it would be unfair to call German, as if it belonged to the Germans more than to the French, Italians, Danes, or Swedes, but which we may certainly call *un-English.* If the plant appears amongst us it is recognised as a foreigner at once. Goethe's morality has been much questioned amongst us, but there is nothing in his tales surely of worse tendency than this "Faustina," more false and insidious. The conduct of the heroine is that of an unprincipled coquette,—a frail, fickle, faithless, self-indulgent, passionate creature; nay, more than that, heartless and cruel in the extreme. Yet, forsooth, we are assured that these acts in *her* proceed from superlative *purity of heart!* the simplicity of genius,—an innocent desire to *mould her being*, to take to herself whatsoever is beautiful, noble, and excellent; to keep it as long as it suited her, and then fling it away like a sucked orange, or let it fall, as she does the wild flowers, when she is tired of them! It is a libel, a shocking libel, on purity of heart and genius, to lay such sins as these at their door, or even to suppose them compatible in any way with the former. No woman that united a fine intellect with a generous, noble, and tender heart, or even a heart of tolerable goodness, could have acted the part of Faustina, even

suppose her to have been ever so badly educated : so at least it strikes me. I complain of the whole representation as radically *false*, and cannot be reconciled by the delicacy and beauty of the execution, to what is so deeply wrong in the main conception. "Faustina" is entirely a woman's book, a continental woman's book, as "Jane Eyre" is that of an English *man.** And oh! how vastly superior in truth and power is the latter, coarse and hard in parts as it certainly is. Faustina is false in another way too I think. She does nothing but what any exquisitely beautiful and graceful woman might do. Hers are not, as seems to be pretended, the triumphs of genius. Jane Eyre, without personal advantages, gains upon the mind of the reader by what she does, and we can well understand how she fascinates Rochester. We *see* that she is heroic, we are not merely *told* so. "Faustina" reminds me of two novels by women,—"The History of a Coquette," by a daughter of the well-known Bishop Watson, and "Zoe," by Miss Jewsbury. The latter is less refined than Faustina, but contains greater variety, —I should say exhibits more power upon the whole. It has the same moral falsity that strikes me in "Faustina,"—that of uniting noble qualities of head and heart with conduct the most unworthy and unvirtuous. T. F. warmly defends "Zoe," declaring it to be but a true picture of life. If I could think it a true picture, I too would

* My mother's critical discrimination was at fault here. She felt sure that the mysterious "Currer Bell" was a *man* ; and used to declare that she could as soon believe the paintings of Rubens to have been by a woman, as "Jane Eyre."—E.C.

defend the representation. But I believe that such compounds as "Zoe" and "Faustina" are to be classed with, the griffins and sphinxes of ancient fable. Nay those have at least subjective truth; in these I can see none at all.

. . . . . .

I dissent from Spedding's defence of Bacon's slight dissimulation about the calling of Parliament. Silence is one thing, but untruth, ever so slight, will never do.

XI.

Romanist Secessions.

To Miss FENWICK, Bath.

1848.—I have just been writing to dear —— to express my concern and sympathy in her sorrow at the secession of her son, who has joined the Church of Rome. I told his mother, what I could say with sincerity, that though such a step on the part of a child could not but be a great trouble, yet that so far as the interests of the soul are concerned, it would not deeply afflict me, because I never can think that any youth, bred up in the bosom of our Church, will, or almost can, enter into the "cult" of the Virgin idolatrously; though I fear with many *born* Romanists, it does absorb some part of the feelings due to God and His Christ alone. Nor can I think such a person will ever really ascribe a redemptive merit to works, or anything in man whatsoever. And in regard to the

denial of the cup in the Eucharist,—I should hope, (to the faithful receiver) the bread alone conveyed the spiritual benefit, whatever sin may rest with those who first altered and impaired the institution of Christ. So I should feel with respect to the *individual* who has been nurtured in our Church. I do believe the religion of enlightened Romanists, who have conversed much with our clergy of the better sort, does not differ materially from Anglicanism. Still it would be a grief to me to think that a son's descendants (if he married) should all be brought up in a system which *may* be, for some, such a wide departure from the religion of Christ, and substitution of a new Gospel. And it is painful, too, to be regarded by a seceder, if he be near and dear to us, as not in the true Church, or the regular way of salvation.

CHAPTER VI.

1848—*continued.*

Letters to the Rev. Henry Moore; Aubrey de Vere, Esq.; Miss Fenwick; the Rev. Edward Coleridge.

I.

Dr Arnold's School Sermons—His Comment on the Story of the Young Men who mocked Elisha—Individuals under the Mosaic Dispensation dealt with as Public, not as Private Characters—Dr Hammond's proposed Rendering of 2 Peter i. xx.

To the Rev. HENRY MOORE, Eccleshall Vicarage.

1848.—I must write a line to thank you for giving to my boy those excellent Sermons of Dr Arnold's, more comfortable to my spirit than most of the sermons addressed to men. I think in his application of the judgment on the young people who mocked Elisha, he seems not sufficiently to bear in mind that they were punished for contemning the character and authority of an Envoy of the God of Israel, not for teasing an old man. The judgment would be frightfully disproportionate if we did not look upon it thus nationally, in analogy with the whole sacred history. In the Old Testament individuals appear to be dealt with not primarily in reference to their own merit or demerit in the sight of God, or their own private destiny, but as they are parts and instruments of one comprehensive scheme for the advancement of the human race by their Creator. Now, I say that Carlyle, in his History of the French Revolution, whether consciously or other-

wise, has in some sort written upon the Scriptural plan. He looks at the French Revolution, in all its horrors and miseries, as an awful retribution for the accumulated crimes of selfishness, cruelty, and profligacy of the wealthy and powerful classes,—a long-delayed vengeance,—to be a grand beacon and instruction for the ages to come, and at the same time, the preparation for a new and better state of things. The actors in the Revolution he considers *principally* as instruments of this divine work, and he therefore views them chiefly in reference to their *powers*. What he says of Mirabeau's powers, his wisdom, and insight, I believe to be quite true. There is a sketch of the life and character of Mirabeau by my husband in a periodical work, written before Carlyle's book appeared, which contains in substance all that Carlyle maintains on that point. Mirabeau had, however, not only *powers*, but virtues, though mingled with great vices, and it is not true that Carlyle disguises or disregards the vices; he speaks of them as to be lamented and wept over with bitter tears.

. . . . . .

I am looking at Horsley's Sermons on 2 Peter, i. 20, 21.* But he appears to me to have, to a certain degree, a wrong notion of the drift of the text from neglecting Hammond's explanation. Hammond says that ἐπιλυσις is an agonistical word, and signifies the starting or

* Knowing this first, that no prophecy is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit.—St Peter, 2, i. 20, 21.

watchword upon which the racers set out in their course. According to him the passage has nothing to do with interpretation whatever, no bearing of any kind upon private judgment, as it has been a million times quoted for or rather against. I think if you consult Scapula or Passow, you will find that the good doctor is right, and that ἐπίλυσεσθαι means to let loose as dogs or hunting leopards from a leash (though it also means to solve or explain), and this is more accordant with the context. "No prophecy is ἰδίας ἐπιλυσέως—*for* the prophecy came not in old time by the *will* of man, but holy men of old spake *as they were moved* by the Holy Ghost." Now, is it not better sense if we render the Greek, "of his own starting," "without particular mission from God," than if we understand it of private interpretation, which has nothing to do with what goes before, or what comes after? St Peter was not warning men against self-willed uncatholic views of prophecy, but simply exhorting them to trust to prophecy, because it was from God.

II.

Mr Longfellow's "Evangeline"—Hexameters in German and English—"Hyperion," by the same Author—"Letters and Poetical Remains of John Keats."

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Ireland.

Chester Place, September 1848.—Thank you much for Evangeline, which is full of the beautiful, and is most

deeply pathetic, as much so as the story of Margaret in the Excursion. Perhaps you will think me paradoxical (no, *you* would not, I believe, though many would), when I say that this deep pathos is not the right thing in a poem. I could not take the story and the poetry together, but was obliged to skim through it, and see how the misery went on, and how it ended, before I could *read the Poem.* I think a poem ought not to have a more touching interest than Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Ariosto, and Tasso. The agitations of the Drama may be quoted against me. I can but say that I feel the same objection to Romeo and Juliet; but then the edge of the strong interest is rubbed off after a first perusal, and we recur to it as to a poem;—and so we may in any other case. But those fine old dramas contain so much *more* than the mere story, even in the material; so much wit, and display of character and humour and manners, that they are hardly to be compared with our modern affecting metrical tale.

It does not clearly appear why Gabriel should lose sight of Evangeline on leaving Acadia. Perhaps we shall be told, as we are of the story of Margaret, that it is matter of *fact.* This would not excuse it, if it *looks* improbable; and depend upon it *in the fact* there was something different, something that prevented the difficulty which suggests itself in the written tale. Evangeline seems to be, in some sort, an imitation of Voss's Luise. The opening, especially, would remind any one who had read the Luise, of that remarkable Idyll. It is far inferior to that, I think, both in the general conception, and in the

execution. Voss's hexameters are perfect. The German language admits of that metre, the English hardly does so. Some of Longfellow's lines are but quasi-metre, so utterly inharmonious and so prosaic in regard to the diction. I do not think there will ever be a continuous strain of good hexameters in our language, though there may be a good line here and there. Goethe's hexameters are excellent; those of Schiller in Der Tanz, a poem in longs and shorts, exquisite.

You should read Longfellow's Hyperion, which is an imitation of Jean Paul Richter, in the same degree, perhaps, that Evangeline is an imitation of Voss. It is extremely refined and pleasing. It is, however, a collection of *miscellanea* strung together on the thread of a Rhine tour, with very little of a story, only an event to begin with, and an event to end with.

The "Letters and Remains of Keats," are highly interesting. The "Eve of St. Mark," is an exquisite fragment; "Otho the Great" an utter failure, in my opinion. I do not agree with Milnes about the "splendour and glory of the diction." There is a speech or two that might have suited Lamia or Endymion, but nothing of proper *dramatic* force or beauty, from beginning to end; and the blank verse is poor.

Severn's journal of poor Keats' last days is deeply affecting. But how sadly he wanted fortitude. He was manly in some respects; but in others he was but "five feet high" after all.

Compare the death-bed of the Deist Blanco White with that of poor Keats, and I think it must be admitted

that both in faith and fortitude the former has immeasurably the advantage. It ought, however, to be recollected that Blanco White was older, and had had more time to gain strength of mind. But he was also of a more religious turn from the first.*

. . . . . .

* The following lines written in 1845, with a marginal note added later, will find an appropriate place here.—E.C.

BLANCO WHITE.

Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath,
Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet, fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
As one intent to fly the eternal wrath,
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope!
O thou light-searching spirit, that did'st grope
In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death,
To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth—
Brave witness like thine own—dare hope and pray
That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
May'st find that bliss untold 'mid endless day
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth.—S. C.

I have never defended Blanco White, but I do insist on looking at his virtues, and struggles, and powers of mind with the naked eyes, and not through the glass of an opinion concerning his religious opinions. In thus dealing I put forth no new view of Christian justice and toleration. I do but carry out the received view consistently, and without vacillation. Men *will* not believe that B. W. died a firm believer in a Moral and Intelligent Creator and Governor to whom our homage and submission is due, because he rejected outward Revelation, and was unconvinced of the resurrection of man's soul to conscious existence.—S.C.

III.

Justice and Generosity—"Vanity Fair"—The World, and the Wheels on which it moves.—Thackeray, Dickens, and Currer Bell—Devotion of Dobbin to Amelia.

To Miss FENWICK.

November 1848.—It is commonly thought that justice and generosity belong to different characters, but it seems to me that a want of both often goes together, and that people are seldom thoroughly *just*, who are ungenerous. But perhaps the truth is that the ungenerosity to which I allude is a sort of injustice—the temper that grudges not only the outward things of this life, but cannot bear to bestow praise, honour and credit where they are due, and where perfect justice would award them.

I believe "Vanity Fair" presents a true view of human life,—a true view of one aspect and side of it. We cannot live long in the world, I think, with an observant eye, without perceiving that pride, vanity, selfishness, in one or other of its forms, together with a good deal of conscious or unconscious pretence,—pretence to virtue and piety especially, but also to intellect, elegance, and fashion,—to disregard of praise and admiration and various other supposed advantages,—are among the great main wheels which move the social machine. Still, these are uneasy reflections, and perhaps we are not in the best frame of mind, when such things present themselves to us very strongly. I hope that "Vanity

Fair" presents but one side of the author's own mind, else it must be a most unhappy one. Still I must say, I think very highly of the book. None of the kind ever exceeded my anticipations so much. In knowledge of life and delineation of character, it seems to me quite equal to "Jane Eyre," though it has never been so popular, and I cannot but think that it afforded some hints to that celebrated novel. Thackeray is not good where he imitates Dickens, where he describes houses, for instance. The *still* part of his descriptions is often tedious; whereas in "Jane Eyre," the landscape painting is admirable, and Dickens shines in Dutch pieces, descriptions of interiors, and so forth. But Thackeray has a vein of his own, in which he is quite distinct from his predecessor and successor in the novel-writing career, and it is a keen and subtle one. I believe the description of Sir Pitt Crawley, is hardly an overdrawn picture of what may have existed fifty years ago.

Dobbin's devotion to a weak woman like Emmy, is perfectly natural. That sort of devotedness is seldom bestowed on very worthy objects, I think, for they do not excite tenderness in the shape of pity, are more independent, and turn the admirer's thoughts into a better and higher direction.

IV.

Essay on "Money"—Prodigality and Avarice.

To Miss FENWICK, Bath.

1848.—That part of the essay on "Money," * which will be thought severe, (perhaps,) I believe indeed to be most true—I mean the part about creditors. It is merciful to be harsh on such subjects, in public declaration, and nip the *tadpole* in the *bud*, to use an incongruous metaphor.

I think that prodigality and avarice taken early may be checked. I believe, however, that the former is more curable than the latter, as belonging to less tough natures, and depending more on the outward and less on the mind. For avarice is especially, I suppose, a disease of the imagination.

V.

Mr Carlyle on Hero Worship—Ceremonial, in his View, the Husk of Religion; Veneration its Kernel—Veneration rightly bestowed on Mental Power as an Image of one of the Divine Attributes—Voltaire justly Admired by the French for his Native Genius—Association of Goodness with Wisdom, and of Poetry with Philosophy—Mr Carlyle's Heroes described by him as Benefactors, not merely Rulers of Men—Instances of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Cromwell—A

* Notes from Life, in Six Essays, by Henry Taylor, Esq.—E. C.

True Sense in which "Might is Right"—Character of Mirabeau—Comparison of Mr Carlyle as a Moralist with Lord Byron, as a Historian with Lord Macaulay—Aim and Spirit of his History of the French Revolution.

To Rev. Edward Coleridge.

REPLY TO STRICTURES OF THREE GENTLEMEN UPON CARLYLE, SUPPORTED BY A REFERENCE TO CERTAIN PASSAGES IN HIS WORKS.

In order to do justice to the views of an author, especially such an author as Carlyle, who less than most men can be understood in fragments, a want of finish in the parts being the characteristic defect of his style, we must take care to place ourselves in his point of view, to possess ourselves of his aim. Now, Carlyle's great theme in the work before us is worship—the instinct of Veneration in man; (but see his limitation of the term, p. 381,—or intimation that he has been using it in a limited sense). The religion of nations, as to its superficial and outward part, he considers to be, in great measure, a system of empty forms, dead conventionalisms, and lifeless ceremonies,—the worthless remains of a something which once had life. On the other hand he believes, that in all religions which have ever held sway over masses of men for a considerable time, there has been at bottom, a living and life-exciting principle. This principle, which he sets up as the *work of God*, against the arte-facts of men—vain substitutes for genuine gifts from on high,—he maintains to be

Veneration—the principle or feeling which leads men to bow down before the image of God in the soul of man. Power is an attribute of God,—Carlyle maintains that the instinct whereby we are impelled practically to adore and obey mental power, wherever we behold it, is a salutary and high instinct, which instrumentally redeems mankind from the dominion of sense and the despotism of moral evil. (But power in God is joined with benevolence, and so it is in all whom Carlyle sets up as objects of "worship.")

In the first passage referred to (*Hero-Worship*, pp. 22, 23,), Voltaire is spoken of as a *kind* of hero, a man gifted by God with remarkable *powers* of thought and expression, and who, whatever evil he may have done,—exceeding any good that can be ascribed to his authorship, was nevertheless believed by those who "worshipped" him to have devoted his life and abilities to the "unmasking of hypocrisy," and "exposing of error and injustice." Carlyle's proposition seems to me to be simply this,—The French nation being such as they were, that is to say, in a comparatively low, dark, unspiritual state, their enthusiasm about Voltaire was a favourable symptom of their mental condition,—the spirit evinced therein a redeeming spirit (in its degree)—their feeling of admiration and veneration for one whom they thought *above* them, in its own nature a noble and blessed feeling. Poor and needy, indeed, must that people be who have no better object of such a feeling than Voltaire. Our author means only to affirm that Frenchmen were better employed in "worshipping" him

even for supposititious merits than in grovelling along in utter worldliness, pursuing each his own narrow selfish path, without a thought or a care beyond the gratification of the senses. Here is no intention to set the intellectual above the moral, or to substitute the one for the other, but to insist on the superiority of *natural gifts*, as means of bettering the souls of men, to the vain shows and semblances which commonly pass for religion in the world, according to the author's opinion.

The second passage (pp. 166, 167) I remember noting when I first read the work in which it is contained, as announcing a doctrine either wrong in itself or wrongly expressed. But I cannot see that it is erroneous by the exaltation of intellectual power above goodness, but rather by too bold and broad an affirmation that the former is the measure of the latter. So far I agree with Carlyle, that I believe the highest moral excellence attainable by man is ever attended by a certain largeness of understanding; not that intellectual power is a part of goodness, but that moral goodness cannot be evolved, to the greatest extent, without it. Men of high virtue and piety are ever men of insight, the moral and intelligential in their mixed nature reciprocally strengthening and expanding each other. To transfer these remarks to a lower subject, every *great* poet must be possessed not merely of a fine imagination, a lively fancy, or any other particular intellectual faculty, but of a great understanding; he must be one whose mental vision is deeper and more acute than that of other men, who sees into the truth of things, and has a special

power of rendering what he sees visible to others. He must be practical, as well as percipient, else he is not a poet, a maker or creator:—he must see keenly and (if the expression may be allowed) *feelingly*, else his poetic faculty has no adequate materials to work upon. Shakespeare was inclusively a great philosopher. Lear, Hamlet, and Othello could never have been produced by one who did not see into the human mind deeply, and survey it widely. But to be a Shakspeare, a man must have certain peculiar gifts of intellect added to this great general powerfulness; or, to express myself more distinctly, his mind must be specifically modified, and that from the first,—*à priori*. I cannot at all agree with Carlyle in thinking that the sole original qualification of every great man of every description is a strong understanding, and that, where there is this common base, circumstances *alone* determine, whether the possessor is to be a Cæsar or a Shakespeare, a Cowley or a Kant, a Wellington or a Wordsworth. To return to the moral side of the subject, I think that Carlyle expresses himself too broadly when he says, "that the degree of vision that dwells in a man is the correct measure of the man," and illustrates his meaning by a reference to Shakespeare. Was Shakespeare as much better than other men as he was deeper and clearer sighted? The truth is, that *vision* considered in the concrete, as found in this or that individual, is always specific. The saints and servants of God have a vision of their own—but here let me pause, for I am at the mouth of a labyrinth. Lord Byron, to whom Mr A—— refers,

was a very *clever* man; but I think that Carlyle would not allow him any very remarkable "degree of vision;" his "superiority of intellect," *sensu eminente*, he would plainly deny, and, in my opinion, with justice. But still Byron had a stronger understanding than many a better man, though his fame during life may have been no "correct measure" of his intellectual size (in literary and poetical circles his fame is now fast shrinking into more just proportion therewith). Carlyle's statement is, at best, confused and inadequate, probably because he had not properly thought out the subject, when he undertook to speak upon it.

Much waste of words and of thought too would be avoided if disputants would always begin with a clear statement of the question, and not proceed to argue till they had agreed upon what it was that they were arguing about. The proposition which I understand Mr A—— to maintain (when he censures Carlyle as a worshipper of intellect, implying that he worships it in a bad sense) and which I venture to deny, is this: that Thomas Carlyle, viewed in his character of author, as appears upon the face of his writings, exalts intellect taken apart from the other powers of the mind,—that he sets up mere intellect as the ultimate object of esteem and admiration, and represents a man as truly great and worthy of all honour, purely on the score of intellectual gifts, without reference to the use he makes of them. In disproof of this position (or by way of attempting to disprove it) I appeal to the fact, that all his heroes, whom he describes as being the deserving

objects of what, "not to be too grave about it," he chooses to call "*worship*," are represented by him as benefactors of the human race, just in proportion as they were *deserving* objects of worship. He describes them as men whose powers have been employed by God's will and their own, for good and noble purposes on a large scale, chiefly for the purpose of leading men, directly or indirectly, from earth to heaven, from the human to the divine. This indeed is the keynote of Carlyle's writings, it is the beginning and the end of his whole teaching, it is this which gives a character of elevation to all the productions of his mind, and renders him so widely influential, as, with all his bad taste and frequent crudity and incompleteness of thinking he certainly is, that in all he puts forth there is an immediate reference to man's higher destiny, under the power of which thought all his other thoughts are moulded and modified. His vocation is that of an *apostle*, in the sense in which the title may truly and reverently be bestowed upon uninspired men. If it be objected to this view of his drift and purpose, that Voltaire and Rousseau are mentioned among his heroes, I reply that he has done this, not from blindness to their faults and deficiencies, but from the supposed perception of a certain degree of merit in them not commonly recognized by admirers of goodness. This supposition may be well or ill founded,—he may be wrong in supposing those writers to have exerted any beneficial influence; but the character of his aim is to be determined by the supposition and not by the fact. He places them very

low in the scale of benefactors, and brings them forward rather as illustrations of his meaning in the lowest instances, than as considering them worthy to be placed by the side of the best and greatest men, in the scale of moral greatness. His account of Cromwell I think very fine as a sketch, and very well framed as an exponent of his doctrine; with regard to its truth in fact my judgment is suspended. Be that as it may, Carlyle's heroes are all men who have striven for truth and justice, and for the emancipation of their fellow-mortals. He represents them as having been misunderstood by the masses of mankind, in the midst of all their effectivity and *ultimate* influence, simply because the masses of mankind are not themselves sufficiently wise, and good, and perspicacious to understand and sympathize with those who are so in an eminent degree. There is *some* originality in Carlyle's opinions; but he seems to me to be more original in manner than in matter; the force and feeling with which he brings out his views are more *remarkable* than the views themselves.

Carlyle has somewhere spoken as if he thought that bodily strength gave a just claim to the possession of rule and authority, and this passage has been quoted against him with considerable plausibility. But is it not true that superior strength of body and mind have ever enabled the possessors, sooner or later, to command the herd of their inferiors? This is a fact which Carlyle does not invent, but only reasons upon, and his reasoning is that native strength and other personal endow-

ments, conferred directly by God, without man's intervention, convey a better claim to the obedience and service of men, and are a safer ground whereon to erect sovereignty, than arbitrary human distinctions and titles established conventionally, which by a certain theory of theologians, are made out to have been instituted by God Himself. The only divine right of kings which he will acknowledge is *native might*, enabling a man to rule well and wisely, as well as strongly. Hereditary sway, pretending to be divine, he looks upon as a mere human contrivance, one that has never adequately answered its purpose, that arose originally from false views and bad feelings, and as it had in it, from the beginning, a corrupt root, is ever tending to decay and dissolution. For myself, if it is worth while to say what I think, I cannot clearly understand the *divine right* of kings as taught by High Churchmen, but neither do I believe that Carlyle has seen through the whole of this matter, or that there is not much more to be said for conventional sovereignty than appears in his notices of the question. If all men were at all times wise enough to choose the best governors, there need be no such contrivance as hereditary sway,—but, till they are, elective sway is no better; and in the meantime, according to Carlyle's own admission, native strength has a sphere of its own, in which it governs with more or less effect, according to its intensity.

Carlyle's *manner* of describing the character of Mirabeau is, perhaps, the most questionable part of his writings, yet, even here, I think, his main drift is quite

consistent with morality. He is not judging the eminent Frenchman as a divine, or examining him as a moralist. His theme is the French Revolution, which he regards as a tremendous crisis, the result of a long series and extensive system of selfishness, cruelties, and injustices, and he views all the persons of his narrative principally in reference to the part they acted, and the effects they wrought, in this great national convulsion. Whatever Mirabeau's private character may have been before God, yet as far as he was a powerful and conspicuous agent in carrying forward the work of the Revolution, Carlyle was justified, as it seems to me, in setting him forth as an object of interest, and even of admiration, proportioned to the amount and rareness of the gifts which rendered him a potent instrument in the hands of Providence, for a particular purpose; and this he might have done without calling evil good, or good evil. But it is abundantly evident that Carlyle did *not* consider Mirabeau's mind and dispositions, as *upon the whole*, morally bad; he ascribes to him high purposes and public virtues, that is, virtues specially calculated to benefit the public. Whether his account of him be true in fact, or whether it is a fiction, our argument does not require us to consider. The question only is, does Carlyle's language respecting Mirabeau confound the distinction betwixt virtue and vice,—does it tend to dim the lustre of the first, and to surround the last with a false and falsifying splendour? Now, I am inclined to answer this question in the negative, both from consideration of Carlyle's general turn of mind, as displayed in

his books, and from a survey of all that he says of Mirabeau, taken in connection with the spirit and principles of the work in which it appears, though I admit that he has not taken sufficient pains to prevent his sentiments from being taken for that which they are not. The writings of Lord Byron are really open, in some measure, to such a charge, because they array in attractive colours imaginary personages to whom no really good or noble qualities are ascribed; they are not reprehensible for that they represent men as worthy to be admired in spite of great vices, but because they tend to produce admiration of the very vices themselves,—to detach it from virtue altogether, and place it on inferior objects. Lord Byron's heroes have no higher merits than gallantry and courage; they are invested with a kind of dignity from romantic situation, and the possession of outward elegance, not dignified by their instrumentality in great and important events. Such representations are essentially mean and worthless, but such is not Carlyle's representation in the present instance. He describes Mirabeau, not only as a man of vast energy and amazing political sagacity, but amid much personal profligacy and unruliness of passion, as being possessed, like his father before him, of a philanthropic spirit, high disinterested aims, and a zeal to serve his country. He affirms, and in this, whatever Macaulay's opinion may be, he is borne out by other authorities, that Mirabeau took a right view of the political needs of the French people, that he sought to bring in a limited monarchy, on the English model, knowing it to be the only form of

public liberty for which the French nation was fit, and that, had God spared his life, and permitted him to go on in the career which he had commenced, he would have been the saviour of his country, so far as this, that without the horrors of the Revolution he would have established all that the Revolution ultimately brought about in so violent and calamitous a manner. Such, according to Carlyle, was Mirabeau's aim; such his insight. That he was in many respects a bad man, cannot make such an aim not to have been good, the sagacity with which he directed it, and the resoluteness with which he pursued it, not to have been admirable;—and to *deny* this character of excellence appears to me to be a confounding of good and evil; not to *affirm* it. Would it not be an approach to the ill practice of lying for God, if we were to refuse all honour to the name of Mirabeau, on account of that bad side of his mind and actions, supposing Carlyle's account of him to be correct? Carlyle represents this remarkable man as a voluptuary and a libertine. Libertinism is of the nature of wickedness, but mere libertinism, though it may be accompanied by, and though it tends to produce, hardness of heart, and is a contempt of God's Word and commandments, does not alone constitute the man who is guilty of it "an atrocious villain." It may be villainously pursued, but it is not in itself the same thing as villainy; for a villain, according to the common acceptation of the word, is a man basely malignant as to his general character, incapable of generous thoughts and actions; but libertinism is not absolutely incompatible

with generosity and benevolence, however it may *tend* to weaken and fret away all that is better than itself in the mind of the libertine. Again a *mere* voluptuary is a contemptible being. But Mirabeau, according to Carlyle, was much else beside being a voluptuary. He seems rather to have acted the rake, as a form of activity, than through a slavish subjection to mere sensual appetite, and Carlyle brings forward his exploits in this line, rather to shew his multifarious energy, —how many different kinds of things he was able to do at once, and with the force of a giant, than with any intention of admitting that he was a selfish sensualist in the main; that this was his distinguishing character. I am afraid his way herein was made all too smooth before him, and that the women sank before his genius with fatal facility. They are too apt to yield their whole heart and mind to men of power and distinction, let their other qualities be what they may, and there was little Christianity in Paris, during Mirabeau's career, to keep such a disposition in check. However, I am far from defending the *tone* in which Carlyle deals with this part of his subject; there is a something of exultation in it highly reprehensible. As a defender of truth he should not have referred to such things without a mark of reprobation, nor as a pretender to refinement and elevation of feeling should he have touched upon them without expressions of disgust and contempt.

On one other point, however, I do think Carlyle may be defended without sophistry or straining. It was said, as I understood, that whereas this writer treats his own

favourites with undue indulgence, he displays a bitter and vehement spirit against their adversaries, and generally all who are not of his school and party. I should say, on the contrary, that Carlyle treats all historical characters that come under his cognizance, with leniency; he speaks admiringly and indulgently, for instance, of Marie Antoinette; and I can perceive no *scorn* in his exposure of the weakness and dulness of her husband,—which who can deny. In speaking of Laud, he less decries the *man* than the circumstances of which he was the creature. One of Carlyle's opinions, whatever his candour, could not look upon Laud as a large and free-minded man, a martyr in a wholly good cause.

Carlyle is a satirist, but he is not given to satirize individuals, or even parties of men. The object of his satire, as it appears to me, is the weakness and wickedness of *mankind*,—systems of opinion not bodies of believers. He speaks occasionally with contempt, though not always with unqualified contempt (see his last work "Past and Present") of Puseyism, as a resurrection-system of defunct things; but he says nothing of any of the resurrection-men, nor has he ever joined any person or party, that I am aware of, in impeaching the conduct of the Puseyites, considered as a party.

Macaulay's opinion of Mirabeau is cited by Mr A——. Macaulay may be more correct than Carlyle as to the facts of the case (though I do not see that this has been proved) but I cannot think him fit to be trusted with the character of any great man. He is a thorough Utilitarian and anti-spiritualist, and though he makes jud-

icious remarks upon this person and upon that, yet scarcely sees at all that element of greatness, that spark of the divine in these marked agents of Providence, which Carlyle sees too exclusively. Macaulay finishes fully, but his conceptions are on a confined scale. Carlyle aims at something higher and deeper, his views are more novel and striking, but they are hastily and often inaccurately set forth. Carlyle writes paradoxically about great men. Macaulay on similar subjects, is liable, in my opinion, to write untruly, from defective perception of a certain side of greatness. I would refer to Carlyle's character of Johnson, in his Essays, as a most interesting sample of his style and mode of thinking.

In the comparison of Byron and Carlyle, with regard to the moral tendency of their writings, I would add, that if the latter had *invented* the character of Mirabeau, or if the character thus invented was untrue to nature, in representing high and noble qualities in combination with evil ones, so as they never appear in actual life, he might justly be accused of depreciating the former and varnishing over, or softening off the latter. But Carlyle has not been found, I believe, to have misrepresented the life and actions of Mirabeau, nor has it yet been shewn that he has misrepresented human nature in his account of them. Neither this nor that, indeed, is the charge against him; but rather that he has described him as a wicked man, and yet has held him up to honour and admiration, on the score of marked talents and striking qualities, apart from virtue. This charge

is unsupported, I think, by sufficient evidence; Carlyle has not exalted him as a *man*, still less as a subject of the *Prince of Life*, but as an actor in a great historical drama; nor has he held up his worse actions to positive admiration, he has but given them a place beside his worthier ones, without drawing the line betwixt them with sufficient sharpness. But he was not called upon by the nature of his undertaking to sum up all the points of Mirabeau's character, and decide whether it was good or bad in the eye of God. He had undertaken to describe and to moralize and philosophize, implicitly rather than expressly, upon the French Revolution; and this I think he does in a deeply religious spirit, ever bearing in mind and bringing before the minds of his readers, that there is a God that both ruleth and judgeth the world, and exposing the *moral* bearings of his subject, whether justly or not, yet with a constant regard to the law of conscience, and the inward revelations of the Spirit. It was not his province to censure the private vices of Mirabeau (I mean that this was not within the scope of his principal design, though I admit that he ought not to have spoken of them without noting his disapprobation of them more clearly). It was his province to shew how the selfishness and godlessness of *numbers*, how spiritual wickedness in high places, gradually reared up a pile of misery and mischief, and how this mass of evil, when at last it exploded with ruinous violence, was at once a remedy from God and a retribution.

CHAPTER VI.

1849.

January—July.

Letters to Miss Fenwick, Miss Morris, Mrs J. Stanger, Mrs R. Townsend, Mrs Plummer, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge, Edward Quillinan, Esq., Henry Taylor, Esq., Rev. Edward Coleridge.

I.

A sad New Year—Alarming Illness of her Brother Hartley.

To Miss Fenwick.

Chester Place, January 7th, 1849.—My dear Friend—You may perhaps have heard from the North of my present sorrow and anxiety, but whether you have or not, I must write to tell you of it. On Christmas Day came from dear Mrs Wordsworth an alarming report of my dear brother Hartley. Several other reports were still worse, and after one of them, I almost mourned him as dead. Then a report that he had happily passed the crisis, as was hoped, assured me for awhile of his restoration. When the news worsened again, Derwent went to him. The news he sent was cheering at first, but ever since the first, has been worsening. On Wednesday night he grew faint, his countenance changed, and D—— thought his last hour was approaching. D—— gave him brandy and water; . . . he revived upon this, and conversed a good deal; talked on Pindar, Cary, Dante, on Ireland, and such topics. . . . Yesterday's report was that he was no better, weaker if anything. . . . He has every advantage of medical skill, the most excellent and affectionate nursing, and testimonies of love and regard from numerous friends, more than I can express. No man, I do think, can ever have been more beloved

who had no means of attaching men to him but his mere personal qualities.

His state of mind in regard to religious feeling is all that can be desired. Nothing, D—— says, can be more devout, more pious, resigned, simple, and loving. But he appears at times greatly depressed, both in his mind, from itself, and by his bodily sufferings. Dear Mrs W——'s letters were all you could expect from her,—wonderfully clear and strongly written, and most kind and affectionate. On Friday D—— wrote—"Mr W. has seen him, and was much affected. His own appearance was very striking, and his countenance beautiful, as he sat by the bedside." . . . He took the Sacrament some days ago. I suffer greatly in being unable to be at his bedside. The journey taken at once would render me useless, and, after our long separation, for me to arrive at Rydal shattered and prostrate, would do nothing but harm. . . . His illness has brought up strongly before my mind all my past early life in connection with my dear brother. I feel now more than I had done before how strong the tie is that binds me to him. Scarce any death would make me anticipate my own with such vividness as his would do. Children and parents belong each to a different generation, but a brother, a few years older, who has never suffered from any malady, in him I should seem in some sort to die myself. I trust if he is spared, we shall all be more serious for the future,—not more sad,—more cheerful, but more earnestly thoughtful of the true end of life, and desirous to make ready for departure.

II.

His long Absence and unexpected Death—Disappointment of long-cherished Hopes—His attaching Qualities—His Grave in Grasmere Churchyard—His last Hours.

To Miss Morris.

10 *Chester Place, January 17th*, 1849.—Many, many thanks, dearest Miss Morris, for your note. I am so thankful that you can anticipate my deep grief! We had long been separated from each other, as to outward sight, but oh! how much he occupied my thoughts, and how dear he was to my heart!—never till now did I know how dear.

There were three who loved me best in this wide world, to whom I was most dear, most important. Now all three are gone, and I feel, even from earthly feeling, as if that other world were more my home than this.

I never thought of surviving him. I always thought he would live to old age, and that, perhaps, in our latest years, we might cherish each other; meantime, that I might see much of him, in some long visit to the North, when I might make my children known to him.

It seems as if he were snatched away from me all on the sudden, and all the thoughts and visions of so many, many years are swept away all at once. This has brought my mind into a strangely agitated state. I have felt worse since yesterday evening than I did before. Dear friend, I cannot as yet reconcile myself to this loss. For a time I feel resigned,—then comes back a tide of recollections which deluge me with tears.

It is so grievous to me that I could not attend on him in his last illness. That was impossible. The sight of me, after so long a separation, would have agitated him, I knew, and been too injurious. I thought to go with Nurse had the illness continued. He was the most attaching of men; and if tributes of love and admiration from those who knew him well, and tears shed for his unlooked-for death, could remove or neutralize sorrow, my cup would have lost its bitterness. Never was a man more loved in life, or mourned in death; indeed, within the circle of my acquaintance, I might even say, *so* loved and mourned.

It soothes me to think of all the love and sorrow of the Wordsworths, and that by their wish—it would have been his too—his remains are laid as near as possible to the spot where they are to lie, in the south-east corner of Grasmere churchyard, near the river, amid the cluster of graves which belong to the Wordsworths, —dear bright-minded, warm-hearted Dora, who never spoke of him but with praise and affection,—and others of the family still earlier removed. But oh! how little did I think that I was never to see him more!

I should like you some day to see the letters which give account of his state in illness, his dying hours, and then of the funeral. Nothing could be more gentle, loving, pious, and humble, more deeply penitent for sin. Long and severe was his parting struggle, severe both to body and mind; but at the very last, he went off gradually.

III.

Affectionate Behaviour of the Old Friends at Rydal Mount on this Occasion—Mr Wordsworth's Opinion of Hartley's Character and Genius.

To the Rev. EDWARD COLERIDGE, Eton College.

10 *Chester Place, Regent's Park, January*, 1849.—My dear Edward—I think you will be glad to see the letters I enclose. They will tell you more of my dear Hartley's last days than you could otherwise hear. Our old friends, Mr and Mrs Wordsworth, are more endeared to me and Derwent than ever, by the love and tender interest they have shown; not more, indeed, than I should have looked for from them, but all I could have thought of or hoped. "You should have heard the old man say, 'Well! God bless him!' and then turn away in tears. 'It is a sad thing for me, who have known him so long! He will be a sad loss to us; and let him lie as near to us as possible, leaving room for Mrs Wordsworth and myself. It would have been his wish.'"

In another letter, when all was over, D—— says—"Mr and Mrs W—— had been at the cottage during my absence. Mrs W—— kissed the cold face thrice, said it was beautiful, and decked the body with flowers. This has also been done by others. Mr W—— was dreadfully affected, and could not go in. Miss S—— had told her father that the face was still the same—the same countenance. 'Is it strange,' he replied, 'that death should

not be able to force a mask on him, who in his lifetime never wore one?'"

It soothes me to think that my dear brother, the greater part of whose life has been spent in our dear old friend's daily sight, should in death not be parted from them—the same neighbourhood in their last homes as in the abodes where they have lived, that his remains should rest beside those of dear, bright-minded, kind-hearted Dora, who never mentioned his name but to say something of praise or affection. Her father's expressions about Hartley, when I met him at Bath nearly two years ago, have been a treasure of memory to me ever since, and ever will be. Tributes of admiration to his intellectual endowments, his winning, though eccentric manners, were plentiful as flowers in summer. This was *more*. It showed me that he was esteemed in heart by one who knew him well, if ever one man could know another—one not too lenient in his moral judgments. I valued this testimony as confirming my own belief, which, because it related to one so dear, I held tremblingly, not as making me feel what I had not felt before. "It falls to the lot of few," another old friend says, "to have been so beloved and so worthy of love as poor Hartley Coleridge." No one could be loved as he was without a great share of those qualities to which our Saviour referred when He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IV.

Christian Use of Sorrow.

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE, Heaths' Court.

January, 1849.—I am sure, dear John, this most unexpected death of my dear brother is a spiritual benefit to me. Nothing has ever so shaken my hold upon earth. Our long separation made me dwell the more earnestly on thoughts of a re-union with him, and the whole of my early life is so connected with him, he was in my girlhood so deep a source of pride and pleasure, and at the same time the cause of such keen anguish and searching anxiety, that his departure brings my own before me more vividly and with more of reality than any other death ever has done. If thinking of death and the grave could make me spiritual and detached from the weaknesses of this earthly sphere, I should be so; for I am perpetually dwelling on death and that other unimaginable state. But, alas! more is required than the sense of our precarious state here, to fit us for a better and a higher.

V.

Sensitiveness about Public Opinion.

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE.

Chester Place, February, 1849.—The accompanying letter shows a sensitiveness about any exposure of private matters to the public, in which I cannot *now* quite sympathise. A good deal of thought upon the subject,

through a good deal of experience, has brought me to think that a serious, anxious concern on such points is hardly worth while. If we could but overhear all that people say of us, when we are supposed out of hearing, all their careless comments and detailed reports of our affairs, I believe it would cure a good deal of this anxiety, by showing us how vain it is to aim at keeping ourselves out of the reach of observation ; that it is but an ostrich-like business of hiding one's head in the sand. More especially with respect to money matters and *age*, it is politic to tell our own story, for if we do not, it will surely be told for us, and always a degree more disadvantageously than truth warrants. The *desire* to be the object of public attention is weak, but the excessive dread of it is but a form of vanity and over-self-contemplativeness. The trouble we take in trying not to *seem* would be better spent in trying not to *be* what we would rather not appear to be. If a strain of thought is beautiful and interesting in itself, I would not generally withdraw it from a collection of poems about to be published, because it touches on private affairs. I remember the time when I felt otherwise ; but now I cannot help thinking that we should so order our lives and also our feelings and expectations that we may be as far as possible independent of the opinions and judgments of our fellow men ; and that whatever is the truth on a subject of any sort of interest, can very seldom in the long run be effectively or beneficially concealed.

VI.

Lecture at the Royal Institution—Visit to the Dudley Gallery Early Italian Masters, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo—Comparison between the "Last Judgment" of Fra Angelico and the "Divina Commedia" of Dante—Her Brother Hartley, his Countenance and Portrait.

To Mrs PLUMMER, Gateshead.

Chester Place, February 20th, 1849.—Of Herbert's *progress in life* you have perhaps heard all the heads from E. G., who is such a kind friend of his, and so interested about him. He is a great admirer of her, and a great admirer of her husband. I wish that both he and you could have heard Mr G——'s last lecture at the Royal Institution on Voltaic Ignition. It was most masterly—quite perfect, I should say, in its line—so far as I could judge, for I pretend not to have been able to follow the whole train of thought, though I believe it was as clearly expressed, and it certainly was as clearly and fluently delivered, as can be imagined. The experiments were all successful, and very brilliant and striking.

My nieces have just sent a messenger to arrange with me about a visit to the Dudley Gallery—Lord Ward's pictures—in Brook Street. This collection I saw a little while since with the D.——'s, now I wish to shew it to E. and the P.——'s. It contains many beautiful pictures by the older Italian masters, as well as some, *to my mind*, still greater beauties by Correggio, Guido, and Salvator Rosa. I confess I cannot feel that enthusiasm for the

pictures of Fra Angelico which some mediævalists in taste as well as in doctrine tell us we ought to feel. I have seen pictures of Fra Bartolomeo, which I admired exceedingly; they struck me as uniting some of the grace and fine finish of Raphael with that simple, severe, or serious air of devotion which characterises many of the older painters. But the productions of the earlier school are often grotesque, feeble, wanting in richness, grace, and beauty to my eyes; and though I respect them as devotional pieces, where they really do express a religious sentiment, I cannot much admire them as works of art. The admired Fra Angelico in Lord Ward's gallery is a representation of the Last Judgment, and is to my mind more curious and interesting than beautiful. On one side is a most debased copy of a portion of Dante's Inferno, quite devoid of the pathos and sublimity of the Florentine's poetic place of retribution. Dante, amid all his mediæval grotesqueness and monstrosity, is almost always elevated or affecting. What a study his great poem is—what a compendium of the religion, philosophy, ethics, politics, taste of the middle ages!

I cannot tell you how deeply my dear brother's death has affected me. Hartley's image is so connected with all my early life, which is life pre-eminently, that it seems strange to be left here without him. Separated as we had so long been by a set of very peculiar circumstances, I was always looking forward to the time when I should see much of him, and make my children known to him. If testimonies of warm and strong attachment,

the liveliest admiration and deep regard—in spite of his sad infirmity, which did himself such wrong—to my dear brother's memory could console for his loss, I should be abundantly consoled, for I think I never knew any man so wept for out of his own immediate circle. Some of the letters of his friends and admirers are most affecting and beautiful. But I meant to refrain from this theme, which must either be tedious or saddening. D——. has undertaken to collect his writings in prose and verse, and will, I hope, find time for this, as well as to preface the poems with a memoir. The outward events of our dear Hartley's life are few and slight—all except one. There is little to tell, but much to describe, could description convey a living image of what he was, what he appeared in heart and mind to his many friends, as child, boy, man. L——, the artist, told me not long ago that he hoped to induce him to sit to him for his portrait, when he was next in the North; that such a face as his ought to be preserved, and that the picture I have of him does him injustice. I grieve that this was not done before. L—— admired his mind so warmly that he would have been the better enabled to do justice to his countenance, and he possesses the art and knowledge which were wanting to the limner whose work I had bought, and which, in spite of its faults as a painting, is to me very interesting.

VII.

Strong-minded Women.

Mrs Joshua Stanger, Fieldside, Keswick.

Chester Place, March 6th, 1849.—Young ladies who take upon them to oppose the usages of society, which, as I fully believe, are the safeguards of female honour and happiness, and supporters of their influence over the stronger and wiser sex, and have arisen gradually out of the growing wisdom of mankind, as they increase in civilisation and cultivation, are generally found to possess, I think, more self-confidence than thorough good sense, intellect, and genius. Certainly all the women of first rate genius that I know have been, and are, diffident, feminine, and submissive in habits and temper. For none can govern so well as those who know how to obey, or can teach so effectively as those who have been docile learners.

VIII.

Dean Stanley's Sermons—Study of German Theology.

To Mrs R. Townsend, Springfield, Norwood.

Chester Place, March 27th, 1849.—I am reading with great delight Stanley's Sermons, which, strange to say, I never read through till now. He brings out the distinct characters of St Peter and St Paul, and their different missions, quite grandly.

He speaks of the study of German theology, in his preface, in what seems to me the right spirit and the right way. Some of the chief aids in his task had been found in "the labours of that great nation from which we should be loth to believe that theology alone had derived no light, or that whilst we eagerly turn to it in every other branch of study, we should close our eyes against it here. Until we have equalled the writers of Germany in their indefatigable industry, their profound thought, their conscientious love of knowledge, we must still look to them for help. I know not how we should be justified in rejecting with contempt the immense apparatus of learning and criticism which they have brought to bear on the Sacred Writings."

In truth, this *cannot* be. If there is light in Germany more than here, it will shine in upon us. In these days light travels fast. It is not as it was centuries ago, when light might shine in corners here and there, yet ages pass away before it had become diffused, on account of the thick masses of palpable cloud and smoke which occupied the main part of the region. What a significant fact it is, that Strauss' book was translated into French and English as soon as ever it appeared—that four translations of it were offered as soon as it came to England! The worst books—those which contain some portion of truth so presented that it has all the effect of deadliest error, half-truths, and truths without their proper accompaniments—are sure to penetrate and spread fast among us. Hare, and Stanley, and Arnold would have the German mind brought *whole* in

amongst us, convinced that, as a whole, it will promote the cause of spiritual religion ultimately, and that its philosophy will counteract its pseudo-philosophy, that German error is more easily to be fought by arms from Germany than from elsewhere. Those men who declaim against German theology in the mass are sometimes absolutely ignorant of a single German author, and uniformly unable to appreciate the true meaning and value of German philosophic speculations. They never really combat German opinions, or disprove them: they do but raise a hue and cry against them. I would be a conservative, too; but is there not a kind of conservatism that is most self-destructive? Such, I think, is the conservatism of T—— and P——, which leads them to attempt to stifle the products of German thought, instead of boldly accepting it, examining the mass, and winnowing the good from the evil. It is a want of faith to doubt for a moment that religious truth can maintain its ground against all that the heart of man can conceive, or the human mind imagine.

IX.

Essay on the Idea of Life, by S. T. Coleridge.

To Miss FENWICK.

Chester Place, March 29th, 1849.—My dear Friend—Is it to you that I am indebted for the "Guardian" of March 21st, containing a review of my father's "Idea of Life?" If it be, my thanks.

The best review of the "Idea of Life," or what I liked the best, as showing most insight into and agreement with my father's views, was in the "Athenæum." Another critique has been sent me from America, where, at Philadelphia, the Essay has been republished. This little work, of which we have been deprived, has made a more immediate impression than almost any philosophical production of my father's.

I marvel at the objections of the "Guardian" and Dr W—— to my father's personification of Nature. This seems to me rather old-womanish. Do they suppose my father meant that Nature was an independent, self-subsisting Power, like a pagan deity, walking about the visible universe in a green robe, a sky-blue bonnet, and earth-coloured petticoat?

X.

Juvenile Criticism—Review of Lord Macaulay's History in the "Quarterly"—Miss Strickland's Life of Maria d'Este—Remarks on Governesses in an Article on "Vanity Fair."

To EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq., Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside.

Chester Place, March 31st, 1849.—You would have been amused to hear the critical dispute at tea yesterday, just after Mrs W—— had left us with a parting word about Matthew Arnold's poetic volume, which Herbert greatly admires. E—— began to extol "The Kitten" and "The Falling Leaves," and then went off into a rapture about the "Platonic Ode," when H——

interrupted her recitation of one of the sublimest passages with "What's *that* compared with those exquisite lines of Byron:—

> "'Away with your fictions of flimsy romance,
> Those tissues which Folly has wove!
> Give *me* the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
> Or the rapture which dwells in the first kiss of love!'"

He knows better than this, however. But he was rather successful yesterday in quizzing Keats, by hitting upon that line in the "Endymion"—

> "When shoals
> Of dolphins *bob their noses* through the brine;"

And that stanza about the

> "Unimaginable lodge
> For solitary thinkings, such as dodge
> Conception to the farthest bourne of heaven."

These things do not well bear to be taken out of their poetic places, and exhibited through a framework of broad grins.

I am awaiting with some curiosity the arrival of the "Quarterly," in which Mr Lockhart has dealt with Macaulay. I wonder whether he will prove him wrong in any of his points with respect to the career of James II. Since finishing Macaulay's highly attractive volumes, the second of which has an enchaining interest, I have perused Miss Strickland's Memoir of James II.'s wife, Mary d'Este of Modena. The book seems to me childishly perverted and partial in much that relates to

James II., but the account of his wife grows upon one. Proud and impetuous she must have been, but certainly she must have had a heart. The history of her feelings in the first days of widowhood, and in her husband's last illness, was to me, on reading, a mere repetition of that which is written in my own memory of my own experience. Macaulay's cool way of speaking of her person, which must have been one of the finest in Europe, is one of the greatest signs of party-spirit in his book, unless it is not party warmth, but mere temperamental coldness and apathy on the subject of female charms. Yet that it cannot be, since he can use strong words enough about some of Charles II.'s good-for-nothing beauties.

Miss Rigby's * article on "Vanity Fair" was brilliant, as all her productions are. But I could not agree to the concluding remark about governesses. How could it benefit that uneasy class to reduce the number of their employers, which, if high salaries were considered in all cases indispensable, must necessarily be the result of such a state of opinion? Many governesses, as it is, receive £80 and £100 a-year. When the butler has £40, and lady's-maid £20, or housekeeper £30, this is surely the average. Besides, hard and unsentimental as it may seem, I must think that the services of the ordinary tradesman's governess are not worth more than £30 a-year. After all, let the governess' discomforts be what they may, is not the situation in all respects far more tolerable for a lady, or semi-lady,

* The present Lady Eastlake.—E. C.

than that of lady's-maid or upper housemaid, or the health-destroying slavery of the milliner's or dress-maker's business, or the undignifying, if not positively degrading place behind the counter, which really in London partakes of some of the disadvantages of the stage, so obviously are the young women dressed up, and *selected* perhaps, to attract the eyes of customers and their lounging companions? But to some one of these situations must many a destitute young woman descend, if that of governess in some family of limited means was not to be procured.

XI.

"Une Femme Accomplie."

To E. Quillinan, Esq.

1849.—Did you ever meet Miss R—— in London? She is perhaps the most brilliant woman of the day—the most accomplished and Crichtonian. She draws, takes portraits like an artist, and writes cleverly on painting; she plays with power, and writes most strikingly on music; she speaks different languages. Her essays and tales have both had great success, the former as great as possible. To put the *comble* to all this, she is a very fine woman, large yet girlish, like a Doric pillar metamorphosed into a damsel, dark and striking. No, this is *not* the *comble:* the top of her perfections is, that she has well-bred, courteous, unassuming manners, does not take upon her and hold forth to the

company—a fault of which many lionesses of the day are guilty. At this moment no less than *four* rise up before me, who show a desire to talk to the room at large, rather than quietly to their neighbour on the sofa. Miss R—— is honourably distinguished in this respect. She is thoroughly feminine, like that princess of novelists, Jane Austen.

XII.

Failure and Success—Her Son's Choice of a Profession—Metaphysical Training a Desideratum in University Education—Confusions arising from the Misuse of Philosophical Terms—A General Council of the Church to be desired for the Settlement of Controversies.

To the Hon. Mr JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

10 *Chester Place, April 10th*, 1849.—I am glad you think it some credit that Herby obtained a second place in the "Ireland" contest. Disappointments, interposed between successes, are decidedly useful to a mind of any native strength, as are all the trials of this life; and it is a good point in H—— that he is never so discouraged by failure as to lose a just confidence in himself, and become listless and inactive. As for my boy's prospects at the bar hereafter, it is all dimness and darkness to me. Herbert will take the law as a profession, because no other bread-making career is open to him, not because there is any particular eligibility in it for him. He is fitted for the profession by his power of

application and of continuous study; but I know not whether it will suit him in all respects. I hope he will prove to have some logical ability, but I cannot judge at present whether his interest in the reasonings of Plato is a true indication of this or no. I have long thought it a desideratum in the education of our young men, that they should undergo some systematic metaphysical training, and acquire some of that learning and power of analysing thought, of which the schoolmen display so much. Many debates would be cut short, and long webs of theory would be swept away before they had wasted the time of authors and readers, if men were regularly taught at college the import of such terms as *nature*, *person*, *matter*, *soul*, *spirit*, *will*, *reason*, *understanding*, and so forth. I mean, if they were but taught those principles which *all regular* metaphysicians of all schools admit, but which many writers of the present day lose sight of in their arguments, simply from being quite out of the habit of abstracting and reflecting on the processes of the mind within itself. Men who show great ability and good sense while they keep to the *practical*, often commit, as I believe, the greatest blunders, which the merest tyro in mental science could detect, when for some practical end they set up explanatory theories involving metaphysical distinctions. I think I could give some instances of this; but I must not ask your attention to matters of this sort, exercised as you are with head-work of various kinds. In support of my remark, I will merely say that educated, well-principled men could hardly come to such

opposite conclusions, one among another, as we see them do, on points which are not mere matters of taste and feeling, but seem to be altogether within the domain of logic, if they were better instructed in the meaning of the terms they make use of. I often, on this account, feel a great yearning for a General Council of the Church. Surely, if there could be even such general discussion as took place before the Council of Trent, when Cardinal Contarini—that admirable Cardinal and other good men—sought so hard to bring about a reconciliation between the Protestants and the rest of the Western Church, *some* questions must at least be set at rest for ever, and the range of debate somewhat narrowed. Now, every man writes what seems good in his eyes; and if the book is eloquent, and shows some reading, it is extolled to the skies by the party whom it serves, even though its main arguments are such as the reflective among them would not subscribe to were they fairly put before them, and which, in fact, *they never notice*, even though they form the *pith*, or at least contain the chief point in the whole work, and that for the sake of proposing which it was composed and published.

XIII.

Modern "Miracles."

To Miss FENWICK, Bath.

Chester Place, April 13th, 1849.—The cases of L'Addolorata and L'Ecstatica in the Tyrol, are very

interesting.* But Mr Allie's conclusion respecting the object and use of the supposed miracles is, to my mind, very inconclusive. He thinks they are intended to awe and impress a sceptical, unspiritual age. But the worst of it is, that no one not already brimfull of what A—— calls *faith*, but what some would designate superstition, would ever consider them for a moment in the light in which he regards them, or indeed as having any connection with religion; and no one not already a believer in the Gospel would take the least interest in them, except a strange *physical* phenomenon.

XIV.

Claims of Society—A Practical Philosophy.

To Henry Taylor, Esq., Ladon House, Mortlake.

Chester Place, May, 1849.—I find it difficult to break away from London. Friends come pouring into London in the spring, in an uninterrupted stream. Go when you will, you are going away from somebody, doing an unfriendly action, and showing coldness of heart. I wish to feel for about a fortnight that I am at liberty to be a poor, faint, spiritless creature, that is not called upon for a single smile, or the slightest outward sign of sympathy. O! that, like you, I had a play, an original

* This passage refers to an account, which attracted some attention at the time, of two peasant women in the Italian Tyrol, whose prolonged trances, and other strange symptoms, excited the wonder of their neighbours, and were looked upon by some persons as direct communications from heaven.—E. C.

dramatic composition, dependent on my obtaining a spell of leisure! But it is ungrateful to speak thus, so much pleasure as I have in the works of others. We may easily be content "to enjoy what others understand;" but to enjoy understanding what others have the enjoyment of producing, is a practical philosophy which some in these times lose sight of (I mean to be *content* with this), but which I should feel it right to cultivate, if it did not grow of its own accord in my mind.

XV.

Lights and Shadows—"Latterday Pamphlets"—"Chartism"—"Shirley"—Walking Powers not Lost.

To Mrs H. M. JONES, Heathlands, Hampstead.

3 *Zion Place, Margate, May 19th*, 1849.—I enjoy the quietness of this place. Very few visitors are here. We have the cliff all to ourselves for the most part, or share it only with the carolling larks. This place is better than Herne Bay; it has a fuller sea, and the water comes up to the bottom of the cliff, along which we walk, and although the inland country is much prettier between the Kentish coast and Canterbury, yet as I come for refreshment and bracing sea-breezes, I do not miss the shady lanes and lawns and copses about Herne, but take my two walks a day, with E—— beside me, in perfect tranquillity and contentment, if not in hilarious glee. Who can be very *gleeful*, for more than a few minutes at a time, in such a world as this, dear friend, so

full of sorrow and misery and crushing want, spiritual and physical, and so surrounded by impervious shadow, the awful mystery of the world to come?

Have you read Carlyle's "Pamphlets?" The last, called "The Stump Orator," contains some good things, and the *Guardian* cannot sneer it down, with all its talent at sneering. People affect to despise its *truisms*, when, I believe in fact, at heart, they are galled by some of its bold, broad *truths*, expressed with a graphic force and felicitous humour which it is easier to rail at than to hide under a bushel. Put what bushel over it they may, it will shine through and indeed burn up the designed extinguisher, as the fire eats up a scroll of paper. "Chartism," by the same author, however, is better than any of these new pamphlets, which repeat in substance a good deal of its contents. That book seems to me prophetic, as I read it now. The accounts of the poor, of the savage Irish, &c., are wonderfully powerful.

Have you read "Shirley?" We are delighted with it. The review in the "Edinburgh" made far too much fuss about its little faults of style and breeding. When you read the sentences in question, *where they occur*, they do not appear very shocking. The worst fault by far is the development of the story. Mrs Pryor's reason for putting away her daughter is absurdly far-fetched and unnatural. No wonder the "Old Cossack" disliked her, and thought her a queer sort of maniac.

I think my sleeping is a wee bit improved, and I am very active on my legs. The country folks at Keswick, when I was a little one, sometimes called me a "lile

Jenny spinner," and I can spin along yet, though my face is so pale and small, and tells such a tale of sleepless nights, a weakly wifehood and nervous widowhood.

XVI.

Afternoon Calls—Hurried Composition—"Metaphysico-phobia"—Middle-aged Looks—Simplicity of her Mother's Character.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

1849.—I find it difficult to carry on literary business, all I have to do in editing my father's books, (and a long task in that way yet lies before me,) and worldly business, to see about the various investments of our little property, beside domesticities and social business, the last by far the hardest to me of the three. Oh! how I do abominate the afternoon calling, to pay or to receive it! To go out *prepared* to meet our friends is pleasant enough, but in the afternoon, when one is engaged, their coming is felt as an interruption. Nothing is so fatiguing as to go through a round of afternoon visits, to initiate half a dozen different conversations in different styles, take up half a dozen different tunes, pitch oneself at half a dozen different keys, and then feel obliged to rush away just as the strain begins to have a little heart in it. However, it is not the feminine visitations (if I were to begin the list of exceptions of ladies I am always glad to see, *even in an afternoon*, I should fill up too much of my paper), it is the evening visiting that knocks me up.

I am truly sorry that you feel it necessary or desirable to compose hurriedly and within *a limited time.* It is that which makes intellectual exertion so injurious, so ruinous. It has *killed* its thousands, and invalided its tens of thousands. I hope you will have strength of mind to give it up, come what may.

I read your Landor article with great admiration. It may not show Landor's poetry in a captivating light, but it showed Mr Aubrey de Vere in a handsome, engaging one. I quarrelled with nought in it but a certain sentence about modern metaphysics, by which I suppose you mean Kant, Jacobi, Schelling, and Co., "like a dog questing after old philosophies." *Pray what do you mean by that, sir?* As if dogs ever quested after philosophy. Now don't attempt to set me right about the sentence, I remember it distinctly. I consider your view of modern metaphysics quite canine, almost inclining to mad-dog-gish. You have a German metaphysico-phobia! You ought to smother, not yourself, but *it*, that same *phobia* of modern metaphysics.

You ask me how I am. R—— asked me to sit for a chalk drawing on my return from the sea, but my phiz, to judge by the glass here, which, however, is always in the shade, because the toilet-table is covered with my books and papers, and half the only chest of drawers is filled with the same, is not improved since my stay here. It is even more hollow and hatchetty than it was. Middle-aged faces are very bad and difficult subjects. The lines and sinkings appear in them as worsenings, impairments, impoverishments, deficiencies; a few years

afterwards they look like seasonable marks of time, having a grace and a meaning of their own. I remember Mama, at my age, put on quite the old woman, and the Keswick people called her "auld Mrs Cauldridge," though her complexion was a hundred times clearer and rosier than mine is now, and her cheeks rounder. As for her hair, she cut it all off and wore a wig, when she was quite a young woman, and her every-day front (a sort of semi-wig, or wig to wear with a cap), for she was too economical to wear the glossy one in common, was as dry and rough and dull as a piece of stubble, and as short and stumpy. Dear mother! what an honest, simple, lively-minded, affectionate woman she was, how free from disguise and artifice, how much less she played tricks with herself, and tried to be and seem more and better than she was, than the generality of the world!

XVII.

Early Associations with the Seasons—Vaughan, Herbert and Crashaw.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place*, 1849.—My dear Friend,—I had great pleasure in transcribing the enclosed poem, it brought spring so vividly before me, beloved spring, which is as closely unified, to my mind, with my childhood, as autumn with my girlhood. I can scarce recall what I did as a *child* in *autumn*. Winter was a glorious season; summer heat I well remember, and the throng

of flowers in June, with the June Pole, and all our garden and river doings in May and June. But autumn brings no visions of childhood, except of seeking for plums in an old worn-out orchard, where the plum-trees were in the last stage of imbecility and dotage, and of standing in a sweet apple-tree, eating half the apples off the boughs, carrying on a lively dispute with my cousin Edith, who was swinging away, in the warmth of the debate, on an opposite apple-tree.

And now even my children's childhood is past away!

Do you know Vaughan's "Silex Scintillans," a collection of sacred poems, a few years younger than those of George Herbert? They are very sweet, some lovely, but have less power and thought than Herbert's, less perfect execution than Crashaw's.

XVIII.

Miss Sellon at Plymouth—Lord Macaulay's History—Cruelty of James II.

Miss FENWICK, Bath.

Chester Place, June 1849.—I have heard nothing of the Sellon case at Plymouth, except at second hand. Substantially the reformeresses must be in the right. But it struck me, as I heard the case stated by one quite on her side, that it was a pity she could not have done her good things after a more Protestant fashion as to externals, avoiding party-badges, however silly it may be in her opponents to consider such externals as neces-

sarily connected with Popery and unsoundness towards our Anglican Church in the main. The bishop seems to have taken the lady's part with great warmth. However, when I speak of *party badges*, I may speak on misinformation, and she may have used no fashions but such as have been approved or allowed by our authorities here.

Macaulay's History has had, and is still having, an immense run. It is certainly a fascinating book, but in some respects perhaps too fascinating and attractive to be thoroughly good as a history. Dry matters are skipped, and many important events are rather commented on than narrated. And yet every true history that is to be a useful and faithful record must contain much that is dry and heavy to the common reader. His account of James II. makes the profligate, unpatriotic despot Charles II. appear like an angel of light. For what can be more hideous in the human character than implacable malice and revenge, deliberate barbarity, and love of human suffering and misery for its own sake?

XIX.

Revolutions of 1848—Chester Place and Hyde Park Gardens—A Little Beauty.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Chester Place, June 18th, 1849.—Your remarks about Rome are most *à propos* to my thoughts. I have been wanting exceedingly to understand a little what is going

on in that most famous of cities—what papers I ought to get for the report of late events there. When you next enter our small drawing-room, be prepared to give E—— and me a regular lecture on Roman and French political affairs, and to receive nothing in return but our best attention.

"*Small* drawing-room," I say emphatically, for a lady from Hyde Park Gardens, was so "frightened" at the smallness and shabbiness of my room here, that poor Martha, my late housemaid, loses the place she hoped to obtain in her household thereby. This lady of spacious apartments seemed to contemplate her own rooms in Hyde Park Gardens (which she need not have so minutely described, since I had lately been actually admitted as a guest into the house adjoining) with the same sort of awe and admiration which Carlyle archly ascribes to Lockhart with respect to Sir Walter Scott, "an object spreading out before him like a sea without a shore."

I wish that when you come next I could shew you a splendid little two-year-old, who resides at No. 4 Chester Place. Such eyes, hair, and complexion, and form! Her hair is really what Mr Wordsworth used to call his Dora's, "*angelic*." The curls are so thick, so perfect, so large and bossy and Raphaelesque, and such a lovely golden flaxen.

XX.

A Fatiguing Task—Comparison of Mr Coleridge with Mr Fonblanque as a Newspaper Writer—Vindication of his Character for Industry and Political Integrity—Plato on the Immortality of the Soul — Mr Newman's Sermon on the Intermediate State—Opinion concerning Paradise held in the Primitive Church.

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE.

Chester Place, July 1849.—My dearest John,— . . . Many thanks for your kind wish to see Herbert in the West. He departs on Thursday, and would that I could go on the same day. But I am beleagured with piles of the *Morning Post* of near fifty years since, and with *Couriers* above thirty years old. I hope to get away next week, but it will be difficult. This is the last editing work, I trust, in which I shall engage that will be very laborious and confining. The mere bodily exertion which it involves is not small, and if I were as *weak* in muscle as I am disordered and uneasy in nerves, I could not get on with my task at all, far less in the exact, complete sort of way in which it is my nature to execute whatever I undertake, as far as my abilities extend (for I am now speaking only of painstaking and jogtrot drudgery). Mr Kenyon tells me that such collections do not sell, that Fonblanque's did not, though his articles were very elaborate and brilliant. I do not quite despair on this account. Fonblanque had a great name as a writer *for the day*, but perhaps a less one than S. T. C. as a producer of the permanent. There is a small but very affectionate and respectful audience,

who take an interest in knowing all that my father thought, and the words in which he uttered his sentiments on every subject, knowing that, however transient the immediate topic, he always referred it to the permanent, and shed the steady light of the past, and the bright gleams of the future, on every present of which he treated. Still, no one would undertake such a business with any view to money profit. My only anxiety is that it may not be a dead loss, and Pickering's willingness in the matter encourages me to hope that it may not be that. The deepest reason why I have been anxious to do it relates to my father's moral, not his intellectual reputation. I think it will shew, first, that he *did labour* before he fell into paralysing ill-health, and contributed far more to the *Morning Post* than any one would dream from Stuart's representation; and, secondly, I believe it will shew his political course to have been characterised by honesty, strong feeling for his country, especially the poor, and a sagacity almost prophetic. In the midst of all this, the accounts of the cholera are very disturbing, and sometimes when an afternoon caller has been dwelling on its ravages, I feel ready to run away to Herne Bay, and leave the newspapers on the floor undespatched.

I am reading the "Phœdo" with Herbert, which long ago I read with my dear husband. I can derive as little comfort as ever from all that seemingly profound trifling (though perhaps there is more in it than I see) about the idea of bigness and littleness, unity and duity, and so forth. But it is decidedly a comfort to perceive, in the

midst of all this, that a thoughtful and fine-minded man, like Plato, looked upon the soul as something too good to have been made by a wise and good Creator to last only during a short, uneasy life, in a state of existence which seems utterly disproportionate to the desires and aspirations which inhere in its constitution, and become stronger and fuller the better and more knowing it grows.

Lady P—— says, in answer to a remark of mine on Newman's sermon on the Intermediate State, of which her husband expressed to me great admiration, "do not you think, if we were allowed to hear, like Job, the only unerring Voice, we should truly find that counsel had but been darkened? that we had better try to throw our minds out of discussions into prayer for being enabled in faith to leave such points?" I do indeed think that great darkness rests on what is called the Intermediate State. But the primitive Church did not seem to think so; at least it made no doubt that disembodied souls met in some *place* called Paradise, and that friends and relations knew each other. And if we cast these views aside, then we depart from that early theology which it was the endeavour of Newman and his school to re-establish. Then the old doctors and bishops were not wiser than we without their light can be, because nearer in time to the apostles.

CHAPTER VII.

1849.

August—December.

Letters to Mrs. Joshua Stanger, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Henry Taylor, Esq., Miss Fenwick, Mrs. Farrer, Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge.

I.

"Sacred and Legendary Art," by Mrs Jameson—Parallel between the Classic Mythology and the Hagiology of the Roman Catholic Church—Hartley Coleridge's Poems.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Curragh Chase.

1849.—I am delighted with Mrs Jameson's two volumes on "Sacred and Legendary Art." It interests me doubly from its descriptions of curious and beautiful works of art, and even still more, from the picture it presents of what may be called the *Christian Mythology*. It is very curious to see how the saints and saintesses of the middle ages, after the secular establishment and worldly enrichment of Christianity, succeeded to the places of the Pagan Deities, and inherited their honours, in some cases were invested with their attributes. There are the four great Catholic Saintesses—St Catherine, St Barbara, St Ursula, and St Margaret. One can plainly see that the first corresponded to Minerva, as Mrs Jameson suggests, and the second to Pallas or Bellona. The Virgin Mary, as Regina Cœli, is a purified, elevated, glorified Saturnian Juno, the spouse of Jove, and Queen of Heaven. St Ursula rather resembles one of the protective matron goddesses. "Mild Maid Margaret," that loveliest conception of them all, in her

purity and courage, may be compared with Diana; in her lovely gentleness and humility has no prototype out of Christianity. Mrs Jameson's way of treating these subjects will not please religionists of any kind or class, except the very Latitudinarian, whom some will call the *Ir*-religionists. Antiquarians, and Mediævalists, and Romanizers will feel indignant at her treating the legends as cunningly devised fables, highly as she praises their devout religious spirit, and effective embodiment of moral and spiritual truth; while zealous Reformists will frown at the favour with which she regards them, and her indifference to the large amount of superstition and idolatry which they have suggested and fostered. The legends are, many of them, full of beautiful, picturesque incident, and expressive allegories and emblems. Many of them I knew before, but, like ribbons in a shop, or the different stripes in the rainbow, they set one another off, and the whole is a most interesting panorama of Devotional Art and of Christian semi-evangelical Polytheism.

The collection of dear Hartley's poems is going on. They spring up here and there and almost everywhere, like flowers in April. Some are but showy weeds, perhaps, and many are rich and lovely flowers, while others are of an intermediate character. The last I had to transcribe were some fine lines on Lucretius.

II.

Principle of a Poor Law—Mortality in Ireland—Poetry and Farming.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place*, 1849.—Your note comes too late to save me from the "*worry*" of your "Nine Letters,"* seeing that I am looking through them again, after a regular attentive perusal of the whole nine. I hope some good will come of them.

I wish they could be reprinted in better type, and prefaced by an Essay on the principle of a Poor Law in general. You say well that here it is a sort of insurance for property.

But this is looking at it merely as matter of expediency. You *could* only so consider it in these letters. But I should like to know your view, whether it is not also matter of *justice;* whether accumulation of property should be allowed and protected by positive laws and artificial arrangements, without being accompanied by a provision that none who desire to work are to starve, while there is provision in the land enough to sustain all, if distributed. One of the great mischiefs of Ireland seems to be the way in which property is held, the occupants and managers of the land being one set of men, and the proprietors another.

Is it not strange that the mortality has not at least done some good, as a bloody battle generally does, by diminishing numbers?

* On Irish Affairs, published in the *Morning Chronicle*—E. C.

Your style and your preaching away about agriculture, while poetry seems your vocation, is so like my father at your age, who would turn away from "Christabel" or the "Ode to Dejection," to give Mr Poole his ideas about fatting pigs with acorns! At least, I know that the economical letters and the etherial poems are of about the same date.

III.

Durability of Early Impressions—Morbid Depravity—Swedenborg.

To the Hon. Mr. JUSTICE COLERIDGE, Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary.

St. George's Terrace, Hernebay, August 21st, 1849.—It seems clear to me that impressions once made upon the mind are not really effaced, as they *seem* to be, but only as it were, covered over and hidden for a time. Otherwise they could not come forth again so fresh and strong, when there has been no new impression, only some stimulus to the memory from a renewal of similar circumstances or sight of similar objects to those which were present when the impression was first made. . . . .

You seem to have had a horrid circuit, though not a heavy one. The more I read and hear and see, the more forcibly it strikes me that crimes are perpetrated less from the apparent motive, than from some strange, mysterious, horrible fascination in the thing itself. If we examine the history of man we shall find that in not solitary instances only, but whole classes of instances,

the ordinary feelings of human nature seem to be inverted. I believe there are thousands to whom bodily torture becomes a species of excitement, sought for its own sake, while the fancy is engaged and kept quiet by visions of indefinite grandeur and felicity to be gained by endurance of pain. There are many who become swindlers, forgers, &c., evidently from the love of playing tricks with other people, exerting their power of dupery, and acting for ever a sort of practical drama, of which themselves are the heroes. This state of mind seems to be near akin to insanity, and yet not to be it, though all insanity seems to have these dispositions inclusively, with something besides. It was a fine thought of Swedenborg to represent all the spirits in hell as madmen. He should have written a Divina Commedia like Dante, instead of putting forth a system purporting to be literal truth and reality.

IV.

Hearing and Reading—Facts and Opinions.

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

10 *Chester Place*, 1849.—If it is not too greedy, what I should like is to *read* the play first, and then to *hear it read* by you. I do not catch very quickly by the ear, and I have got into such a slow, musing way of reading that I cannot easily follow a reader aloud of anything interesting. I am staying behind, picking flowers and

finding nests, and exploring some particular nook, as I used to be when a child walking out with my uncle Southey, whom I found it hard to overtake when thus tempted to loiter.

How the Quarterly and Edinburgh contradict each other about the Dolly's Brae affair! I believe there is nothing so uncertain and slippery as *fact.* Theories and opinions, much as they differ, are scarce so different as the reports of what purport to be the same facts by the different parties.

V.

Judgment of the Privy Council in the Gorham Case—Functions of the Council declaratory, not legislative—Depreciatory Tone of the "Latter Day Pamphlets"—Pictures belonging to Mr. Munro of Hamilton Place.

To HENRY TAYLOR, Esq., Mortlake.

1849.—My dear Mr. Taylor,—I was horrified when late yesterday evening my eyes fell on the enclosed preface as I was searching in a drawer for the Key to Cattermole's great Picture of the Protest at the Diet of Spires, my print of which I have had framed and hung up, partly in honour of the late triumph of toleration and moderation, grand characteristics of the Reformed Religion, in the decision of the Privy Council in the Gorham case. I believe two-thirds of the clergy, had the decision been in the Bishop of Exeter's favour, must either have given up their livings or cures, or have

retained them with *peine forte et dure* of conscience. *Now*, where is the *practical* difference in the affairs of the Church and interests of Churchmen? The judgment has but declared that to be an open question which has always in fact been so. As for Lord John Russell being the "Pope of our Church," in one sense he is so, and, as I believe, very properly and profitably for the country; in another sense, the only one that concerns truly spiritual matters, he is not aught of the kind. Infallible guide we have none, and do not think it possible to have upon earth, but the doctrine of the Church of England has always been settled by the Church interpreting Scripture. This judgment does but declare what the law of the Church is, what our formularies mean, and to make such a declaration is quite within the province of the learned body of which the Privy Council is composed. There were three Bishops for the supply of theological information, and that all the body were not divines was in favour of truth and impartial justice.

. . . I wonder what you think of the "Latter Day Pamphlets?" They are much to be admired, especially for felicity of particular expressions, and they please some persons whom the author never pleased before. But I, for my part, like all his former works better than these. The drift of "Hero Worship," and most of his other writings, was to defend and exalt, to set in a clear light, neglected merit. In the present publications I feel as if the drift were depreciatory. I do not see why we should try to take anything from the good name of Howard.

Nobody ever said that he was a brilliant man, but it was to his credit that he found his Bedfordshire estates insufficient to fill up the measure of his mind, and to satisfy his aspirations.

E—— and I have lately seen such a fine collection of Italian pictures at the house of Mr. Munro, Hamilton Place. The Candelabra Virgin by Raphael most exquisite. One most lovely Claude, with a mountain which Ruskin would criticise, but which (*i.e.*, the picture) you ought to have engraved as an embellishment for your new play. A space in a wood with a lovely pool, a clump of tufty, waterish-looking trees, goats roaming in the afternoon sunlight under the trees, and figures in front. There was also a splendid Venice by Turner, and Watteau's darling little town-girls, a famous picture.

VI.

Scotland and Switzerland—Historical Interest attaching to the former—Bathing in the river Greta.

Mrs FARRER, Greenway, Dartmouth, Devon.

12 *St George's Terrace, Herne Bay, August* 1849.—How I long to visit Scotland! I think there is more *romantic* interest attached to it than even to poetic Switzerland. The latter puts me in mind of my father's "Ode or Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," and of the

poem* of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire on crossing Mont St Gothard, verses that might almost have been admired for their own sakes, and not merely as coming from the pen of a popular Duchess and Beauty. But Switzerland has no historical associations in my mind higher than Aloys Reding, or at most William Tell, celebrated by the modern Schiller. While Scotland is connected with history, from Macbeth as he appears in Shakespeare's play to James I., and from him down to the romantic, foolish, wrong-headed times of the Jacobites. That wild heath on which the witches met Macbeth, almost symbolizes Scotland for me, or at least, that, with the "Lady of the Lake" to fill up the picture, or to present the picturesque of the land in another aspect.

That wooded bank of the Dart which you speak of, overlooking Torbay, takes especial hold of my fancy. I am pleased to hear of the primitive river-bathing. It reminds me of my Greta Hall days.

* This poem entitled the "Passage over Mount Gothard," forms the subject of the "Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire," by S. T. Coleridge, beginning—

> "Splendour's fondly-fostered child!
> And did you 'hail the platform wild,'
> Where once the Austrian fell
> Beneath the shaft of Tell?
> O Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
> Whence learned you that heroic measure

E. C.

VII.

Tunbridge Wells.

To Miss Fenwick.

August 28th 1849.—I do not wonder that you are not fascinated with Tunbridge Wells. It is a fine place to drive out from in various directions. But there is far more refreshment and change in a sight of the changeful ocean while we are stationary. The lie of the country is beautiful at T. W., the terrace-roads and rich, green glades, and bason-like vallies want only running streams and herds of deer, and kine, and sheep and goats to be delightful. But they *do* want life and movement. There is something to me quite depressing in their stillness. The beautiful trees seem made in vain, with no living things to frolic around them or lie under their shade, and the eye quite thirsts for water. How oddly, too, the stones and rocks are seated on the turf, as if they had been taken from their native bed, and placed there by some giant who had been playing at bowls with them.

IX.

Cholera and Infection—Need of Sanitary Improvements—Evening Walks at Herne Bay—Sisterhoods ; what they Are, and what they Might Be—Remarks of Sir Francis Palgrave on the Resurrection of the Body, and on the Gospel Narra-

tives of the Healing of Demoniacs—Proposed View of the Miracles in Question does not "Explain them Away"—A Last View of Herne Bay—Home and Social Duties—Archbishop Trench on the Miracles—Associations with Places—Love and Praise.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

Herne Bay, September 18th, 1849.—Here I am still, kept here for a week longer than I intended by the encroachments of that fiend cholera, and the advice of our careful medical friend Mr N——, who expressed his regret to my servants that I should return to town when the disorder was on the increase. I, for my part, believe that the cholera atmosphere is all over England, and that the complaint kills off most people where there are most people to kill, and in the most unfavourable circumstances in regard to diet, clothing, and the air of their dwellings. I strongly suspect that the disorder is in some degree infectious, since one hears so often of many dying in one house, and sometimes when there seems to be no special cause of malaria. I have been saying to John that it is an ill wind that blows no sort of good, and that it is to be hoped the present pestilence will improve the drainage of England. Yet how little is done and doing in this way compared to what ought to be! If men would but expend as much energy and ingenuity upon this subject, or half as much, as they do upon making money fast, or adding to the sum of amusements and luxuries, what a blessed, odoriferous nation we should be! I speak feelingly, dear friend, and beg you will feel for me, and for my E——

and our good Nurse, for Herne Bay, in a high wind blowing inland, as at present, resembles a certain compartment in a certain circle of Dante's "Inferno" in point of olfactory horribleness. E—— and I have to fly like chaff before the wind, when we pass certain parts of the town, which we must pass daily to post our letters, and to strike into the two best walks of the neighbourhood. I wonder whether the drainage of this good land and the sewerage, and all that sort of thing, will ever be so perfected as to prevent all escape of noisome vapours. I often day-dream what England will be five hundred years hence, whether it will be free from coal-smoke, from butcher's meat exhibited openly in the street, from the abominations of Smithfield market, from rookeries like St Giles, from nuisances affecting the atmosphere of every sort and kind, and I am sure if there are seventy different species in Cologne there must be seven thousand in London. But stop! let me turn the current of my thoughts into a better channel, or rather, let me open a different spring and display a clearer, fresher stream, which will make its own banks green and flowery, and fit for your eye to rest on.

Imagine us on our evening walk out upon the East Cliff a mile and a half from our present abode. We have passed a rough pathway, and weary of a long, low hedge, the very symbol of sameness and almost of nothingness, have struck in by a breach which the sailors, who sit there with their observatory telescopes, have made upon the grassy cliff, and are looking upon the sea and sky and straggling town of Herne Bay.

The ruddy ball is sinking, over it is a large, feathery mass of cloudage that *was* swans-down, but now, thrilled through with rosy light, resembles pinky crimson flames, and the dark waters below are tinged with rose-colour. In the distance appears the straggling town with its tall watch, or rather, clock-tower, and its long pier like a leviathan centipede walking out into the waves. This time we are home before dark, another evening we set out later, and by the time we descend the cliff it is dark, and as we are pacing down the velvet path, as we call the smooth, grassy descent, which leads to the town, there is Nurse in her black cloak waving in the wind, moving towards us through the dusk like a magnified bat. As we pass the town, what a chrysolite sky is before us, passing off above into ultra-marine, spangled with one or two stars, and below into a belt of straw-colour and orange above the horizon, over the οἶνοπα πόντον. Then we enter our lodging and begin to feel—

> "Com 'è duro calle.
> So scendere e il salir per le altrui scale."

Thirty-six steps, steep ones, too, have we to ascend to our sleeping apartments.

Then see us on the West Cliff. Just below us is a collection of huts, where live a set of people who gain a poor maintenance by picking copperas from the beach and cliff. When I first looked upon this hovelage, think I, this is like an Irish hamlet, and the people have an Irish look about them. Afterwards I heard that they were Irish, and that the old

Nelly, who so gladly received the scraps and fragments from our not very extravagant repasts, is from the good town of Cork. It seems that she went not long ago to her mother-land, and there received such unnatural treatment that she was very fain to turn her back upon it. And now she applies a transitive verb that begins with *d*, the harsher form of the verb condemn, both to Ireland in general, and to Cork in particular.

Wednesday evening.—Right glad were we this evening on the East Cliff to welcome back the moon from her "interlunar cave." Lovely gleamed her crescent in the chrysolite depth above the crimson, yellow border of the vault serene. The sea was darkly steel coloured, and all the vessels upon it looked black. How much do they lose who walk out only in the full daylight!

I am writing to dear Miss Fenwick, and wish to interest her for poor M. S——, who has lately lost her mother, and is left quite desolate and destitute. She tried a religious establishment, but found the life too hard and fell ill there. Now she is trying another. But she complains of want of fresh air, and it is evident she only remains there for a home. She has sent me a plan of hours, shewing how the time of the inmates is to be spent, and indeed it must require a burning zeal to render such a life tolerable. It is not so much the hardness and laboriousness, that must be trying, though it *is* hard and laborious, but the dryness, the monotony,—nothing but private devotions and public, parish-visiting, and teaching. The only relaxation almost, is reading aloud, with the needle. It is a pity that the bow is

bent so tight; or at least it is a pity that there cannot be an honourable retreat of this kind, where persons who have no home of their own, no domestic duties to fulfil, might take refuge and be useful, without being worn out by requirements more than can be well complied with by any but the very strong, or those who gain an unnatural feverish strength from zeal, and what some will consider fanaticism. I believe that worldly people much misjudge the zealous members of these institutions, but still I think that such systems cannot answer in the long run, except by aid of superstition, if to succeed by superstition is to succeed at all. Whenever they withdraw active, earnest-minded women from home duties, or service to those with whom they are connected by blood or early intimacy, or claim of gratitude, they are doing, I think, most serious mischief, for which they never can compensate.

September 21*st*.—A note from Sir Francis Palgrave this morning. He says "the Antiquarian theologian will tell you what he means by a celestial body, when the scientific philosopher of the nineteenth century shall have explained the nature of the ultimate atoms of which the matter constituting a terrestrial body is composed." Now I had not been complaining of the Antiquarian that he does not attempt to explain the celestial body. I remarked that he does attempt, not to *explain*, but to *describe* the celestial body, or rather takes it for granted that it is describable and conceivable by our present senses and faculties,—that it is a sort of improved, brightened, subtilized, glorified, earthly

body, having the same form and lineaments, visible and tangible, as our present body. The question is, whether this notion is not disclaimed by St Paul, and negatived by reason and by philosophy.

Sir Francis says too, "The theologian of the nineteenth century, who explains away the narratives of demoniacal possession in the Gospels is on the verge of explaining away the Gospels altogether." The subject often causes me anxiety, because I feel that it is going very far to believe that our Lord spoke as if He entertained the popular belief, while the popular belief was a delusion;—*going far*, though only on the same road that all must enter who would reconcile the language of Scripture on many other subjects with truth of science. Still the case is not so bad, not at all such as Sir Francis says it is, if by "explaining away" he means, understanding the demoniacs to have been madmen possessed with a belief that they were possessed by evil spirits, or, what is common with the insane, that they were evil spirits themselves. All that is related by the Evangelists may have taken place,—a miracle been performed of which the moral purport, the use and aim, is the same as it would be on the popular supposition. Our Lord healed a madman, and sent the spirit of madness into the swine, probably in order to render the display of His power the more striking and impressive. It is unfair to call such a view an *explaining away* of the miracle, it is but another interpretation of the nature of the miracle,—all the moral effect and the exertion of superhuman power remaining the same.

This is a subject that has given me anxiety; I can only say that the popular view is obviously a part of the old false philosophy, which confounds the material and the spiritual, a philosophy now obsolete, except where it is retained for the sake of retaining certain ancient interpretations of Scripture, involving not mystery, but plain contradictions, which no human mind can really receive, however the owner of the mind may blink, and fancy that he is believing. As for the view substituted by Trench and others, namely, that the afflicted persons were influenced by evil spirits, as the sons of God are influenced by the Holy Spirit, I own it does not satisfy me, because it is, in fact, as irreconcileable with the language of the Evangelist, and the reported words of our Lord, and the manner in which His words were understood at the time, as the other modern interpretation, or at least, it is quite irreconcileable by fair methods with them. I confess I have other objections to it, relating to the general view which it involves of the existence of personal evil spirits; but it is sufficient to say, that to my mind, it does not accomplish what it undertakes, that is to reconcile the Scripture narrative (understood as we may suppose the narrator understood it), with that view of the state of the demoniacs which Trench deems preferable to the ordinary ancient notion of possession. But no belief that is irreconcileable with reason will stand its ground among *reasoners*, upon whom ultimately the form of the popular religion depends. In all ages the learned and thoughtful have given to religion a frame-work accordant with the philo-

sophy of their times, and with the highest reason which, in their times, had manifested itself. The Antiquitarian must shew the reasonableness of his creed, if he seeks to defend it. If he fails in this he loses the game. But you perhaps think that he will not fail.

Friday night.—We have looked from the East Cliff down upon the sea, on one side, and the quiet inland view, with the village of Herne, upon the other, perhaps for the last time. The bright crescent of the moon was shining in the white depth, above a bank of soft blue clouds, broken into vulture's heads, and many bold promontories, and the waters looked bluish grey, while swans-down clouds, shaded as with Indian ink, were overhead.

The rapidity of agricultural operations, and continual changes going on upon the surface of the earth, give a spirit to the country. The canary, which, I believe, is raised chiefly in Kent, is a very pretty crop, looking at a distance like wheat. The ear is of the form of the hop blossom, but yellow. The grain is used for birds, and is very dear, as dear as wheat, nine pounds a quarter, I think I heard. There is more canary in this neighbourhood than any other grain.

Monday.—As soon as one returns home, even in this season of London desertedness, one is dropped in upon in such a way that leisure goes away as fast as a plum-cake under the maw of a hearty, munching child. One young gentleman drowned half yester afternoon, and another took a large slice out of the evening. In the night I read Trench on the Miracles, a book with which

E—— and I are delighted. The author is High Church, but in point of doctrine follows very closely the early Reformers, as, for instance, on justification by faith, and is in decided opposition to the Romish views on the Virgin Mary, on the superior sanctity of a retired and celibate life, &c. He does justice to Spinoza, even in arguing against his views, refuting the charge of atheism and impiety, brought against him, but deals with Woolston, Paulus, Strauss, and the other misnamed Rationalists, with all due severity. In his interesting section on the water made wine, he sets forth a metaphysical view which you and I anticipated in one of our searching, lengthy discussions. "He who does every year prepare the wine in the grape, causing it to drink up and expand with the moisture of earth and heaven, did now gather all those His slower processes into the act of a single moment, and accomplish in an instant what ordinarily He does not accomplish but in many months." This comes from St Austin, as so many fine-spun speculations do.

Yes, Curragh Chase must indeed be full of pensive recollections. So was Herne Bay to me. It brought back my children's early childhood, and my own anxious, yet on the whole happy, wifehood. You can scarce imagine the change from wife to widow, from being lovingly flattered from morn to night, to a sudden stillness of the voice of praise and approbation and admiration,—a comparative dead silence it seems. Vanity and the affections have such a mixed interest in this that it is hard to disentangle them, and the former during a

happy state of marriage grows up unperceived under the shadow of the latter, and absorbs some of its juices.

X.

Kentish Landscapes—Scenery of the Lakes.

To Miss FENWICK.

September 19th, 1849.—Strode Park, near Herne Church, is very interesting in its quiet Kentish beauty. There is a stillness in the landscapes of this county, owing to the want of water, and moving objects, which is to my feelings almost melancholy. I can *admire* other counties beside my own native lakeland, other sorts of nature-beauty, abundantly, but I cannot thoroughly *like and enjoy* any but that in which I was born. When in the country I am full of thoughts and longings for my native vale. Friars Crag, and Cockshot, and Goosey Green, and Latrigg side,—all my old haunts, I long for. Yet, if I were there, I should find that my youth was wanting, and the friends of my youth, and that I had been longing for them along with the old scenes, the old familiar faces, and the old familiar places together.

XI.

A Pet Name—Childlike Playfulness of Aristophanes—Theological Readings of S. C.—The Miracle of Gadara—The Origin of Mental Disorders not a Religious but a Scientific Question

—Language of Our Lord on such Occasions, that of Parable —Liability of Animal Natures to Frenzy—Metaphysical Views of the Early Fathers not held now by any School of Thinkers—Mr Coleridge's Letters on Inspiration—"The Old Curiosity Shop"—Little Nell and Mignon.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, October 2d,* 1849.—My dear Friend, —After reading your letter this morning, perhaps from some stimulus to memory which it supplied, I recollected a repository within reach where your poem might be; I searched, and, lo! there it was. I have a copy of it in that less accessible storehouse. But it is best to send at once the lost, not *sheep*, though there is no objection to calling it a pretty lamb, or a *serpentagnus*. My childish name for Herby was the *Onalopex*, which he generally uses now as the signature to his filial epistles. After coining this expressive and euphonious title, I was amused to find that I had been partly anticipated by Aristophanes with his *Chenalopex*. Between *Goose-fox* and *Ass-fox* the difference would not be enough to acquit me of plagiarism in a court of the Muses, unless I could bring evidence to show that I was ignorant of the Greek comedian when I invented the name. This was true. I never read Aristophanes till I was far from the period of chickenhood, and then only a few of his plays. So similar is *fun* in all ages of the world. Indeed, the fun of Aristophanes, which is but the light, sweet, creamy froth that floats over the rich substance of his serious satire, is especially child-like and playful, almost infantine. I have now in my

ears Herby's childish, hearty giggle at the grotesque burlesque in the "Frogs," about Hercules and his greediness in the eating-shops of Hades.

Mr Myers' book I have never found time to read yet; but read it I will. I hardly ever read books of writers of Mr M——'s opinions. I have a sort of dread of writers professedly on the same side as my father. They so often do an injury to his cause, either by their tone of mind or by their reasonings. Almost all the theology I read is what you would call Catholic, in its various shades and grades. Trench, for instance, is chiefly on your side, at least as to the points last discussed between us. He follows the reformed doctrines upon faith and the subject of *grace* generally; but he is of the old school on the matter of superhuman beings and existences. He is quite Coleridgian on the question of evidence, and often quotes S. T. C. with high respect. His doctrine of demoniacal possession is, I believe, the only one which is regularly sustained in argument at the present day; and from *one* of your expressions, I should suppose it to be the same as your own, though you do call it an evasion. Another of your expressions seems to say the contrary. I should like much to know what your view, metaphysically set forth, really is, and how you distinguish it from that of Trench and St. Augustine.

Your reply to the theological avowals of my last letter would surprise me exceedingly, if I had not had considerable experience of such like discussions, if I did not well know how difficult it is for disputants to see

clearly and fairly the opinions they do not themselves hold. You, dear friend, certainly do not see *my opinions;* but, looking towards the quarter where they lie, you behold a strange set of objects, with their feet where their heads ought to be, clad in hues worthy of some of the murky passages leading from certain colleges of sceptical philosophers down into Tartarus,—or the twilight region which forms its outermost circle. *We* turn the miracle of healing the demoniac into "scenic illusion!" S. T. C.'s reasonings respecting a personal Satan founded on the "faculty *according to sense!* and swine are not subject to hypochondriacal delusions!" I do not wonder, in the least, at your shrinking from opinions which you behold in this odious and ridiculous light. Do come a little to particulars. What are those reasonings of my father on the subject of personal evil spirits, which seem to you founded on premises and deductions of the mere isolated understanding? The objections which I principally referred to were *moral*,—founded on the moral idea of God, and suggested by the spiritual sense. What these have to do with the faculty according to *sense*, I cannot imagine. So far is it from being true, according to my view of the subject, that the objections against believing personal evil spirits, are merely logical and deceptive, they rest upon an *intuition*, as we think, which is not the subject of logic. The logic has been all on the other side, and there has been plenty of it. But to all arguments, from the belief of the ancient Church, difficulty of disproving the doctrine, and so forth, we reply that to our religious

sense it seems a discord and an anomaly. However, I know well that no one can in consistency reject this belief, who does not adopt principles with respect to the interpretation of the Bible, which you have never adopted. I never dreamt of you *approving* the view, but am surprised at the particular form of your charge against it. But the truth is, that since my father introduced the distinction between reason and the understanding, we are very apt to ascribe every reasoning in favour of what we dislike to the inferior faculty, reserving the heavenlier one for the imputed parent of our own lucubrations. Perhaps I have done the same myself ere now.

It seems to me that you misrepresent our view of the miracle in Gadara, when you say we represent all that passed on the part of our Lord as a *scenic illusion.* To defend our opinion at full, and in all particulars, would take more room and time than you and I can spare just now; and I will admit to you that this is a question respecting which I have felt more anxiety than any other in which I have been led to adopt an interpretation which would commonly be considered unorthodox. It seems to be *going far* to suppose that our Lord took up the thoughts of His day concerning demoniac possession, if those thoughts were wrong. Still, as I said before, and you do not notice,—it is but going on the *same road* as all must enter, who believe that there are errors or contradictions to truth of science involved in the language of the inspired writers of the Bible, in any case or to any extent. You take a distinction, as does

Trench and all on your side, in this question. You say that belief in demoniac possession is not a mere matter of science. But here we come to an issue with you. We think that belief in demoniac possession belongs to psychology. Now psychology *is* a science,—and as a science, distinguished from truths respecting the soul which are purely spiritual and moral, in their nature and consequences. According to our notions of the subject, at least, whether the beholders believed that our Lord expelled a fiend which was causing the effects of madness, or whether he expelled the spirit of insanity, is not strictly a *religious* question,—but rather one of metaphysical divinity. I cannot think, for instance, that the difference between your view of the miracle and mine is an *essential* one, in respect of the moral and spiritual purport, and of vital influences. This distinction serves as an answer to your argument for a personal Satan, founded on the language of Holy Writ. It seems to me that if we thoughtfully survey all the teaching of our Lord, we cannot reasonably avoid the conclusion, that He did speak more than is commonly supposed, in *parables*, adopting the notions and psychologies of that day, as the vehicle for permanent, unalterable spiritual and religious truth. I could say a great deal to show how impossible it was for our Lord, compatibly with the aim and objects of His mission, the actual *scheme* of Divine Providence in His ministry upon earth, to have done otherwise than adopt the views of His age and country in these matters. I could derive many arguments, or what seem to me such, from

a detailed examination of His language. But all this I must leave. I will only add on this subject, that pigs are not subject to hypochondriacal delusions after the manner of men,—that a hog would not rush out of his sty, distressed by the imagination that he was one of Lucifer's fallen angels, and was to be reserved in chains and darkness to the last day. But that, nevertheless, madness is an affection to which brutal natures are subject,—nay, that it belongs more properly to the bestial than to the human or higher part of our nature, when it afflicts men or women. You might fairly triumph on the score of this suggestion, or more fairly, if the swine, or a voice from the swine, had cried out "We are legion," and entreated our Lord not to torment them before the time. If swine are not subject to hypochondriacal delusion,—*à fortiori*, how can they be fit subjects for the influence of evil *spirits?* After all, what is your view of demoniac possession? What is it you mean exactly when you say, that evil spirits were first *in* the men and afterwards *in* the swine? Was not rushing down the steep an act of madness?

As to our not being a whit nearer the true philosophy of the relations of the material and spiritual than the ancient Fathers,—I must repeat, in substance, what I said before. In one sense we are not, perhaps,—in another, I think, we are. I think men see more clearly the idea of the spiritual,—perceive its essential difference from the material more clearly, than the ancient Fathers did, near two thousand years ago. (I do not decide about Plato.) *You* do not believe on these

points what Irenæus and Tertullian believed. You *assume* in all your reasoning, consciously or unconsciously, something different. At least, if you do not, I think most reasoners on your side do, and that there are no *systematic metaphysicians* now living who would maintain with the old Fathers, that the soul consists of very subtle matter. Kant and the German metaphysicians, who followed in his steps, and tried to go a little beyond him, pretended to no positive discoveries in the region of the spiritual. Kant's undertaking was to complete what Aristotle had begun,—to describe more accurately than had been attempted before his day, the nature of the human intellect, or power of cognition, and to demonstrate the limitedness of our knowing faculties.

I am sure you cannot recollect my father's "Letters on Inspiration," if you think they deprive men of the guidance of the Bible; I believe that they make the Bible a surer and clearer guide than it can be on the other theory. Neither would we deprive men of the help of Catholic tradition,—of any universal tradition which really and truly exists, and is not a mere image, a mere reflection of preformed theory in the mind of the believer.

Well, I must not send this off without telling you that I am wishing to see your article on Tennyson. Upon politics and poetry you and I think more alike than on metaphysical divinity, if I may venture to speak of my having an opinion on politics at all.

Do you know "Master Humphrey's Clock?" I

admire Nell in the "Old Curiosity Shop" exceedingly. No doubt the whole thing is a good deal borrowed from Wilhelm Meister. But little Nell is a far purer, lovelier, more *English* conception than Mignon, treasonable as the saying would seem to some. No doubt it was suggested by Mignon.

XII.

Remarks on an Article on "Tennyson, Shelley, and Keats," in the "Edinburgh Review"—Inferiority of Keats to Shelley in point of Personal Character—Connexion between Intellectual Earnestness and Moral Elevation—Perfection of his Poetry within its own Sphere—Versatility ascribed by the Reviewer to Keats in Contrast to Coleridge—Classification of her Father's Poems, showing their Variety.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

10 *Chester Place, November 4th*, 1849.—My dear Friend—I have just read your article on Tennyson, Shelley, and Keats, and can no longer delay expressing to you my delighted admiration. I think it quite your finest and most brilliant piece of prose composition. It is full of beautiful sayings and pithy remarks, and it does a justice to Keats, not only which was never done to him before, but I should almost say a higher justice than any poet of this age has ever yet received from the pen of another. Nothing can be more admirable than your characterisation of Keats; I was quite excited by it. What you say of Shelley is excellent too; but this is more *entirely* new, and the whole article is worthy of

you, which I think a good deal to say, for you have been rather tardy in bringing out your mind in prose writing. However, it is all best as it is, and I am sure the richest products are those which are delayed, so that they unite the peculiar qualities of the youthful mind carried forward with the greater force of a maturer age. I must some day soon talk with you about the article at large in detail. I wish you could see the copy I have marked.

One general criticism I must make, which you will not admit, because the *effect* I shall notice flows from your general temper and mental complexion as its cause. You have a propensity to aggrandise and glorify; you over-praise, both negatively and positively, by omission of faults and drawbacks, unless they are of a kind (such as Shelley's want of reverence, and Cromwell's antagonism to bishops and kings), especially to excite your disapprobation and dislike, and by the conversion of certain deficiencies into large and glorious positives. You are more displeased with Shelley's *wrong* religion than with Keats' *no* religion. That very deficiency in the mind of Keats, which prevented him from being a *very* good man, and must, I think, for ever prevent him from taking the highest rank as a poet, want of power or inclination to dwell on the intellectual side of things or the spiritual organised in the intellect as soul in body, or indeed to embrace things belonging to the understanding at all, do you contrive to represent in the light of a very sublime, angelical, seraphical characteristic. It is all very well to distinguish meditation from contem-

plation, and to intimate that the mind may feed on deep thoughts and soul-expanding spiritualities, when it is quite apart from the region of logic and intellectual activity. But is it not the fact, and a painful truth which must forcibly strike every reader of Keats' letters and life, together with the mass of his poetry, that Keats never dwelt upon the great exalting themes which concern our higher peace, in any shape or form? "Oh, he was dark, very dark," said Miss Fenwick to me one day about Keats, and I heard her say it with pain. "He knew nothing about Christianity." You say he had no interest in the intermediate part of our nature, "the region of the merely probable." You give him "*intuitions*" (of the highest things which humanity can behold implicitly), and call his nature "Epicurean on one side, Platonist on the other." I wish I could see the matter as you do, or rather I wish the matter really were as you describe. But the truth seems to me to be rather this, that by means of a fine imagination and poetic *intellect*, Keats lifted up the matter of mere sensation into a semblance of the heavenly and divine, while the heavenly and divine itself was less known to him than to the simplest Bible-reading cottager who puts her faith in Christ, and bears the privations and weaknesses, or even agonies of a lingering death with pious fortitude. The spectacle of Keats' last days is a truly miserable one, and I must say I think, that beautifully gentle as is your treatment of Shelley, if viewed in itself, yet *taken together with your judgment of Keats*, it is hardly fair. Surely Shelley was as superior to Keats as a moral being as he

was above him in birth and breeding. Compare the letters of the two, compare the countenances of the two, as they are imperfectly presented to us by the work of the graver, see how much more spiritual is Shelley's expression, how much more of goodness, of Christian kindness, does his intercourse with his friends evince! Shelley, in his wild way, was a philanthropist; Keats was social, but the same spirit which led him to turn away from earnest questions which agitate the religious world, which agitated Augustine and Pelagius, Luther and Calvin, Hooker and Taylor, some of the greatest and best men that have ever lived, rendered him careless of promoting the good of mankind, or any but those individual felicities of the passing hour which added to his own earthly sensational enjoyment. He showed a pettish jealousy respecting the estimation of his works in his intercourse with contemporaries, and in his love affair he betrayed all the weakness, all the passive non-resistancy of a passionate girl of eighteen, together with the impetuosity of a young man and the sensitiveness of a poet. Again I must say that it is a *miserable* spectacle. I have read of late numberless lives of poets, philosophers, and literary men, not one that upon the whole inspired me with so much contempt as that of Keats. His effeminacy was mournful, and his deliberate epicureanism, with the light of the Gospel shining all around, even worse than mournful. I quite agree with you as to the excellence of his poetry, and that he was even, upon the whole, more highly gifted in that way than Shelley. There is even a greater intensity in his

productions, a perfection in the medium of repose. Upon all that part of the subject you are as just and discriminating as you are eloquent and inwardly poetic. But when you go on to endow Keats with all the nobler qualities of a man and a writer, and not content with showing him to be an exquisite, sensational poet, must exalt him into a poetical seraph; why, either I am too narrow and ill-natured, or I am too simple and straightforward and truth-requiring to accompany you to the far end of your eulogium.

Shakespeare as little preached and *syllogised* as Keats does. But Shakespeare was a great philosopher, implicitly. Shakespeare furnished *material* for the contemplative, inquiring, discriminating intellect, and consequently intellectualists like Goethe, Schlegel, and S. T. C., find a perpetual feast in his writings, and are for ever converting into the abstract what he presented in a concrete form. Not so will any great thinker ever be able to do, with the writings of Keats. His flight was low, his range narrow; he kept on a lower level; and in that poor rejected critique of mine which Lockhart cut out of my article on *The Princess*, I endeavoured to show what advantage he derived from his unity of purpose, from his confining himself so entirely, and with such a faith and complacency in his own genius, within his native range of power and beauty. I did not attempt to do *justice* to Keats, I knew *that* would not be allowed in the "Quarterly," even if I had been equal to the subject, which I am not, for no woman can give the portrait of a man of genius in all its masculine energy and full pro-

portions. I did not present him with a grand chaplet of bays, as you have done in your noble criticism, but culled a nosegay of sweet flowers out of his own poems and bound it about with a silken band of subdued praise and temperate characterisation.

But this is a digression. I must make an end about Keats. I was astonished at your calling the last act of that, to my mind, wretched tragedy of his " very fine." I thought, as I read it carefully more than once, that anything so poor and bad from a man of real, great poetic genius, never proceeded. I do not quarrel with it for not having the slightest merit as a drama. It has scarce any merit, as it seemeth to me, in any other way. It is as vapid as the little fragment " The Eve of St Mark," is exquisite. Lastly, to conclude my objections on this part of the article, I do not understand why you ascribe *versatility* to Keats, and deny it to my father. What you say of my father on this head I think a deserved compliment, by which I mean, of course, not a flattery, but a just recognition of excellence. But it seems to me that you should have commenced with a *definition* of versatility, if not explicit to the reader, yet at least in your own mind. I should say that my father had shown a greater range of poetic power, that he had exhibited more *modes* of the poetic faculty than Keats has done, or Tennyson either. Let us enumerate them :

1. The love poems, as "Lewti," and "Genevieve," which Fox thought the finest love poem that ever was written.

2. The wild, imaginative poem, treating of the supernatural, as " The Ancient Mariner " and " Christabel."

3. The grave strain of thoughtful blank verse, as "Fears in Solitude."

4. The narrative ballad, homely as "The Three Graves;" or romantic, as "Alice du Clos."

5. The moral and satirical poem of a didactic character, as the lines on "Berengarius," and those lines in which he speaks of seeing "old friends burn dim like lamps in noisome air," and "Sancti Dominici Pallium."

6. The high, impassioned lyric, as "The Odes to France," and on "Dejection."

7. The sportive, satirical extravaganza, as the "War Eclogue," "The Devil Believes," &c.

8. The epigram and brief epitaph.

9. The drama.

I must say good-bye to you, though I shall chat with you again soon about your splendid article, which contains matter enough for four such as the "Edinburgh" has usually favoured the world with. Think of the "Edinburgh" beginning in her old age to criticise poetry poetically! "Age, twine thy brow with fresh spring flowers!"

XIII.

Personal Likeness between Mr Coleridge and Lord Macaulay.

To Miss Morris.

Chester Place, November 16th, 1849.—I met Mr Macaulay on Tuesday at a very pleasant party at Sir Robert Inglis's. He was in great force, and I saw the

likeness (amid great unlikeness) to my father, as I never had seen it before. It is not in the features, which in my father were, as Laurence says, more vague, but resides very much in the look and expression of the material of the face, the mobility, softness, and sensitiveness of all the flesh,—that sort of look, which is so well expressed in Sir Thomas Laurence's beautiful unfinished portrait of Wilberforce. I mean that the *kind* was common to Wilberforce, but the species alike in Macaulay and S. T. C. The eyes are quite unlike—even opposite in expression,—my father's in-looking and visionary, Macaulay's out-looking and objective. His talk, too, though different as to sentiment and matter, was like a little, in manner, in its labyrinthine multiplicity and multitudinousness, and the tones so flexile and *sinuous*, as it were, reminded me of the departed eloquence.

CHAPTER IX.

1850.

January—July.

Letters to Edward Quillinan, Esq., Rev. Henry Moore, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Miss Fenwick, Mrs H. M. Jones, Miss Morris, Mrs R. Townsend, Professor Henry Reed.

I.

Chinese Selfishness—The Irish Famine—Objects of Charity—Church Decoration, and the Relief of the Poor—Butchers' Prices—Sudden Death of Bishop Coleridge—The Anglican Formularies a Compromise—Non-natural sense put on the Baptismal Service by one Party, and on the Articles and Homilies by another——Mystic Theory of Regeneration, unsupported by Antiquity, opposed to the Moral Sense, and contradicted by the Epistle of St John.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

10 *Chester Place, Regent's Park, January 4th*, 1850.—Some philosopher observes that not a man in Britain would make a worse dinner if he heard that the whole Empire of China was swallowed up quick. Of all people on the face of the globe the Chinese are those I should feel the least inclined to cry about, whatever befel them; and I think the reason is because I have a strong impression that, less than any other people, do they care what becomes of the rest of the world, that their sentiments and sympathies are of the dullest possible description. But this starving state of the Irish does occupy my mind a good deal. Here we are much better off, and yet it is dreadful to walk the streets of London, and to think that the poor wretches who moan for alms are by no means the worst off class of the community. If I happen to have left my purse at home, I

am almost sure to come home unhappy about some object whom I would fain have relieved. One day I was quite upset by the piteous cry, and pale sickly face of a little old woman. I had no money, and felt ashamed to ask Herbert for a shilling, knowing that there were hundreds whom he would think as deserving of charity. You must know that ever since I lost my dear mother, the sight of any feeble old woman agitates me. I felt quite glad that Lady Inglis was out, and that I had not to present my nervous visage to her. Soon afterwards I walked the same way, and luckily found the old woman. I gave her 6d., and had to give 3d. away before I got home. I will never go out again without a pence purse.

My niece Mary was talking the other day of the beautiful Ottery Church, with its groining and arches, and painted windows. The siren drew me on, and on hearing that some of the small windows cost only £5, I cried in a fit of enthusiasm, "I *will* give a window myself," though I had signified to her father that a sovereign for the eagle lectern in our church was the last money I meant to give for church decorations. I think I shall tell her that the £5 she shall have, but that I would rather she gave it among those poor distressed underfed slaves, whose condition she had been describing to me when we last went out together to dine at Baron Rolfe's, than spend it on the coloured window.

Then what a shameful conspiracy there is among the butchers against the poor!—for such it may be called—when they are selling the inferior parts of animals to

poor creatures by gas-light for 6d. per lb. My cook overheard a butcher extorting that price from a poor creature for *shin* of beef (mere *shin*) a few days ago. The farmers complain that they cannot obtain a decent price for their stock,—nay, sometimes cannot sell them at all,—and these butchers are putting into their abominable pockets all the profit, instead of lowering the price proportionably to the consumer. I have been writing notes about this to many of my friends, and all agree to make a stand. But I wish when we make a stand for ourselves, we could do something in this matter for the poor.

Our Christmas has been saddened, as you may suppose, by the sudden and most unexpected death of William Coleridge, the only son of my never-seen uncle Luke Coleridge.* He was conscientious in public and

* Luke Herman, seventh son of the Reverend John Coleridge, of Ottery St Mary, was a surgeon at Thorverton, where he died at the early age of four and twenty. His wife, daughter of Mr Hart of Exeter, was a woman of much feeling, united with firmness of character. It is related that when her only son, William, asked the consent of his widowed mother before accepting the appointment of first Missionary Bishop of Barbadoes and the Leeward Islands, she replied to him in the following letter :—"My Son—Abraham's faith can be imitated. Go.—I am your mother, Sarah Coleridge."

Bishop Coleridge left England in 1825 for his tropical diocese, where his evangelical labours among the negroes, and untiring advocacy of the cause of justice and humanity, are well described by my father in his "Six Months in the West Indies," which contains an account of the Bishop's first visitation-tour among the Islands. Some time after his return to this country, he undertook the office of Warden of St Augustine's College, Canterbury, a post for which his missionary experience rendered

in private, doing scrupulously whatever he thought right, and in his own family he was most loving, even-tempered, and amiable. William, in person, was just fitted for a Missionary Bishop. He was *six feet* in all his proportions, not merely in height, with a stentorian voice, fit to preach on a mountain, which he has been known to do in the Leeward Isles, and with a stout, robust, but not corpulent frame. We thought he had twenty years of vigorous life in him yet. He shone in the practical more than in the exercise of the speculative intellect; he managed the clergy under him admirably, and was much beloved in Barbadoes, spite of the war he had to carry on against selfishness and prejudice.

You are capital upon the Gorham controversy. Your witty saying about our good-natured Church, that in trying to be *comprehensive*, she is sometimes *incomprehensible*, I have already repeated to a correspondent. I feel such disagreement and dispathy with both parties that I know not which to oppose first. It seems to me that Gorham betrays an ignorance of the history of thought and the nature of language on this particular subject of Baptism and the New Birth, when he affirms, in common with Goode and many of the Evangelicals, that the framers of the Baptismal Service, and of the Catechism, intended what they said of infant regeneration to be understood *hypothetically*. That they were

him peculiarly fitted. He had not been there more than a year and a half when the tidings of his sudden removal, with no warning of previous illness, caused a shock of grief and surprise through a wide circle of friends and relations.—E. C.

not very clear in their minds what they meant I fully believe. But still they had some vague sort of notion that some sort of internal influx of the Spirit, or infantine *commencement* of regeneration took place in the moment of baptism ; and although Waterland interprets the baptismal service in conformity with his own view, as if it pointed to no more than a *consignation* of the Spirit unto a future regeneration, I do not myself think (and in *this* point I differ from my father) that the baptismal service requires no such hypothesis as that of an instant internal change, or that any man would have written— "This child is regenerate by the Holy Spirit," who did not think the child had been internally affected. He would have chosen other words in which to express himself had he held Waterland's notion.

But no doubt it is very easy to interpret the expression into the doctrine of Waterland and of Burnet, and to say that "is *regenerate*," means "is *taken into a new relation with* the Church, and brought into a *new state*, which is the way of the Spirit."

Granting that the deniers of momentary internal regeneration are unable to use that one sentence in the sense of the framer, would it not be grossly inequitable to press that sense upon all the clergy, to exact it as a condition of ordination, when it is so well known that all those clergymen, or at least the major part, who construe the baptismal service strictly, do *not* construe the articles on justification strictly, but put a non-natural sense upon them, besides turning up their noses at the Homilies, which certainly the Reformers set forth as formally

explanatory of their doctrine, and declared such in more than one article? Secondly, does it not seem hard and unfair, when there is an article expressly on Baptism, meant to be the rule of doctrine upon that point, to exact belief in a dogma not contained therein? The article obliges to no more than the general belief that the Sacrament conveys grace; how or when is not stated. Surely Turner argued fairly that the articles are the sole rule of doctrine upon all the points of which they treat. The Liturgy has a different use,—not to keep opinion in bounds, but to give a tongue to religious faith and spiritual belief.

But what think you of Mr. B.——'s rationale of baptismal regeneration? An adult coming to the Font faithless and impenitent obtain spiritual regeneration! Surely, my dear friend, this is an awful perversion of the Scriptural doctrine. I will venture to say that not an authority could be cited for any such view from Polycarp to Pusey inclusively. Actual sin has ever been held to preclude the entrance of the Spirit; and, yet, doubtless, it is more consistent with the ritual, momentary theory of passive regeneration to suppose that a sinful adult may be a fit subject for it, than the contrary. This B—— with his lawyer's logic, may have seen. If the spiritual change, or indwelling, or both—for both are affirmed—are irrespective of the will and moral being—if they do not keep off sin from the soul to which they belong, why may they not be imparted to a soul in which sin is?

But the logical coherency, the reason of the thing in itself, is no sufficient argument for a High Churchman,

who pins his faith on authority and tradition and the belief of past times. This mystic, non-moral regeneration was unknown to St. Augustine, unknown to any divine before the present age, and that great Father, "who is a host in himself," and who identifies regeneration with baptism, in more passages that could be recited in a summer's day, is, after all, substantially and in the spirit, far less distant from the Evangelical view of this question than from the Tractarian. For St. Austin believed regeneration to be no mere potentiality, but a moral change begun in some inconceivable infantine way in infant baptism. I can cite a passage of his quite explicit upon the subject. In this way of expounding the matter he was followed by our great divines generally before Waterland. Tell me of one who explains regeneration in the same way as Newman and his school, and I will beg B——'s pardon.

That mystic doctrine is a pure modern development, and, like many developments after the fashion of Rome, it is even contrary to the views anciently held. B—— misrepresented the Romish doctrine of Baptism also.

What grieves my soul most in all the teaching and preaching of the Tractarian new-old divines is their treatment of St. John's Epistle. I would fain know how you reconcile the teaching of that Apostle of divine intuitions with the momentary theory. Does he not expressly declare that he who is born of God sinneth not, and that his seed (*i.e.*, divine, new born nature) *remaineth* in him? How, then, can we affirm that they who sin habitually and grievously, and who do *not*

retain a holy spiritual nature, preclusive of sin, are truly and essentially, and internally, regenerate.

The new-old theologian argues that, since every man commits *some* sin, therefore the Apostle's description is but a beau ideal of regeneration, attained by no man upon earth; and, therefore, spite of his definition, men who are full of sin, predominantly sinful, may be regenerate. This seems to me a monstrous inference and conclusion.

Sinneth not, Hammond and other great divines interpret to mean, *is not a sinner*, is led by the Spirit, and leading a holy life. Would you scruple to say of a true saint, a justified person, fit for heaven, he *sinneth not*, in opposition to men, who affirm, as the Jews affirmed, in the days of the Apostles, that men may be sons of God, by virtue of an outward revelation imparted to them, even while they are leading sinful lives? The Tractarian shrinks from this interpretation as a fearfully lax mode of construing the Apostle's words, a doing away of the high idea presented by the sacred writer; he, who explains away the Apostle's words as we have seen! But there is no laxity in the case. The Apostle is describing the character of the regenerate estate, as one opposed to sin; if this or any other scriptural description of the internal state of a true Christian is to be applied to actual persons, it must be *cum grano salis.*

Does it not make the Apostle's teaching nugatory and objectless to suppose him to have meant no more than that a regenerate person *would* become incapable

of sinning if he improved his advantages, although a true essential regeneracy is compatible with a sinful life." What correction would this be of the profligate pretension of the Jews? Even they would not have denied that a son of God would put down sin if he acted as beseemed a son of the Most High. But they affirmed that sonship was a matter of privilege, not conditional upon inward dispositions, or necessarily accompanied by holiness; and does not that Churchman say the same, who will have it that, in spite of the regenerate nature, a man may continue in sin?

If this is not Antinomianism I know not what it is. Can you really think that St. John would express himself, as he does express himself in this epistle, were he conscious, all the time, that genuine regeneracy, and that very blessed estate of which our Lord spake to Nicodemus, may belong to those who can and do sin habitually? Surely, this is still more inconceivable than that the framer of the baptismal service meant no more by "is regenerate by the Holy Spirit," than Goode and Gorham will have him mean.

It seems to me, after circumnavigating this doctrine of the Tracts as often as Cook sailed round the world, that from whatever point of view you consider it, whether from the nature of our spiritual being, or from the language of Scripture, or from the universal usage of the term regeneration, when it is not applied technically to baptism, but used according to the idea of a spiritual new birth, whether we try it by the nature of will, or by the *facts* of the moral *phenomena* visible in the baptized,

it is equally untenable. I seem to see the lines of truth converging to one centre from off the different points of the circumference. Change of the will from carnal to spiritual, from enslaved to emancipate, from contrariety to reason, to coincidence, and confluence with it, is the central truth. Substitute for this a mystic, non-moral spiritualization, and you may labour for ever before you can make all the different facts that relate to the subject of spiritual new birth converge and meet together in this notion for a centre.

The Spiritual in man is the Will; the Will, because it is will, can only be changed by its own act, under a higher impulsion.

St. John declares that the regenerate cannot live in sin. We find that none abstain from sin but by acts of will, and an energy of submission to God. Thus the idea of a spiritual being born into a divine and sinless nature, and St. John's description, taken in the plain, undistorted sense, perfectly coincide.

II.

Various Occupations of S. C.—Fatigues of Chaperonage—Barry Cornwall at a Ball—Waltzing—Invitation to the Lakes—Effect of Railway Travelling on her Health.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq., Loughrigg Holme.

February 9th, 1850.—My dear Friend—I must give you an instalment of my letter debt to you at once, because your last contains a very kind and agreeable proposal,

which should be noticed at once. A proper response I must defer. I have all my life been rather a busy person; but I now have more work of various kinds to perform than ever before. There is first the domestic business. I cannot spin this out, as some ladies do, ladies in the country more than in town. Still the inevitable part consumes a good bit of time of every year. Changing servants is specially troublesome; I have had to give Martha's character three times, and Caroline's twice, and to see nine or ten or more servants and write about others, in order to fill their places.

Then, 2dly, there is the care of my father's books, new editions and new publications, and of this work the unseen part, which does not appear, is more than that which does appear. I might have written many volumes in the time, of a certain sort, with far less trouble.

3. Reading with my children. This, I am sorry to say, has come to very little of late. But I shall resume my studies with E—— in a few days.

4. Money managements, letters of business, and all that relates to the care of my income. A *wife* knows nothing of this. But a widow, even with fellow-executors, has something to do in this way every year.

5. Business of society. This is the hardest, in one sense, of all the work I have to attend to. It is always beginning, never ending. For the sake of the children I keep up the game more than I once thought I should ever have attempted. I go sometimes to evening parties, and twice, nay thrice, of late, have chaperonified at balls! I do think, of all the maternal self-sacrifices and

devotednesses that can be named, that is the greatest. If it was not for the supper!—actually I have gone down to supper *twice*, in the course of the evening, out of sheer exhaustion. On the last occasion I fell in with Barry Cornwall. It was like getting into an oasis with a clear stream bubbling along under beeches and spreading planes and rose-bushes and geranium tufts, and an enamelled flooring of crocus, auricula, and violet, to be taken care of by a literary man, and have a bit of poetical and literary talk, after the weariness of witnessing for hours that eternal scuffle and whirl, H—— whirling round the room for ever and ever, with first a black-haired, and then a brown-haired, and then a flaxen-haired damsel in his arms (What queer indecorums those waltzes are! If twenty years ago one could have seen a set of waltzers of to-day through a time-telescope or *future*-scope, how we should have turned up the corners of our eyne!)

I have been interrupted, and forced to write notes of sociality and domesticity, till all the edge of my epistolary zest is rubbed off. I have seen friends, and hired a satisfactory damsel, as well as transacted lunch, since I began the letter. I dine out *homishly* with E—— at six, and so, instead of translating from my brain to the paper the letter, or an abridgement of the letter which I have been writing to you in thought, ("How swift is a thought of the mind," and what pen can more than toil after it at a measureless distance), I must speak of your kind invitation, and then say farewell for the present, though with an intent of renewing intercourse by pen and with you ere long.

I can hardly describe to you my longings to revisit my native vale and dear Rydal. But there are difficulties in the way. Twelve hours by the railroad at a stretch I could quite as little accomplish as I could walk twenty miles. Indeed I think the latter would not disorder me more than the former. I can by the seaside walk ten miles, five in the morning and five in the evening, on a strong day, without disorder or any injury or exhaustion. But three hours of passive motion, or if that is an incorrect expression, of suffering motion, the muscles unexerted, is enough to set up nervous irritation in me; and this goes on at an increased ratio from that time till the journey's end. I should arrive a shattered creature, unable to enjoy anything for six weeks or more. The journey might be managed by stoppages on the road, and I am always visionising on the subject. But there is much to be thought of before it can be effected. I can hardly bear to think of the changes I shall witness. Keswick will be a place of graves to me; but there would be a melancholy pleasure and interest in thinking of the departed. The changes in things and persons that remain are far more unwelcome.—I am yours, very affectionately, SARA COLERIDGE.

III.

"Telling" Speeches not always the Best.

To Miss FENWICK, Bath.

February 15th, 1850.—Derwent was full of the great Educational anti-Government Meeting at Willis's Rooms.

S——'s was the grand speech of the evening. His oration must have been very lively and ingenious and impressive, from D——'s report. But I have little respect for speeches that *tell* in assemblies of this kind. The probability always is, I think, that a speech accurately true and just, entering into the depths and intricacies which really exist in great questions and doing justice to the views of all parties, would not *tell* half so well as a superficial harangue, full of half truths and bold assumptions and affecting irrelevances, which call down a thunder of claps and "hear, hears!" yet, if read in the closet would not convince a single soul who was sincerely seeking the truth, and was not decidedly of the speaker's mind beforehand.

IV.

Death of Mrs Joanna Baillie.

To Mrs H. M. Jones, Hampstead.

February 24th, 1850, *Chester Place.*—Your note has affected me very much. Dear Mrs Joanna Baillie, that unique Female Dramatist, thorough gentlewoman, and (last and best) good Christian, gone at last, leaving not her like, in some remarkable respects, behind her! You were privileged, dear friend, to have that sight of the dear face after death, and to see that "friendly look," so consolatory to survivors, and so precious a treasure for memory. Her aged sister must feel desolate indeed.

Blessed are they, says a famous old poet, whom an unbroken link keeps ever together. But this is not the lot of humanity, for death comes at last to break every chain, whether a hated or a loved one.

V.

Mr Carlyle's "Latter-Day Pamphlets" compared with his "Chartism"—Ideal Aristocracy—English Government.

Rev. HENRY MOORE, Eccleshall Vicarage.

March 15th 1850, *Chester Place.*—Carlyle's "Latter Day Pamphlets," I own, I like less than any of his former works. It has all his animation and felicity of language in particular expressions, and there is much truth contained in it. But the general aim and purpose is, to my mind, less satisfactory than in any of his former writings. It has all his usual faults in an exaggerated form. His faults I take to be, repetition, and the saying in a roundabout, queer way, as if it were a novel announcement, what everybody knows, without any suggestion of a remedy for the evils he so vividly describes. "Chartism" had finer passages than any in these papers. Yet *that* was decried, and these are almost universally received with favour. The address to the horses in "Chartism," beside being new, was far better turned, more seriously pathetic in its humour, than the repetition of the thought in "The Present Times." Then I cannot bear the depreciation of Howard, and the sneers at the

Americans. His former works have all been devoted to exalting and elevating, defending and raising from the dust. The great drift of these is of a depreciatory, pulling-down character. As for the Irish, I would be right glad to see them coerced for their good, only they should be treated as children, not slaves, and the great mass of the barbarous English, too, especially the class of little, prejudiced, pig-headed, hard-handed, leather-hearted farmers, who are grinding the poor labourers, and grinding their own nobles to nine-pence by mismanagement and asinine methods of tilling the ground. But who is to do these things? Who is to bell the cat? Then Carlyle tells us, as he told me in conversation long ago, that the few wise ought to govern the many foolish. But who doubts that? This is a kind of aristocratic sentiment which is common to all mankind who think at all. But we shall be none a bit the nearer to this millennial state of wise-man government, by sneering, as Carlyle does, at the attempts of mankind to do things carefully, and justly, and methodically, sneering at all that by introducing the words "bombazeen, horse-hair, red tape, periwigs, pasteboard, and so forth."

I, for my part, believe that the English government does *approximate* to this nearer than any other, that Pitt, and Percival, Peel, and Russell *upon the whole* have governed—so far as they individually governed—as well as any man in the country would have done. Among men of letters have been many wiser, speculatively, and cleverer for some things. But it does not follow that

they would have done better as Premiers, or could have filled such a place.

VI.

Home Amusements—Reasonings of an Anti-Gorham Controversialist—Holiness the Evidence of Election, not its Ground.

To Rev. HENRY MOORE, Eccleshall Vicarage.

March 21st, 1850.—Herby tunes and grunts away at his cornet-a-piston; and it is wonderful how little I care about his practising, nervous as I am about sounds. Nurse said yesterday, "Now, if it was not Master Herbert, how mad we should be at all this trumpeting!" I feel that a young man must have some amusement, and that this is as harmless as he can possibly choose. I prefer it to the eternal chess-playing of last vacation; for that brought him into company of which I could not judge, as they were out of my circle.

Talk of woman's reasoning! Tell me if any woman's reasoning could possibly be weaker than that of Archdeacon W—— in his Anti-Gorham-and-Goode book on Holy Baptism? wherein he divides a man in two, putting his will, reason, understanding, appetites, affections, all that belongs to his common or general humanity, on one hand; and his personality or individuality, on the other; and represents the former as regenerate in baptism, the latter not. As if there were literally and truly two moving powers, two wills in one man—the one regenerate, the other unregenerate; as if what is merely

mentally distinguishable were practically separable! As if a man's personality were a distinct thing from all the rest of his being, and could remain unaffected, while "the common humanity" partook of the Redemption in Christ! Just as if you were to suppose the *roundness* of an orange (a mere abstraction,) to be a distinct thing from the orange itself. And just as if the idea of personality itself did not belong to the common nature of man, or our general humanity!

And then, how does this solve the difficulty, that the so-called regenerate prove unholy? Are not persons who lead unholy lives after baptism corrupt in their *will*, *appetites*, and *affections*, darkened in their *understandings*, unregenerate and unrenewed in all which he ascribes to the *common humanity*, which he supposes to be regenerated in baptism!

Then about Election. All the way through he misrepresents his adversary's opinions, and puts his opponent's objections on a wrong ground. For instance, he says (p. 101), that "to suppose that a gift is offered to all infants, bestowed only on those who are seen to be about to use it, is to rest the discriminating condition on the recipient's excellence, a notion opposed to the whole teaching of the Church," &c.

What an utter misconception of the views in question! The future faith and repentance of the infant are not supposed to be the *ground* on which the grace of election and regeneration is given; but these moral attributes, when they appear as being effects of the grace unconditionally bestowed, as far as they go, are criteria

and tests of election. They show *who* the elect are, but are never supposed to be the cause or *ground* of election, or that which determines God to elect some and not others.

VII.

Illness of Mr Wordsworth.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

March 25th, 1850.—My dear Friend—I have just heard from dear Miss Fenwick of our beloved Mr Wordsworth's illness. It is most painful to hear of this trouble, and not be able to be of use in any way. I am full of anxiety and sorrow. I have been dwelling much of late on dear Mr Wordsworth and his state of health and spirits. My thoughts hover around him. He is the last, with dear Mrs Wordsworth, of that loved and honoured circle of elder friends who surrounded my childhood and youth; and I can imagine no happiness in any state of existence without the restoration of that circle.

But I must not write more to you now. My earnest prayers for dearest Mr Wordsworth's restoration will be preferred, both in selfish feeling and in sympathy.

Believe me, with most affectionate regards to dear Mrs Wordsworth, and dearest love, whether it can be given or no, to the beloved sufferer.—Yours, in much friendship and sympathy, SARA COLERIDGE.

VIII.

Lives of the Lake Poets—Presumption of Incompetent Biographers.

To E. Quillinan, Esq.

Chester Place, March 27th, 1850.—Thank you, dear friend, for sending me the C——— notices, and do not think me stiff and stuck-up for saying that I should opine we had best keep aloof from them "*awthegither,*' and let them "maffle and talk" as they like. There is not a grain of ill-nature in the composer or patcher. Persons have served my father far worse who had ten times as much reason to serve him well, from ability, knowledge, nearness to him, obligations of a certain sort to his mind, &c. It is not on account of any disparagement, too low estimate, liberty of criticism, or so forth, that I wish to have nought to do with the publication. I do not wish to correct its blunders, because this would seem to be a sort of sanction to the undertaking in itself—a tacit approval of the rest; and it is *this*, and not merely the way in which it is executed, that seems to me so unapprovable. Mr C—— cannot be expected to know clearly and fully his incompetence as a critic and biographer; but he must, if he has common sense, be aware that he has not the means of correct information upon subjects on which he has undertaken to instruct the public: he must know, or ought to know, that he could not *honestly* engage in such a task. What should we think of any grocer or draper who set up in trade without some surer and more special means

and opportunities of supplying the commodities he professes to dealt in to his customers, genuine, than this Mr C—— has to supply readers with true accounts of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth?

A man ought to have some special claim, some very particular qualifications for writing the life of another, who takes upon him this most difficult and delicate task. He ought to have been appointed to it by the subject himself, or to have some close connection with him—of blood or friendship, or intimate knowledge, from long and deep study, and special sympathy. It is true, these lives are but the stringing together of a few outstanding, external facts. But it is a fallacy to imagine that any sketch of a man's life, however meagre, can be given correctly without intimate knowledge. It is like what Sir Charles Bell so condemns, the attempt to draw outlines of the human figure without knowledge of anatomy and of inward structure. Besides, ought such meagre, coarse lives to be executed at all? To talk of my father's disagreeing with the Governor of Malta, a man whom he worshipped! Surely Mr C—— knows little of Esteesian* anatomy. He can never have read the "Friend," to talk thus; yet he pronounces judgment upon it with a grand air of superior understanding —not love, but toleration, like Adam smiling on Eve!

* S.T.C. ian.—E.C.

IX.

Hopes of Mr Wordsworth's Recovery—His Natural Cheerfulness —Use of Metaphysical Studies.

To E. Quillinan, Esq.

Good Friday, 1850.—My dear Friend,—I must write a few lines, though in haste, to thank you for your welcome letter, and tell you of my joy in dearest Mr Wordsworth's safety and his beloved wife's happiness. May he be restored to his former measure of strength, and may this crisis work a change for the better in his spirits! I have often mourned to think that he was no longer glad as of yore. He used to be so cheerful and happy-minded a man. No mind could be more sufficient to itself, more teeming with matter of delight, fresh, gushing founts rising up perpetually in the region of the imagination, streams of purity and joy from the realm of the higher reason—joy and strength and consolation, both in his own contemplations for his own peculiar satisfaction, and in the sense of the joy and strength and solace which he imparted to thousands of other minds. No mind was ever richer within itself, and more abundant in material of happiness, independent of chance and change, save such as affected the mind in *itself*. I felt with grief that his powers of life and animal spirits must have been impaired from what I heard of his fits of unjoyousness.

A visitor has taken away all my letter-writing time, so that all I meant to say must be screwed up into narrow room.

But one thing I must disown. Where upon earth, or under the earth (in the apartment of some gnome, I suppose, that lives under Loughrigg, in a darksome grot), did you learn that I supposed that you "who do not study metaphysics all day long" cannot understand S. T. C.? All the most valuable part of my father's writings, can, of course, be understood, as the writings of Jeremy Taylor, or Milton, or Gibbon, or Pascal, or Dante, or Shakespeare, without specific study of mental metaphysics or any other *science*. Still, I do think that some careful study of psychology, some systematic metaphysical training, ought to form a part of every gentleman's education, and more especially of every man who is destined for one of the learned professions, and still more especially for men who undertake to write on controversial divinity. A writer on doctrine and the *rationale* of religious belief ought at least to know those principles of psychology and other branches of metaphysics in which all schools agree, and to have had some exercise of thought in this particular direction, and of course such a study must improve the faculty of insight into all works of reasoning which treat of the higher subjects of human thought.

X.

A Relapse—Regeneration in the Scriptural Sense implies a Moral Change—Importance of Correct Statements in Theology—Reason the only Standard of Spiritual Truth — Distinction

between Original Sin and Hereditary Guilt—Views of Baptismal Grace, Anglican and Romanistic—Hooker, Jackson, Taylor, and Waterland, on Baptism.

AUBREY DE VERE, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, April* 1850.—MY DEAR FRIEND.—I am much pleased at your wishing me to send invitations to Mr and Mrs T. and Mrs J. M., and at your intention of attending at St Mark's on the 18th yourself, and of what you say of the Institution, that it is one of the signs of life in the times. All this is saddened to me by thoughts of dear Mr Wordsworth, and of his dear afflicted wife, his partner for nearly fifty years. How she will seem to live in waiting for death and to rejoin him and her beloved Dora!—if he goes now. For myself, I feel as I did in my own great bereavement and affliction, the thoughts and feelings which the event and all its accompaniments induce are, in the poet's own words, *too deep for tears;* they are deeper than the region of mere sorrow for an earthly loss or temporary parting. Sorrow for the death of those nearest to us, in whom our life has been most bound up, is absorbed in the gulf of all our deepest and most earnest reflections—thoughts about life and existence here and hereafter, which are more earnest, more *real*, and permanent, and solid, and enduring, than any particular thoughts and sorrows and troubles which our course here brings with it, or which contains them all virtually. The particular becomes merged in the general, happily, and when we seem most bereft, most afflicted by the inevitable law of death and corporeal decay, we

are only led to feel that this is but a part of the universal doom, that the loss and calamity which has come upon us at *this* time is but what, in a very short time, and in some form or other, we must bear. My grief respecting my dear old friend has been to see him *grow old.* To my mind he has been dying this long time—not the man he was. I see in this, his final struggle, if such it prove, but the termination of that career of mortality. My tearful feelings are more for Mrs Wordsworth than for his departure. The stupor and dejection which have long been upon him, when he was not roused by the presence of strangers, have been the precursor of dissolution and beginning of the stage of final decay. . .

I have read your reflections on Baptism with deep attention and interest, and shall read them again and often. They come home to me more than other remarks ever did. Still, they cannot, and I think never will, move me from my standing-place, because indeed that has been chosen with all the powers of my heart and mind after the deepest and fullest consideration which I can give to the subject. It seems to me that the tendency of your reasoning is rather to withdraw the mind from what, after all, must be the foundation of all reasoning in religion, from the *real sense* of Scripture, interpreted according to the generally admitted rules of human language, and from the spiritual ideas, of which all true religion consists, combined and arranged according to the laws of thought. I hold the very highest doctrine of Baptism which is consistent, as I think, with a right scriptural, spiritual, substantial view

of *regeneration*, with that view of regeneration which Scripture presents. The mystical view involves the belief that a soul in which the heart and understanding, the will and moral being, are wholly unaltered from the state in Adam, a soul which passes from the neutral state of unconscious infancy into positive immorality and ungodliness, pervading the whole character, has in baptism undergone that *regeneration, that new birth* in the Spirit, of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus, that such a soul is really and inwardly incorporated into Christ, and a branch of the true Vine. Now it needs not long discussions. If you can look at this belief, and not feel shocked by it, if it does not seem to you contrary to the moral sense, contrary to the tenor of Holy Writ, and a profanation of sacred language, the direct and obvious sense of which denotes something *essentially* different, namely, a cordial, earnest, and unalterable acceptance of the Gospel of Christ, or of what the Gospel contains virtually and substantially, with such a spiritualisation of the heart and life as constitutes the good Christian in character and conduct, I think we never can see alike on this point. There is a world-wide difference between a converted and an unconverted spirit; it is the greatest soul-difference conceivable. Now I think the former *alone*, and not the latter at all, is internally, and in the primary sense, regenerate. No other view of regeneration than this appears to me reconcileable, fairly, with the declaration concerning being "born of God" in the epistle of St John, and indeed with whatever is said on the subject in the Bible.

The texts concerning baptism in the Bible appear to me to be constantly misinterpreted and misrepresented by the maintainers of mystic regeneration.

Then what is that for which you contend? The belief that an unconverted soul has a high spiritual gift, an indwelling of Christ. This seems to me a shadow and a contradiction.

It is true that any words of human speech—*in*, *with*, *at*, or *by*—fall far short of the proper expression of any spiritual subject. Still they are the best, the only guides to the truth that we have. To us they are inexpressibly important. If once we let go that clue of our own inward ideas, the presentations of our minds, and the conceptions of which human language is the exponent, we plunge at once into the region of the dim and indefinite, where any monster with visionary pinions and uncertain lineaments may be presented to us as an angel of light, and messenger from heaven.

Have you sufficiently examined the *ground* of your own belief with respect to baptismal regeneration? Are you sure that you stand on a sufficient spiritual evidence? Is your belief a coherent thing, or is it a mongrel, a heterogeneous compound of spiritual *ideas* with the *forms* and intellectualisms of a vague materialising philosophy, which had never yet separated in its conceptions the spiritual from the material?

Should we not recollect that there is but one standard to which all mankind can be referred on such subjects as these—but one last court of appeal? Is not that reason, or the power within the human mind of behold-

ing religious truth, in substance, with the understanding or faculty by which the intellectual form of faith is determined? Whatever comes to us from without, by this inward medium we must receive it. If you accept a doctrine merely on authority which you cannot prove to others to be reasonable and coherent, how can you look for unity of doctrine among mankind?

Have you asked yourself sufficiently, or examined carefully what are your real inducements to accept the mystical doctrine of baptism? Is it from aught you perceive in the doctrine, *or what is proved by Scripture*, or is it not rather from a vague impression that this, because the strangest and hardest to believe, is therefore the highest form of faith, from early association and the having heard from childhood that this is the true spiritual, orthodox creed, and from hearing a very forward, much-professing, much-assuming, and high-vaunting minority of the clergy, evermore proclaim and declare that this is the *high*, and all others the low doctrine?

Some of the wisest men in our Church are, for good reasons, silent on this subject, and the wise men out of the Church are not attended to by those in it.

Then in my studies I perceive that the theory of baptism has changed and varied from age to age, and that the primitive doctrine, though not that which I think the best, was certainly *not* that which is now set forth as the *ancient* orthodox doctrine of baptism.

You thought some parts of my essay unsound. I should like to see what they are, I wish you would point them out particularly. But the truth is, do we admit

the same principle by which the sound or unsound is determined? My view of Original Sin would be held unsound by ecclesiasticists in general. But it is impossible for you to adduce any considerations by which my view of that subject could be altered, because it is matter of immediate intuition. To hold a creature guilty in the sight of God before it has acted, willed what it knows to be wrong and contrary to the divine law, is a decided anti-moralism. It is, as I apprehend, subversive of the very foundations of religion, or at least, it strikes against, and, as far as it goes, it loosens and unsettles the foundation-stones of the faith. And, indeed, this is why I fear that there can be no further agreement between us, that you can have this thought presented to you, and yet do not positively and on the instant reject it. You say whatever is in the soul potentially exists truly. But how does sin in the sense of guilt exist in the soul of an infant? There is in every child born into the world a *capability* of *becoming* guilty. Will you treat a mere capability as if it had been actualized? As well might you say that the potentiality of fire in a flinty rock is to be treated as an actual conflagration, which men are to shun lest they be enveloped with flames and burnt alive.

Now this notion that an infant has sin in the form of absolute *guilt* incurring the wrath of God, is the corner-stone of the whole "High" baptismal system. How can I ever accept a system the very corner-stone of which I believe to be a gross error, a relic of Paganism? There is no such thing in the Bible: no intimation that a

soul shall bear the consequences of any sin but that which itself has committed. From one man we all inherit sin, because from him we inherit a temptible body, and we all fall *as* he fell. He is the representative of the whole race.

Then I feel quite assured that the view of baptism which I hold is the only one which has been consistently held by the wisest men of our Church. Bishop Taylor, when he is not on the subject of baptism, always identifies a regenerate person with a holy person under the habitual influence of the Spirit. He teaches that regeneration is *begun* in baptism, because baptism is the first ordinary current in which the Spirit descends upon the soul. This is a very different doctrine, though, in my opinion, not quite free from errors of statement, from the modern view, which declares that regeneration is *essentially* and at full, a mystical change having no *necessary* connection with change of heart and life whatever!

Hooker held baptismal regeneration to be the first reception of grace by the elect, the first inclination of their powers to future goodness. This exposition also appears to me somewhat distorted from the truth. Still, both of these views avoid that monstrous antimoralism which severs regeneration wholly from the restoration of the fallen will.

Jackson's view seems to have been the same as Taylor's. Waterland's doctrine is the same as mine as to *things*, differing only in words. But Taylor, in saying that baptism and its effects may be disjoined, and that it grants effluxes to all periods of life, recognised that

notion of the Sacrament upon which Waterland proceeds.

It seems to me that the modern doctrine leads the maintainers into a great deal of quibbling and uncandid statement. People will not allow the inevitable deductions from their own tenets. If we say that it separates the spiritual from the moral, they deny this. But how can this truly be denied, if they give regeneration to a soul in which there is not, and never is to be, a moral new birth, or even the commencement of renewal?

Your mode of reasoning seems to be this. You do not attempt to remove the contrariety to the moral sense and to Scripture which I see in the modern development of the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. But you assume that this doctrine is a great precious truth, and then you say, if this be so, all your little fallible human reasonings about regeneration, considered as that change of the moral being which is commonly called conversion, must give way. You must suppose that all is right with moral regeneration and every other verity of religion, whatever you may fancy you perceive to the contrary. The Church doctrine must be served first. You must give *that* ample room and verge enough. You must see with your own eyes that this doctrine is not curtailed and defrauded, and then you must take it for granted that moral regeneration fares well enough, though to you it may seem to be screwed into a corner. This seems to me, I own, to be the upshot of your reasoning, and I cannot think it safe or sound; it is essentially Romanistic. "Believe on the

word of the Church (by the 'Church' being meant the dominant body of ecclesiastics for the time being) and shut your eyes to all seeming anomalies and contradictions. No belief enjoined by the Church *is* contrary to reason, but you, the individual, have no reason by which you can judge what is or is not reasonable or moral."

You would have me not regard Final Perseverance if it stand in the way of the Church doctrine. But we cannot, if we would, set aside an inevitable deduction from undeniable premises. It will come to us even if we go not to it. Without putting fetters on the power of thought and reflection, we cannot help arriving at it. That doctrine of baptism, which is incompatible with it, cannot be true.

Have you any deeper, stronger proof of baptismal regeneration, according to a certain school, than Hooker, Davenant, Jackson, Hooper, and our greatest metaphysical divines had of the indefectibility of the regenerate estate? Regeneracy is a new nature, a *habit* of holiness wherein the soul is changed into an incapacity of sinning. What is the justified estate if it is not this? "Can a *son* cease to be a son?" Is there no such thing as a fixed habit of goodness which cannot be lost? But I meant not to defend the doctrine itself. I only ask, have you any surer ground for your doctrine than I for believing this? But the modern tenet does not so much disprove, or seek to disprove, indefectible grace, as maintain that regeneration has nothing to do with it.

I would thankfully learn of you to heighten my view of baptismal grace, could this be done without lowering

and degrading regeneration. But what you call a *high* view of baptism seems to me a low one. You do not yourself hold that baptism, without faith and repentance, renews the soul in all the higher provinces of our being. What is there high or exalted in the idea of a change which leaves the heart and mind unchanged, which does not even produce the necessary *ground* of a moral change?

The true sublime idea of regeneration is given by St Paul—"*but we all with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*"

This is regeneration, as I firmly believe, this gradual change into the Divine Image, in the light of truth, by knowledge. Nothing short of this, nothing but this, can be that change of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus. Do you not lower the idea of the new birth when you cast out of it knowledge and goodness? You say that regeneration is a change passively undergone in the darkness of the spirit, without faith, without love.

What relation has the change described by the apostles to this mystical affection? We are told that *if* afterwards the will consents to the "suasion of the new nature," to the power of the spirit in the soul, *then* a renewal of the moral being ensues. Does not this remind one of the *stone broth*, and is not the primary essential regeneration of the Pusey and Manning school mere stone and water? I must say for Dr Pusey, however, that he is less unevangelical than most of his followers, and is content with defining baptismal regenera-

tion after Jeremy Taylor's fashion, and yet, inconsistently enough, he calls it a *new nature*. But a mere *incipient* regeneration cannot be a new nature.

My father was most desirous to hold the highest doctrine of baptism compatible with reason and Scripture; but, like me, he never could accept the instant change of soul, in the *moment* of baptism, and agree that this was the new birth of which our Lord spoke to Nicodemus.

XI.

Death of Mr Wordsworth—Sense of Intimacy with her Father, produced by her Continual Study of his Writings.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

1850.—My dear Friend—Your letter of this morning has made me but a little more sad and serious than I felt before, and have been feeling since the later reports. Thank God, that our dear and honoured friend was spared severe suffering! For days I have been haunted and depressed with the fear that he had to go through a stage of protracted anguish. He could afford the torpor of the dying bed. His work was done, and gloriously done, before, and will survive, I think, as long as those hills amid which he lived and thought, at least, if this continues to be a land of cultivated intellects, of poets and students of poetry.

Still, though relieved and calmed, I feel stunned to think that my dear old friend is no more in this world.

It seems as if the present life were passing away, and leaving me for awhile behind. The event renews to me all my great irremediable losses. Henry, my mother, Fanny, Hartley, my uncle and aunt Southey, my father —in some respects so great a loss, yet in another way less felt than the rest, and more with me still. Indeed, he seems ever at my ear, in his books, more especially his marginalia—speaking not personally to me, and yet in a way so natural to my feelings, that *finds* me so fully, and awakens such a strong echo in my mind and heart, that I seem more intimate with him now than I ever was in life. This sort of intercourse is the more to me because of the withdrawal of my nearest friends of youth, whom I had known in youth. Still, the heart often sinks, and craves for more immediate stuff of the heart. My children are much. I trust that dear Mrs Wordsworth will find hers, those still left to her, sufficient to make life dear and interesting to her.

He is "gone to Dora!"* Yes; may we all meet where she is! She has been spared this parting. Would it have come so soon, had she not been severed from his side?

Will you convey to dear Mrs Wordsworth, when it is desirable, my deep sympathy and assurance of my ear-

* Mrs Wordsworth, with a view of letting him know what the opinion of his medical advisers was concerning his case, said gently to him, "William, you are going to Dora!" More than twenty-four hours afterwards one of his nieces came into the room, and was drawing aside the curtain of his chamber, and then, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, he said, "Is that Dora?"—*Memoirs of Wordsworth*, vol. ii., p. 506. Mr Wordsworth died on the 23d April 1850.—E. C.

nest prayer for her support and consolation, and in respect of the revered departed all the blessedness that our Father in heaven has to bestow on His faithful servants that are returned to His house of many mansions.—Believe me, dear friend, yours in deep sympathy and most faithfully, SARA COLERIDGE.

Archdeacon Hare says to me, in a letter of late date: —"I have a letter saying that his remaining days are few. If it is indeed so, a glory is passing away from the earth. O what sweet odours of thankful love will mount with his departing spirit from thousands of hearts whose affections he has enlightened, and enlarged, and purified! This world will seem so much poorer without him; and yet his mind will still live in it as long as our language lives; and the treasures which he has been hoarding up for so many years will be found out amongst us!"

XII.

"Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face."

To Miss FENWICK, BATH.

10 *Chester Place, May 6th*, 1850.—Dearest Miss Fenwick—I shall be thankful to see any letters from Rydal that you can forward. How dear Mrs Wordsworth is to bear the trial of separation, and parting sorrow, and fatigue undergone in the last illness, is perhaps yet to appear. I trust we may augur well from the long-pre-

pared state of her mind, and her living faith in the resurrection, and our reunion with departed friends.

Still, in some respects, the more we dwell upon that prospect, the more we strive to realize it, the deeper is the trial to our weak bodily frame. We know that another state of existence must be far other than this—that a spiritual world cannot be like an earthly world. We cannot penetrate the shades that hang over the state of souls on their departure. The subject that is spoken of under the name of the "intermediate state," of this what brief notices we have, and how ambiguous! How the best and wisest men differ about the interpretation of them! The more we think of the state after death, the deeper is the awe with which we must contemplate it; and sometimes, in weakness, we long for the happy, bright imaginations of childhood, when we saw the other world vividly pictured, a bright and perfect copy of the world in which we now live, with sunshine and flowers, and all that constituted our earthly enjoyment! In after years we strive to translate these images into something higher. We say, All this we shall have, but in some higher form: "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, neither shall corruption inherit incorruption." All this beauty around us is perishable: its outward form and substance is corruption; but there is a soul in it, and *this* shall rise again; and so our beloved friends that are removed, we shall see them again, but changed—altered into what we now cannot conceive or image, with celestial bodies fit for a celestial sphere.

XIII.

Breaking of Old Ties—The *Times* on Mr Wordsworth's Poetry—True Cause of its Different Reception on the Continent, and in America.

To Mrs H. M. JONES, Hampstead.

April 1850.—I have been feeling and thinking much, as you will have anticipated, about the last days and hours of my dear and honoured old friend Mr Wordsworth. I feel as if life were passing away from me in some sort; so many friends of my childhood and youth removed, so few of that generation left. It seems as if a barrier betwixt me and the grave were cast down. Happily for me, friends of my married life and children have risen up to prevent me from feeling solitary in the world. Still there is something in the breaking of these old ties that specially brings the shortness and precariousness of our tenure here before us. Hartley and Mr Wordsworth were great figures in my circle of early friends, and leave a large blank to my mind's eye.

Many thanks, dear friend, for sending me the *Times*. The article on the departed dear and revered poet, the *great poet*, I think, of his age, is respectful, though not up to the measure of what his warmest admirers think and feel. The remarks on his non-popularity on the Continent I consider mistaken; they ascribe, in my opinion, the ignorance of French and Germans of Mr Wordsworth's poetry not to the true cause. If he were so peculiarly "English" that he could not be relished out of England, why is he so great a name in British

America? There he holds even a higher place, or at least his claims are more fully and universally admitted among our Trans-Atlantic brethren than in England; and his poetry has moulded that of the Americans far more than that of any poet of this age or of any other age. I was assured by Mr Bancroft, the American minister, what I had often and often heard before, (and he spoke it before a whole company at the Chevalier Bunsen's table) that my father's and Mr Wordsworth's reputation in America, was—I cannot recall the expression, but I know he used the strongest and most energetic language on the subject. The Chevalier had just been saying that Wordsworth was not understood or cared for in Prussia. Moore and Byron were the great English poets there.

The reason to me is plain. Moore, and Byron, and Campbell, are poets of a popular cast, and are admired by thousands who cannot appreciate very refined and elevated poetry. This popular sort of writing sooner makes its way among foreigners than that which students would consider to be possessed of higher merits. Shakespeare is *now* read in Germany; but he did not make his way there till during the course of this last century. He was never admired in France or Germany before the time of Lessing, nor generally appreciated before the lectures of Schlegel asserted and explained his immeasurable superiority to all other dramatists. While Shakespeare was neglected and called a "barbarous writer" the novels of Richardson and of Goldsmith were read and admired all over the

Continent, not long after their appearance here. Why was this difference, but because they were far more easily understood than the great dramatist, and were, both in stuff and manner, such as would be relished by less cultivated minds?

XIV.

"The Prelude."

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

Margate, June 13th, 1850.—All you tell me about the Poem* is delightful. How wonderful it seems that the great man, our dear, departed great one, should have deferred the publication till after he had passed from this world! How satiated he must have been with praise and fame! And what a glorious existence must his have been to be the composer of such strains, of such noble poetry, if indeed this poem is all that my father ever thought of it and you now say!

It is great pride and pleasure indeed to me that it is addressed to my father. They will be ever specially associated in the minds of men in time to come. I think there was never so close a union between two such eminent minds in any age. They were together, and in intimate communion, at the most vigorous, the most inspired period of the lives of both.

* The Prelude.—E. C.

XV.

The Prelude a greater Poem than the Excursion—Collection of Turner's at Tottenham—Lycidas, by Fuseli.

To Mrs R. TOWNSEND, Springfield.

. . . . . .

1850.—I have found your critique on the Prelude. I tell you, as I do another friend, who is blind as I think, to its merits, that she must read again, and not run away from it, on account of the unusual, seeming-prosaic sound of many parts. It is the production of a great poet in his vigorous period, and I think it will be felt on full consideration to be a pregnant and most energetic efflux. The residence at Cambridge, which my friend cries down, will live and command attention, when we are passed away. I agree with those who say that it is a greater poem than the Excursion. But there will always be readers, and even lovers of poetry, who will never enjoy Wordsworth or Milton. How many there are who cannot understand or relish Pindar, Petrarch, Dante, Spenser, not to speak of their scorn of Keats and indifference to Shelley. . . .

I wish you could have had the treat we had to-day, in seeing a splendid collection of Turner pictures,* at the nice country-house of Mr Windus, at Tottenham. I much admired a Fuseli, Lycidas lying asleep in the moonlight at earliest dawn, his dog baying the moon beside him, Lycidas, in throat, cheek and figure wonderfully like my

* Now dispersed, since the death of Mr Windus.—E.C.

Uncle Southey. A most striking and poetically sublime production. . . . . .

XVI.

A Staffordshire Country House—Visitors at T—— Wood.

Miss MORRIS, Mecklenburgh Square, London.

T—— Wood, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, July 1st, 1850.—This beautiful domain,—the house, which is built and furnished in the antique style with consummate elegance, and the grounds, which are in some respects, the most to be admired of any that I have seen, especially in the velvet smoothness of the turf, and the fine effect of the endless seeming vistas, and clusters of tufted flower-beds, seen from the windows, is the creation of Mr M——. Twenty years ago an ordinary old mansion, amid ordinary pleasure-grounds, the abode of Miss H——'s father, stood where now stands a shew residence, which is as fine a specimen of modern taste and ingenious arrangement as any I know. Perhaps I am the more struck because I have not ventured from my own home for several summers, and have never left Chester Place except for sea-side lodgings. When I compare, however, with this place, any of the seats I have formerly visited, they seem to my remembrance, almost rough and unkempt in comparison. The only want is of water. We have no lake, no river, no streamlet here to give an eye and a smile to the "sylvan

scene," only a sprinkling fountain. The cedars scattered here and there among trees that sweep the green floor with their ample robes, in this leafy month of June, and others that tower upward in finest majesty, form a beautiful variety, the horizontal growth of their boughs contrasting with that of all the rest.

We have had a succession of gay parties, not only dinner company, but sets of guests coming to spend a few days, and soon after their departure, succeeded by fresh sets, since we arrived here on June 22d.

Among the most interesting of the visitors have been Mr and Mrs B——, and Mr and Miss H——k of B—— Park.

Mr B——, the Prussian ambassador's eldest son, is one of the smallest and most boyish-looking of men; his mind is all intelligence, his manners distinguished by a cordial frankness and sweet simplicity. His whistling to his own piano accompaniment, is one of the sweetest musical performances I ever heard. Mrs B—— is a picturesque, elegant young woman, and sings delightfully.

XVII.

Critique on Mr Ruskin's "Modern Painters"—Figures and Landscapes painted on the same Principles by the Old Masters—Instances of Generalization in Poetry and Painting—Turner "the English Claude"—Distinct kinds of Interest inspired by Nature and by Art—Subjective Character of the Latter—

Truth in Painting Ideal not Scientific—Imitation defined by Writers Ancient and Modern—Etymology of the Word—Death of Sir Robert Peel—Vindication of his Policy.

To Professor HENRY REED, Philadelphia.*

T—— Wood, Staffordshire, July 3d, 1850.—We have had several discussions of Ruskin's theory of the superiority of the modern landscape painters over the Cuyps, Poussins, and Claudes of old time. Wrong as I believe that theory to be, on the whole, and as to its conclusions, both from my own observation and from the remarks of artists and pictorial critics unprofessional with whom I have talked on the subject, I do not wonder at all to find you and other correspondents of mine in America warmly admiring and believing in his book, at a distance, as you are, from the works of genius which he disparages. It is a book of great eloquence, though the style has the modern fault of diffuseness, and the descriptions of nature with reference to art which it contains are full of beauty and vivacity, evincing great powers of observation, and a mind of great animation; and no doubt there is some portion of truth in what he throws out concerning the defects of the old landscape paintings. But I think he is far from having perceived clearly and fully either the nature of the art of painting, or the true relations between the state of that art, as exhibited in the old landscape paintings, and as it

* Mr Reed was a Professor at the University, Philadelphia, and author of "Lectures on English Poetry and Literature," and other works. This lamented gentleman, as will doubtless be remembered, perished in the loss of the "Arctic," on the return voyage, in 1854.—E.C.

appears in our modern English school. As that accomplished artist, R——, a great friend of Ruskin, observes, he ought, by the same principles upon which he condemns the old landscape pieces, to condemn the historical and sacred paintings of the same and an earlier age, and to these he attributes the same merits that the world has agreed to think they possess. I have heard that grand solemn picture, the Raising of Lazarus, by Sebastian del Piombo, designed by Michael-Angelo, declared unnatural, and an inferior production to what modern art could produce, by an accomplished artist, who applied to it the same tests of pictorial excellence as those with which Ruskin detects the vast inferiority of Claude to Turner. Now, that picture (it is in our National Gallery in London) is pronounced the most sublime composition of the kind in the world by the first connoiseurs in Europe; and yet its merits are appreciated by persons of taste and sensibility in general, even those who have no particular, or what may be called *technical* knowledge of painting. Then Ruskin laughs at the notion of *generalizing*—but he says nothing that shakes my faith in the slightest degree in the common creed of critics on this point. Milton generalizes in word-painting in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost;" his description of the Garden of Eden brings together all the lovely appearances of nature which are to be found in all beautiful countries of the warm or temperate zones, not a single object which is peculiar to any one place in particular. His Eden is an abstract, a quintessence of the beautiful features of our mother Earth's fair face;

and who shall say, or what man of sense and sensibility has ever yet said, that this generalized picture was painted on a wrong principle! Now what Milton has done in words, Claude, to my thinking, has done with the pencil, and all Turner's finest and most famous pictures are offsprings of Claude's genius. Turner was called "the English Claude" when he was at the height of his fame, and his beautiful "Dido and Eneas," or "Rise of Carthage," never would have been painted as it is painted but for the splendid prototypes, as I think they may be called, from the hand of Claude, in which sea, sky, and city are combined after a manner of his own, which, I scruple not to say, reports of the combiner's mind as much as of the material furnished by the world without. What Ruskin *meant*, I undertake not to say; but he *says* what I believe to be as great a mistake as can be entertained on this particular point,—that a painter has nothing to do but to produce as close a copy as possible of particular objects, and combinations of objects, in nature. The fact is that the works of every great painter are recognised as the product of an individual mind. If it was not for this individual subjective character, I believe they would be utterly uninteresting. May we not arrive at the truth of the matter by ascertaining what is, and ought to be, the painter's aim when he employs himself in imitating the natural landscape on canvass. Surely it is not to make the spectator acquainted with some particular spot or set of objects; it is to produce a *work of art;* not to present a camera lucida copy of nature. It is

not merely to call up the identical feelings which the very contemplation of the natural landscape itself is apt to excite; but to remind us of those feelings in conjunction with the sense of the presence of an individual mind and character pervading and presiding over the whole. We may not, in looking at a Cuyp, or Hobbima, a Claude, or a Salvator Rosa, explain to ourselves the source of our interest in the picture, and its peculiar character, and yet it may be the impress of an individual genius, of this man's or that man's frame of intellect and imagination, that delights us when we contemplate a fine landscape painting far more than anything else. The old painters were superior to the moderns, in my opinion, because an individual mind was stamped upon their works more powerfully and impressively. Their paintings have more character; it is *that* which I look for in these works of *art*. I do not go to them to improve my knowledge of *nature*. This is a difficult subject, and I am aware that I have been expressing myself broadly and laxly, and perhaps have gone as far from the exact truth on one side as Ruskin on the other. But this I do deliberately think, or at least strongly suspect, that as the power of representing nature on canvass must necessarily be very limited, and is rather suggestion than representation, the attempt to imitate the outward object beyond a certain point may injure the general effect of the work as a whole, and that the departure from truth which Ruskin points out in the old masters as faults and deficiencies may be part of the power and merit of their works as suggestive com-

positions. I believe that they did quite right to address themselves to the common eye of mankind, not to the eye of the painter. They present clouds and woods as we see them, when we rather feel their loveliness than think about it, or examine into it. Turner has aimed at cramming into a piece of canvass or paper a foot square, or less, as much as possible of all that he sees in an actual sky on a certain day of the year, and has succeeded so well that critics complain of his skies as top-heavy. I have heard a clever engraver say that some of them might be turned upside down; that they are solid enough to stand upon. It is impossible, in the too eager devotion to truth, to *all* the truth of the sky and her appurtenances, to do justice to earth, and exhibit the due relation of solidity between her and the firmament above her.

I have ever been a very warm admirer and ardent defender of Turner against his ordinary assailants. He is a poetical painter, and gives me more delight than any other modern artist. But Ruskin is extravagant, and defends him, in part, I think, on wrong grounds. If Ruskin is right, none can appreciate Turner but Turner himself. No doubt, every great creator must teach the world how and what to admire; but if he does not succeed in being admired in the end, he has not done the work he pretended to do. No doubt, Ruskin says rightly, that a painter must aim at truth in his representations; but the question is how much truth he can obtain without sacrificing the general effect—the emotions which the whole is to produce; and I think

he goes upon wrong, because one-sided principles, when he argues as if the only merit of a painting were its truthful representation of the outward object. A certain mode of doing this, derived from the painter's individual mind, is that which interests beholders more than aught besides, and I think I am referring to fact when I say it is this principally which assigns value to the picture. The pictures of Claude are not so true as those of many a painter whose works are not worth anything in the market,—Glover's, for instance, which people bought eagerly on their first appearance, because they were like the places of which they were portraits. Ruskin is quite mistaken, too, I think, in his remarks on the distinction made by my father and others between the terms "imitation" and "copying." Aristotle, in the "Art of Poetry," a standard authority, has used the former in the broad general sense, which Ruskin seems to suppose was the proper one, to produce a likeness of some object of observation by art, the intention of which is not that it should pass for the original by way of delusion, but to delight the spectator by the very sense of the art exercised. "Othello" is an imitation of a domestic story, in which the passion of jealousy was the principal feature, and the chief mover of the event. Mr Burke says, quite in accordance with this usual meaning of the terms—"Whenever we are delighted by the representation of things which we should not delight to see in reality, the pleasure arises from imitation." I have not Ruskin's book at hand; but I remember he says upon this—"the very contrary is the case;" because he deter-

mines that imitation properly means no more than copying—the mere production of a duplicate or *fac-simile* of the original. Usage determines the meaning of terms, and I think it is against him. Even etymology, as far as it goes, is against him; for imitation comes from the Greek word which we render by "mimicry;" and he who mimics another man never means to pass for the man he mimics by disguise; the pleasure he gives rests upon the spectator's sense that the likeness is presented in a medium of diversity.

It is time to conclude this rambling epistle. Before you receive it you will have heard of the sad event which puts our papers in mourning—the death of Sir R. Peel, by a fall from his horse. I am one of those who honour Peel as a practical statesman. I am no politician, and always speak on such subjects with a reserve on account of my inadequate insight. But we cannot help seeing, or seeming to see, some broad facts and acts in connection with them. It seems to me that Peel had the sagacity to see, when the time had arrived, what his country required, and *would* have, either from him or some one else, with more or less of struggle and commotion; and that he had come to the resolution to do what he had come to think, under the circumstances, necessary, let them say what they might, let him lose office or retain it. If he acted upon self-interest, it is not of the vulgar kind, but of that which was one with the good of the country; he could preserve the character of a statesman who would not sacrifice the public advantage to his own reputation for consistency. To say

he should let others do what he would not do himself, with all the chances of their omitting to do it, or deferring to do it, seems to me a superficial, unpractical way of putting the matter.

XVIII.

The Black Country—T—— Wood; the Dingle; Boscobel; Chillington—Liberality and Exclusiveness—The Wolverhampton Iron Works—Trentham—B—— Park—Leicestershire Hospitality.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

T—— Wood, Wolverhampton July 9th, 1850.—When we had passed Birmingham and entered the region of cinders and groves of chimnies, I thought it almost equalled the hideousness of a certain manufacturing portion of Lancashire. On the side of Tettenhall and Penn, Staffordshire has its share of sylvan beauty. The Worcestershire hills rise in several ranges faintly blue on the horizon. This house is all built (by Rickman) and furnished in the olden style, with great elegance and harmony of effect; the painted glass, and old carved oak furniture are fine in their way, and the prospect from the windows reminds one of pictures of the garden of Boccaccio, the vistas are well managed, so as to *seem* ended only by the Wrekin in the distance; the turf is in high perfection, such an expanse of emerald velvet I scarce ever saw before; and the

cedars scattered among the other trees delight me especially. I have been so long shut out from scenes of this kind that the place appears to me a finer one perhaps than it does to those who go from one smooth, ornate country-seat to another year by year. I do feel, however, the want of water. In the Dingle, a picturesque glen in the grounds of Mr C—— of Badger, water has its due part in the scene, now in the foamy waterfall, now in the wide, quiet, gleamy pool, that reflects the sky and the branching of the tall picturesque trees around. Yesterday we visited Boscobel, and E—— crept down into the hole where Charles II. is *said* to have hidden himself. I tried to go too, but felt too much stifled to proceed. I was pleased to see, in returning by the artificial lake at Chillington, which made me think of Curragh Chase and a certain poem of yours, that Mr G——, the owner, allows the people of the neighbourhood to disport themselves there on a certain day every week. How much more lively enjoyment he must have in seeing a crowd of people, whom his bounty has refreshed, than in keeping the whole spacious domain to himself all the week round, closed up in silent, melancholy state, no one going near that fine sheet of water embosomed in woods, from hour to hour. Surely men will, in the course of time, become wiser about such matters than they have been, and frame for themselves deeper and keener pleasures, more stirring and expansive enjoyments, than wealth and large possessions have hitherto brought to our grandees for the most part. There is something to my feelings

always deeply sad and sombre in the sight of a large domain belonging to some stately reserved proprietor, living alone there with but few inmates except domestic servants. It puts me in mind of the poor bounded nature of our existence here, when it is regarded in a worldly point of view. There is great amusement in constructing a fine house and superintending the laying-out of a large pleasure-ground, such as my friend Mr M—— has had here; but when all is done, and the place perfect in its way, I fancy the lawns and groves breathing sadness to the spirit of a proprietor, which is never felt when we gaze upon the wild woods and fields with a sense that we are not bound to enjoy them because they are ours.

From these reflections I was called away yesterday to go and see the Iron Works, a stirring spectacle strongly contrasted with the scenes which were in my mind's eye on my return from Boscobel and Chillington. First, we saw the rolling mills and all the glowing processes of hammering down the masses, and shaping the metal; then we proceeded to the huge furnaces, were hoisted up to the top of those enormous chimnies on a moveable floor, inspected the craters of the artificial volcanoes on the platform at the top of the edifice, looked out over the land of iron and coal, and paid a visit to the engine which cost £2500.

Regent's Park, Monday, July 23d.—Dear Friend,—From my account of the furnaces, just as I was about to describe the red-hot river of melted metal, like

Phlegethon bursting upward from Pluto's realm and rushing on under the light of the day, while a blast was let forth from an orifice above, and forth went the two impetuous elements, fire and air, flaming and roaring together,—I was called away, and from that hour to this have never had time to write aught but necessary letters, accounts, &c. Before my return home on Saturday last I saw a great deal more of Staffordshire, and gained a strong impression of its richly sylvan beauty, enhancing a regret that those green lawns and fields, and full foliaged banks of wood, are not enlivened with clear waters, living sparkling streams, and have no opportunity of mirroring their own charms in any but the sluggish, unclear, seemingly reluctant floods of made lakes and rivers. We visited Trentham, saw Boughton, Sir Henry Boughton's Staffordshire abode, and, lastly, went to stay at B—— Park, Mr H——'s seat near Loughborough, which is as good a specimen of modern magnificent comfort, which is the proper phrase rather than *comfortable magnificence*, which, however, may be fitly applied to the grand and imposing hall. At Trentham the ministrative part of the establishment, the offices, and kitchen, and fruit-gardens, are on a princely scale and in a princely style. The useful is nowhere abroad, I apprehend, so extensively and elegantly maintained, and this is truly characteristic of the English nobleman. The shew-part of the house and grounds may be found fault with. Ten acres of flower-garden defeats its own object by disproportionateness. Some compare it to fairyland; but fairyland,

so far as my travels have gone, includes more of the inimitable charms of nature, lucid streams, glittering lakes, basins of water in which, by optical alchemy, liquid crystal is transmuted into beryl and emerald, forming rainbowy waterfalls, and splendid masses of blossom, all of one hue, opposed to others, such as you describe in the Delphic region, instead of that endless succession of flower fantasticalities, and lawn and shrubbery artificialities. The park with its deer is good ; but I like not the Arabian desert of gravel extended far as eye can go before the house, with the dull series of clipped laurel clumps to imitate the Versailles orange-trees, which seem intended to illustrate the stupidity of identity. The house is full of elegant apartments, but has no grand room ; and abounds in pretty paintings without any fine pictures. It seems a show-place for pretty chintzes and Derbyshire ware. Some of the statues are to be admired, especially a bronze cast, in the garden, of the Perseus of B. Cellini, a sort of mediæval Apollo ; a marble sitting statue of Paris listening to the prophecy of Nereus, which is most graceful, and listens all over. The Perseus has this defect, it wants the repose and decorum which characterize ancient art, not in the figure of the hero, which is but a variation of the Apollo, but in the victim. Under his feet is the death-stiffened figure of what, to the eye, appears no noxious monster, but only a beautiful woman distorted in the last agony ; and the blood bursting from the neck looks like large ringlets of hair. Thus the Perseus seems a horrid murderer, rather than a dauntless conqueror.

But I must run on to B—— Park, and tell you of that noble hall, which certainly is the most imposing house-interior, from the size and proportions of the whole, the rich, carved oak balustrades, &c., that I ever beheld, not even excepting the hall at the Duke of Sutherland's town mansion. There is a gorgeous window emblazoned with all the H—— heraldry. Mr M—— criticises this, and maintains that it is too much covered with deep colour, that a hall-window ought to admit a silver light; and again he criticises the formal garden, and objects to the abrupt transition from that artificialism into the park. But this criticism seems to me founded on too narrow a principle. The soul of B—— Park is heartsome ease, luxury and comfort. T—— Wood is more poetical and picturesque, with its silver light and rainbow reflections on the white stone staircase. But for a dwelling-house give me the comfortable brown light, which looks warm when you come in from a cold, wintry sky, and wraps you in cosy shadow, when you enter weary with the heat, and eye-oppressed with the glare of our sudden summer sultriness and sunshine. Give me, too, the richly-carpeted staircase, instead of cold stone. As for the garden, when you are *in it*, and look back upon the house, (late Elizabethan, early James I.), you feel that it is the necessary adjunct to such a mansion, and that a picturesque Boccaccio garden, a sort of imitation of Armida's pleasure-ground, would be quite incongruous in such a place. But I must not go on describing at this rate. And, after all, the magnificent oaks of the park are the great boast of B——, for the

oak is the weed of that district, as the elm in England generally, and Mr H—— had only to clear judiciously. The owner of all this accumulation of shewy luxury, is, or will be, one of the richest commoners in England, and is as rich in amiable qualities as in worldly possessions. From the testimonies of those who know him well, and from his conversation, I judge that he is as faithful, generous, and affectionate in heart as he is frank, simple, and cordial in manner. His sister is a feminine copy of him; and I do trust they will live long together, like Baucis and Philemon. They were all kindness to me, and Mr H—— said I must come again to make a longer stay; and I am sure he paid me twice as much attention as he otherwise would, with so many guests to entertain, because I seemed weak and delicate, and suffered dreadfully from an accident, a minute grain of metal getting lodged in my eye, between Derby and Loughborough, and causing me great misery, till after I don't know how many searchings of the afflicted orb and its coverings, and assurances that whatever I might feel or fancy, nothing *was* in it, the tormentor walked out of its own accord. There was an archery-meeting near the rocks a mile from the house in Mr H——'s grounds on Friday, and our party was met by a select set from the neighbourhood. Mr H——'s little speeches at the dinner had an air of grave playfulness and business-of-society straightforwardness about them which pleased every one. Indeed, his whole manner is calculated to put all persons at their ease, and to excite nobody's vanity. Such blandness is like oil on the waves of society.

CHAPTER X.

1850.

July—December.

Letters to Mrs Moore, Miss Fenwick, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Professor Henry Reed, Rev. Edward Coleridge, Miss Morris, Edward Quillinan, Esq., Hon. Mr Justice Coleridge.

I.

Rain, Roses and Hay—Experiences of Wesley as a Preacher among the Agriculturists and Manufacturers—Influences of Society, Education and Scenery, on the Development of Poetic Genius.

To Mrs Moore.

Chester Place, July 26th, 1850.—I have had a most agreeable letter from dear Miss H—— this morning. She tantalizes me with an account of the flood of sunlight which has been pouring into B—— Park, to illuminate all its beauties and glories within and without, since our departure, and she almost brings tears into my eyes by reminding me of the roses "laughing and singing in the pouring rain," a touch worthy of Shelley, the Poet of the "Sensitive Plant;" and in the thought of these darlings rejoicing in the dews of heaven, which they think, I daresay, made on purpose for them, she magnanimously adds, "never mind my hay." Now where is the farmer, or any *masculine* professor of hay, from the Land's End to Johnny Groat's House, who would have said, or felt, "never mind my hay?" All that set of men think their hay and stubble far more important than other men's gold and silver, and precious stones. So Wesley found, and Whitfield too. All their diamonds and pearls did the farmers set at nought, and they were harder to be taught to prize the great pearl

of the Gospel itself, than even the poor benighted sinners and gin-soddened manufacturers.

All this is very uncharitable and narrow, perhaps you will think, with a more fortunate race of husbandmen around you than those I am thinking of. In truth these field-preacher experiences impeach particular circumstances rather than men. I suppose if the farmers are more prejudiced and less ready to give than manufacturers, and agricultural labourers more like clods, than operatives of the loom and the mill are like lumps of greasy wool, it is because they have a less brisk intercourse with their fellow-men, and the Promethean sparks of their minds are not elicited so constantly by mutual attrition. "A parcel of auld fells," will leave the men who live around them as hard and savage as their own rocks and wild woods, if a book-softened mind is not brought to bear upon them; and this thought comes strongly upon me in reading Mr Wordsworth's great posthumous poem. He ascribes his poetry to his poetical mode of life, first as a child, and then as a school-boy. But whatever he might or might not have been without that training, certain it is that of the many companions of his early years who shared it, none proved a poet, much less a great poet, but himself. And there was my father, as the author remarks at the end, city-bred, yet ready with an Ancient Mariner, and Christabel, as he with his volumes dedicated to Nature. And Milton was city-born and bred too. I suppose, however, that the *detailed* observation of the forms of nature exhibited, as Ruskin remarks, in the works of Mr Wordsworth, could

not have been but for his mountaineer education. How I should like to ruminate over this new feast with Mr Moore!

II.

Domestic Architecture, Mediæval and Modern.

Mrs Moore, Eccleshall Vicarage, Staffordshire.

Chester Place, July 27th, 1850.—Mr S—— is coming to see me this evening. He appears charmed with my descriptions of T—— Wood, Eccleshall, and B—— P——. He concludes with, "An old manor-house is to me only less sacred and venerable than a church, and many degrees more so than a Dissenting chapel!" I love and admire genuine remains of antiquity in every way; and there certainly was a practical poetry in old times, both ancient and mediæval, which shewed itself not only in books, but in pictures, and statues, and buildings. All we can now do, for the most part, is to reproduce this old poetry, to make likenesses of it in new material.

I must say, however, in regard to dwelling houses, that the imitation is vastly better than the original, and that no houses of our ancestors could have approached in enjoyableness to T—— Wood and B—— Park. The *lowness* of the rooms is, to our modern feelings, the greatest possible preclusion of comfort. The loftiness of the sleeping rooms at B—— Park is one of their greatest advantages, even more than all the sumptuous

and elegant upholstery and pottery. At the house of Sir Thomas Boleyn (father of the unfortunate consort of Henry VIII.), though it is called Castle—something —with much state, or pretension to it, and much that indicates stately living for those times, there is a rudeness in the whole fabric and a stifling want of height in the rooms, which made me feel that our ancestors' way of daily life must have been what we should now pronounce worthy of Gryll, who had such a "hoggish mind," in the days of Spenser.

III.

Biographical Value of the Prelude.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq., Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside.

August 1850.—To all genuine admirers of Mr Wordsworth's poetry, this strain of verse so long kept back, will seem a treasure of high value as poetry, and most important as biography. The self-revelation of such a mind, the value of this,—the *full* value—cannot be perceived at once, it will be recognized more and more.

I must not go on pointing out fine passages, but begin the other business of the day. I will but name that on books at pp. 108, 9, and the fine touches at p. 157. All the addresses to my father, and notices of him, are, as you may suppose, a deep joy to me.

IV.

Mr Tennyson's "In Memoriam"—Favourite Passages—Moral Tone of the "Prelude"—Review of the "Prelude"—Neuralgia, and Dante's Demons—English Reserve—Interchange of Thought between Mr Coleridge and Mr Wordsworth.

To Aubrey De Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, August 6th*, 1850.—I have just received your kind present of "In Memoriam;" many thanks. What a treasure it will be, if I can but think of it and feel about it as you do, and as Mr T—— does! You said, "the finest strain since Shakespeare;" and afterwards that you and Mr T—— agreed that it set the author above all modern poets, save only W. W. and S. T. C.

My impression of the pieces you recited was that they expressed great *intensity* of feeling,—but *all* that is in *such* poetry cannot be perceived at first, especially from recitation. The poetry of feeling gains by impassioned recitation, but where there is deep *thought*, as well as emotion in the strain, to do justice to it, we must adopt the usual attitude of study and dwell with our eyes upon the page; for the mind is a creature of habit, and moves but in the accustomed track.

Evening—I have read "In Memoriam" as far as p. 48. I mark with three crosses

"One writes that other friends remain."

which you recited;—with one cross the next—

"Dear house," &c.

ditto the next—

"A happy hour," &c.

Most beautiful and Petrarchan is

"Fair ship, that from the Italian shore."

very striking is XIV.—p. 22,

"If one should bring me this report."

XIX. and XX., I specially admire; and XXI., and still more XXII.—

"The path by which we twain did go."

There is a very Italian air in this set of mourning poems throughout, as far as I have read. It is Petrarch come again, and become an Englishman.

Morning—I read "In Memoriam" in the night, and was much affected by XXX.—

"With trembling fingers," p. 48.

The last stanza but one, is to me obscure, and obscurity mars pathos. At present, many passages are to me not clear, and some, which I *do* understand, strike me as too quaint. For instance, p. 43, last stanza. My father used to complain of Petrarch's eternal *hooks*, and *baits*, and *keys*, which "turned the lock on many a passage of true passion." "A shadow waiting with *keys*, to *cloak* him from his proper scorn," is to me all shadowy and misty, like some of Turner's allegorical pictures, the wantonness and wilfulness of a mist-loving genius, who yet could clear off the mist, and display underneath a bold and beauteous plan, to delight the engraver and the lover of engravings.

This poem, and page 14, and the betrothed tying a riband or a rose, are in his old vein, of bright, fanciful

imagery, vivid with detail. But the poems, as a whole, are distinguished by a greater proportion of thought to sensuous imagery, than his old ones; they recede from Keatsland into Petrarchdom, and now and then approach the confines of the Dantescan new hemisphere.

I must tell you that the "Prelude" gains to my mind by reperusal. That is a fine passage at page 306. Did you note the explicit recognition of eternal life, eternity and God, at p. 361?

Perhaps one of the most striking passages of those that had not been printed before, is that in the Retrospect, describing the shepherd beheld in connection with nature, and thus ennobled and glorified. And Oh! how affectionate is all the concluding portion! I do feel deeply thankful for the revelation of Wordsworth's *heart* in this poem. Whatever sterner feelings may have succeeded at times to this tenderness and these out-pourings of love, it raises him greatly in my mind to find that he was able to give himself thus out to another, during one period of his life,—not to absorb all my father's affectionate homage, and to respond no otherwise than by a gracious reception of it. There are many touches too of something like softness, and modesty, and humbleness, which, taken in conjunction with those virtues of his character which are allied to confidence and dignified self-assertion, add much to his character of amiability. To be humble in *him* was a merit indeed; and this merit did not appear so evidently in his later life, as in these earlier manifestations of his mind.

Some friend has sent me the "Examiner," which contains a review of the "Prelude," very exalting upon the whole, and in the main, I think, very just. I should not say, however, that the poem "will take a place as one of the most perfect of the author's compositions," although I agree with the critic in preferring it greatly to his later performances. The review is vigorously written, and worth your glancing your eyes over.

How wonderfully the wheel has turned! This poem which you and I, strong Wordsworthians, do not think equal to his poetic works in general of the same date is now received with such warm welcome, such high honour and hearty praise; while those greatest works of his, when they first appeared, met with only ridicule from the critical oracles of the day, scorn or neglect from the public, and admiration and love only from the few.

The diffuseness, want of condensation, is just noticed, but I am pleased, I own, at the warmth and high style of the praise. I think you and I had not *quite* done justice to the poem, from comparing it with the author's most finished and finest compositions, rather than viewing it by itself, or as compared with other men's productions. . . . Passages are quoted from the Residence at Cambridge, not as best and noblest in themselves, but, I suppose, as most suited to the "Examiner" newspaper, and certainly they are energetic, and contain strong thoughts in strong language. The passage on Newton I had stroked for admiration myself. The

reviewers emphasize several passages, among the rest those on Milton,

> "With his rosy cheeks,
> Angelical keen eye, courageous look,
> And conscious step of purity and pride."

That noble line—

> "Uttering odious truth,
> Darkness before, and Danger's voice behind,
> Soul awful——"

I never knew the birth-place of before.

But I must say goodnight. This fierce pain clings to me. Oh! how well can I imagine that all the frightful shapes with which the infernal realms have been peopled, the demons with their prongs and pitchforks, may have been mere brain images,—the shaping forth, by way of diversion and relief, in order to send it off from self, of these sharp pangs and shattering, piercing, nerve tortures! The vulture of Prometheus is more mental, but Dante's demons are personifications of Neuralgia and Tic Douloreux, or, at least the latter, if they sat for their pictures, would come out just like them. I don't wonder that Dante begged Virgil to dispense with their company, and would rather wander through the horrid circles without guide, than with those fierce ones,

> "deh; senza scorta andiamci soli,
> Se tu sa 'ir, ch'i per me non la cheggio."

I always fancy I see Dante's piteous, frightened face,

and hear his tremulous, eager tones, when he makes this petition.

Don't you observe how much less of sturdy independent pride and reserve there is in Italians and all foreigners, than in us Englishmen? An English poet would not have written this of himself—he would have thought it babyish; and still more, much of Dante's behaviour with Beatrice, which I always have thought has a touch of Jerry Sneak in it. Indeed he actually compares himself to a baby, fixing its eyes on its ma.

The "Examiner" says, "Coleridge was perhaps the only contemporary from whom Wordsworth ever took an opinion; and that he did so from him is mainly attributable to the fact that Coleridge did little more than reproduce to him his own notions, sometimes rectified by a subtler logic, but always rendered more attractive by new and dazzling illustrations."

I don't think this quite correct. I can see in this poem and in the Excursion also, some of the substance of my father's mind. I believe W—— took quite as much as he gave in this interchange.

V.

"In Memoriam;" its Merits and Defects—Shelley's Adonais.

To EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq., Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside.

Chester Place, August 15th, 1850.—I agree with Mr Kenyon and Lady Palgrave, who are not mere *friend*-critics, that "In Memoriam" is a highly interesting

volume, and worthy to be compared with the poems of Petrarch. I think it like his poems, both in the general scheme, and the execution of particular pieces. The pervading, though not universal, fault, as you, I think, say too, is quaintness and violence, instead of force, in short, want of truth, which is at the bottom of all affectation, an endeavour to be something more, and higher, and better, than the aspirant really and properly is. The Heaven of poetry is not to be taken by these means. It is like the Elysium, described to Laodamia, whatever is valuable in that way flows forth spontaneously like the products of nature, silently and without struggle or noise. How smoothly do all the finest strains of poetry flow on! the noblest passages in the Paradise Lost, and in Mr Wordsworth's and my father's finest poems! The mind stumbles not over a single word or image.

Shelley's great fault is occasional obscurity, I think. I find this, even in Adonais.

VI.

Public Singers—Lovers at the Opera.

To Mrs Moore.

Chester Place, August 1850.—I made a great effort last night to take advantage of Mrs W. B——'s offer of a seat in her opera box, or one lent her, for myself and Herbert. We heard Sonntag, and for the first time I was thoroughly entranced by a woman's singing. There

is a softness and tenderness in the very highest warble of this lady-like singer, a combination of delicacy and brilliancy, which distinguishes her singing from that of all other women whom I have ever heard.

I delight in a man's tenor and contralto voice, but the fine, powerful, high-toned singing of women in general gives me little pleasure, wearies me in less than ten minutes. It wants body to my feelings; with a masculine background I like it well. Catherine Hayes, in "Lucia," moved me not in the least, and tired me very soon. Coletti, in the "Barber of Seville," the huge Lablache, the pretty-handsome Gardoni, all pleased me greatly. But, oh! how comical it is to see those opera lovers without a particle of love, grief, or any other emotion in their faces, evidently full of their song, and not a bit of their middle-aged or unpretty sweetheart, feign to stab themselves in desperation, plump down most inelegantly, warble away to the last, and two minutes afterwards pick themselves up, and appear before the curtain to bow, and receive the claps and compliments of the audience.

VII.

Simplicity and Sublimity of "The Prelude."

To Mrs Moore.

Chester Place, August 1850.—I cannot help thinking that a second perusal, when you have got over the shock of the style of certain passages, will bring you over to my opinion of the poetic energy of Book iii. of "The

Prelude." To my mind it is an earnest strain poured forth from the deep heart and soul of a great thinker and feeler. Those lines about Milton, page 67, are such as none but a kindred spirit, who is to walk hand in hand with the blind bard, blind no longer, in Elysium, could ever have conceived or composed—

> "Yea our blind poet, who, in his latter day,
> Stood almost single, uttering odious truth,
> *Darkness before and Danger's voice behind.*"

That underlined verse is a volume, a folio volume. It is sublime, worthy of the author of "Paradise Lost" in its pregnant sublimity. That plainness which reminds you of the "Rejected Addresses" is a noble simplicity, worthy of the depth and earnestness of the meaning. Then I admire greatly all that passage, p. 72, 73, and the passage at p. 76, "Like a lone shepherd on a promontory," and that subtle one at p. 78, "The surfaces of artificial life," and *very* fine indeed I think is the paragraph at p. 80.

> "And here is Labour, his own bond slave, Hope
> *That never set the pains against the prize*,
> And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
> And blind Authority beating with his staff
> The child that might have led him."

as he does at this hour, witness the Gorham Controversy, and the lists of subscribers to a great old proposition, least *understood* of all propositions perhaps that ever made a stir in Christendom, as Arthur Stanley so well shows in the "Edinburgh Review."

VIII.

"One Baptism for the Remission of *Sins*."

To Edward Quillinan, Esq., Loughrigg Holme, Ambleside.

August 19th 1850.—The article on the Gorham Controversy in the last "Edinburgh" is by Arthur Stanley. It seems to me very able. The argument about the article of the creed, "One Baptism for the Remission of *Sins*," not *sin*, not *original* sin, in the sense in which any infant can have it, I had lately put on paper myself, and it seems to me, I own, very cogent. "Remission of sins," is a Scripture phrase spoken of adults, and cannot surely be twisted into remission of an hereditary taint, without extreme violence.

IX.

Mr Coleridge's Influence as an Adviser.

To Rev. Henry Moore.

August 25th 1850.—In order to a good practical judgment two things are required, a clear, strong understanding, and still more, perhaps, a generous, loving, sympathising nature, which makes the state of another person's affairs, thoughts, feelings, present to the imagination. It was from the possession of these properties that my father's advice in matters of life and action was valuable, that his counsel to men in religious difficulties was felt to be of real service, as many have declared to me since his death. Men who are confined

in their thoughts and affections to the narrow circle of self, and self at second hand, cannot give valuable advice to those who are out of that circle ; and the world is very apt to confound moderation in discourse, and prudence, with deep and comprehensive judgment, which rests on a very different basis, and results from far deeper qualities.

X.

Spiritual Truths beheld by the Eye of Faith in the Light of Reason—The Gospel its own best Evidence.

To Edward Quillinan, Esq.

Chester Place, September 10th 1850.—What I said to you the other day about the inseparability of faith from reason was only an attempt to express a characteristic doctrine of my father's, which has planted itself firmly in my mind. I spoke of reason, not as the faculty of *reasoning*, of reflecting, weighing, judging, comparing, but as the organ of spiritual truth, the eye of the mind, which perceives the substantial ideas and verities of religion as the bodily eye sees colours and shapes. It seems to me that a tenet which does not embody some idea which our mental eye can behold, is no proper object of faith. St Paul says that we are to *know* the things that are given us of God, that they are to be spiritually *discerned*, that God *reveals* them to the faithful, yea, the deep things of God. Our saving faith consists, I think, in a spiritual beholding, a perception of

truth of the highest order which purifies the heart, and changes the soul from glory to glory, while it gazes on the image of the divine perfections. The holy apostle prays that "the eyes of our understanding being enlightened," we may *know* Jesus Christ, and what is the hope of His calling. The doctrine of implicit faith, that men are saved by believing *something* to be true of which they have no idea or knowledge, I cannot find in the Bible. My not finding would be nothing if others could find and show it me. But who can show it there? It seems to me to be a doctrine of fallible men, not of Christ Himself, who always speaks of His teaching as being in accordance with the constitution and faculties which God has given us, as having its *witness* in our own hearts and minds, if they are not darkened by clouds of prejudice and passion. Reason is alike in all mankind, I therefore arrogate nothing to myself in particular when I express my agreement with the maxim of my father and many other thoughtful men, that faith consists in a spiritual beholding, "the evidence of things not seen" with the bodily eye. "By faith we *understand*," says the writer to the Hebrews, "that the worlds were framed by the word of God."

The Divinity of our Saviour, His Atonement, Justification by Faith, all the great doctrines of our religion, have been shown by the great fathers and doctors of the church, to be doctrines of reason, which may be spiritually discerned. If it were not for the witness of our hearts and minds to these great truths, I can hardly imagine that they would be generally received. The outward

evidences are not appreciated by the masses, and by themselves would never suffice, I think, to a hearty reception of the Gospel. We are early *told* that the Bible is the Word of God, and believe it implicitly. But if we did not find and feel it to be divine, as our minds unfold and we begin to inquire and seek a reason for our beliefs, surely this early faith would fall from us as the seed-leaves from the growing plant, the husk from the blossom and fruit.

I cannot think that there is any *outward* proof of the divinity of the Bible at all adequate to its general reception. People do not always theorise rightly on their faith; but many think they have had proof of their religion *ab extra*, when in reality it clings to them from its direct appeals to their heart and spiritual sense.

XI.

Apology for Freedom of Discussion with a Friend who was a Roman Catholic "by Ancestry"—Differences that are not Material, contrasted with those that are—Popular Views, whether Romanist or Protestant, not pure Truth—Injurious Effect of Party Divisions in the Cause of National Education—Anglican Idea of the Real Presence.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

1850.—My dear friend—Last night in my sleeplessness I recollected rather uneasily my letter to you, and felt that I had spoken my mind too boldly and freely on the High Church systems, one of which belongs to your creed.

This is in reality a compliment to you, or what I esteem very highly such; I should never have been betrayed into such plainness with any ordinary High Churchman. But I have ever felt in conversing with you on matters of religious belief, as if your mind was free, and your moral sense at liberty to judge of what came before it. I have always thought that your way of maintaining the credit of the "Catholic" religion was rather to ignore what we Protestants consider its errors of doctrine and injurious practices than to uphold and defend them, to represent them as at least no necessary part of the Romanistic system, and in your thoughts and reasonings to reduce the whole to that common ground of spiritual ideas which, as I firmly believe, alone is vital influencive Christianity. Possessed by this notion of your frame of mind, and recollecting how often I had heard you speak as if you were a disengaged spectator *ab extra*, of formal Christianity,—Christianity as it has been modified in its outward expression by national diversities, though Heaven forbid I should suppose you to be thus disengaged and on the outside of the Gospel faith, as it is a thing of the heart and spirit,—I told you simply what impression I received from history, and the reports I read of the present procedure of the Papacy in different parts of the world; and what I had in my mind was, not to speak disrespectfully of your Church in a religious point of view, but rather to convey to you how far I was from sharing the popular notion of Romanism or Tridentinism, as if it embodied a kind of corruptness from which reformed Christianity is wholly

free. You will hold me pseudo-philosophical, rationalistic, and so forth, I fear, when I avow my belief that popular dogmatic Christianity, whether of your church or of ours, is not pure truth, and that a greater approximation to just views of the Bible and of the grounds of religious belief, belongs to individuals than is found in any *party*. I think our state is better than yours, because, however inconsistently, it does allow more freedom of thought, and does in some sort, though imperfectly, bear witness to the great truth that saving faith is insight—perception by feeling, or knowing with the heart, and what Scripture calls the understanding, and philosophy calls the higher reason or spiritual sense of religious truth—not mere acceptance of doctrines, no matter whether felt or understood, which is to confound faith with obedience. I think also that there exists in our communion the same spirit of exalting the clerical body and representing them as *the church*, which to us Protestants seems so objectionable and injurious to the true interests of Christianity. By this spirit, as it appeareth to me, the Synod of Thurles is actuated. What pretence is there for calling institutions "godless" which permit every pupil to be instructed in the religion of his parents, and merely require him to receive knowledge distinct from religion, without reference to his particular form of faith? History and metaphysics are perhaps the only branches of learning in which the particular form of faith of the professor would be even perceived, and surely a youth brought up in Romish principles would not have his faith undermined by

listening to a Protestant's account of the Reformation. Is it genuine fear for pure religion that prompts these scruples, and leads the Catholic clergy "to deprive the Irish youth of their communion of a liberal education," rather than let them receive it, even in its secular branches, from any but the servants of Rome? Did they ever object to Trinity College, Dublin, on this score, at least for the laity? There is just the same jealousy in our Anglican High Churchmen, they would rather keep the people in ignorance than let them receive light not tinted by themselves. If the light they have to dispense is pure and strong, it will subdue every other to itself, and can only be increased by independent influxes from other quarters.

Pure metaphysics are in reality as distinct from religion as mathematics. No man could tell from the philosophical essays of Leibnitz or of Berkeley whether the author was a Roman or Anglican, or whether he was or was not a believer in Revelation, or even whether he was Theist, or Pantheist, or Polytheist, or at least even this would not be necessary to the enunciation of the philosophy. Leibnitz applies metaphysical principles to the elucidation of doctrine, and tries to defend transubstantiation on his own particular theory, the result of which seems to me to be that he arrives at the Anglican idea of the Real Presence, as a spiritual power in the soul of the receiver. But in his pure metaphysical treatises his creed is not to be discovered.

XII.

Character of Christian in the " Pilgrim's Progress."

To the Hon. Mr Justice COLERIDGE.

October 9th, 1850.—I have been reading right through the " Pilgrim's Progress," with as much pleasure as if it was the first time. The only fault I *feel*, or care about, is that Christian, in his discourse with Talkative and with Ignorance, appears somewhat captious, peremptory, and overbearing. And, indeed, I must ever think that poor Ignorance had rather hard measure from first to last. The conclusion is sadly kill-joyed by the lugging of him off and poking him into that horrid hill-side. Many a good Christian would be willing enough to adopt Ignorance's declaration of faith just as it stands.

XIII.

Comparative Merits of Sir Walter Scott's Novels—Severity of Satirists on the Faults of their own Country or Class.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq.

October 1850, *Chester Place*. . . . I am re-perusing some of the earlier Walter Scott novels, with great delight. " The Antiquary " is one of the very best, the fullest of genuine original matter. Oldbuck himself is a Sternean character. Elspeth is Macbethish, but Edie Ochiltree is the charm of the work. He is true poetry, a conception between Scott and Wordsworth, or at least with a third part of Wordsworth. The marrow of

Scott's genius was put into this old Gaberlunzie and Bluegown. "Rob Roy" is *very* good, but not *so* good, more manufactured and will-wrought, in part. How admirable though is all that description of the Sabbath and the Laigh Kirk congregation at Glasgow. The Bailie, too, is very amusing. Andrew Fairservice is a satire on the Scotch of the keenest description. Do not we always find, that the sharpest, most home strokes of satire, come from those who are *near* to the subject of it, or even identified with it. Hook showed up the lords and lordlings of his day. Mrs Gore exposes the follies of her fellow-fashionists. Berkeley and Swift have published all the characteristic faults of their countrymen to the world; and Scott, and Galt, and Miss Hamilton, betray all the meanest and most odious peculiarities of theirs. Miss Edgeworth, too, in her 'Absentee" and "Castle Rack-rent," has drawn as dark a picture of Ireland as the most decided enemy could have exhibited; and the author of the "Collegians" has written about Irish middlemen what, from an English pen, would have been considered a libel.

XIV.

Sympathy of Friends—Collection of her Brother Hartley's Works—Article in the Quarterly on the Homeric Controversy—Infidelity—Repeated Attacks on Revelation must be repeatedly met.

To the Rev. EDWARD COLERIDGE.

1850.—Your letter is, what I expected from you, kind

and comfortable. Since my trial * began, (and it is not light, all circumstances considered,) I have received so many marks of warm sympathy and active kindness from friends, and from dear D—— and M—— such affectionate treatment, that some good has grown out of the evil. My estimate of the kindliness of my fellow-creatures, and the goodness of my own set of friends in particular, has been raised some degrees higher. The collection of our dear Hartley's Remains, with D——'s Memoir, is in the press, and I confess I have warm expectations from both, that they will at least deeply interest and delight a certain circle, if not a wide, yet a refined and genial one.

If we could but obtain the Worthies, and had encouragement to publish a collection of the printed essays, with the beautiful critique on Hamlet in Blackwood, there would be a compact little set of works, doubly gratifying to us as evidence that poor Hartley did not wholly waste the gifts with which he was entrusted, or dream away his genius without an attempt to benefit his fellow-creatures by it, by affording them refined amusement, and in some sense enlightenment.

The article in the *Quarterly* on Mure's book and the Homeric Controversy, is able, and contains much truth; but it is also full of unfairness, misrepresentation of argument, and plausible, but not deeply considered, positions. This I cannot but think, though I never pretended to a positive general opinion on the author-

* It was during the summer of 1850 that serious anxiety first began to be felt about my mother's state of health.—E. C.

ship of the Homeric poems; and while I entertained Wolf's idea of the possibility that the poems were national and the work of a school, as did also Mr Wordsworth, Southey, and I believe Scott (and *they* may be supposed to have a poetic intuition), I have always seen unity in the plan of the "Iliad," what seems to me a true Achilleid. The unfairness of the article to the Germans is gross, and to lay on their shoulders those opinions about Titus Andronicus and The Two Noble Kinsmen, which were English before they were German, is ridiculous. The proof from internal evidence, the delineation of character, knowledge of the human heart, &c., seems to me very doubtful. You may see the tenderest touches of pathos, of very similar character, in our old ballads, which none deny to be by different hands.

Did you mark what is said in the beginning of that article (p. 438) on the subject of the *common foe* to Christianity? No attempt at answering *Strauss* amid all the thousand pamphlets upon theories of doctrine, the practical result of which is insignificant. *That* is indeed a fearful subject; that way the danger lies; and as there are sorrows too deep for tears, so are there perils and ills too real and serious for noise and agitation.

Infidelity creeps on in silence. Men whisper it to each other; no man boasts of it, or parades it; few even argue for it. Dr Newman said the other day to some controversialist, "Let us talk about the prospects of Christianity itself, instead of the differences between

Anglican and Catholic." Why does not he answer the adversary? Silent contempt is not politic in such a case. It is too ambiguous. Let our churchmen conquer first and contemn afterwards. So our doughty old divines proceeded; and every age needs its own evidences and arguments against infidelity, as in every age the attack upon revealed religion takes a form suited to the time.

P.S.—What I have said about infidelity is from the informations and lamentations of truly religious men. I talk with none but such. It is not the mere boasting of the foe.

XV.

Her native Vale of Keswick; and the Valley of Life—The Papal Aggression—Reception of it by John Bull—"Alton Locke."

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, November 14th*, 1850.—The sight of your handwriting this morning gave me great pleasure, first, as coming from you,—secondly, as coming from a place and neighbourhood in which, to the end of my mortal pilgrimage, my heart and imagination will ever be most deeply interested. Keswick, and Rydal, and Grasmere—then Netherhall and its neighbourhood—but the two first far before the last, will ever be the scene of the millenial reign for me. They are my Eden—

watered with my tears as they were. But how truly says the Poet,—

> "Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
> But the tears of mournful eve."

Now there is a knock at the door! Oh! how I hate these peremptory knocks, now I have no goodman to expect, either morning, noon, or night. Well, well! it is one comfort in sorrow that he and my dear mother had not to share my present trouble. Poor Nurse* has accompanied me all through this thorny valley, step by step; indeed, she has her own thorns and stones on her side of the way, and we mutually pity and seek to console each other.

As for his Holiness and his false move, and Cardinal Wiseman and his unwisdom, I cannot help thinking, that while the Pope continues to be an Italian ecclesiastic, clear insight into the character and circumstances of John Bull will never be among his gifts, either human or divine. He might have launched forth all sorts of spiritual fulminations,—John would have taken it as coolly as a cow would mesmerism, I was going to

* This humble but faithful companion, whose sympathy is here affectionately recorded, is now gone to her rest, "full of years and labours." Ann Parrott entered our family in 1831, as nurse to my brother Herbert, and soon won the confidence of her master and mistress by her valuable qualities, displayed in many a trying crisis of sickness and sorrow, under which weaker minds and more selfish characters would have given way. After attending on my father, my mother, and my brother in their last illnesses, she enjoyed a period of well-earned repose and comfort, only troubled by the infirmities of her advanced years, and ended her days at Hanwell Rectory, Middlesex, in the summer of 1869.—E. C.

say; but really, after Miss Martineau's experiences, that is no longer an available comparison, but would prove too much on the wrong side. I was going to observe that this kind of *territorial* pretention is just the sort of thing to rouse old John's ire. It *sounds* at least practical and tangible, and unless the Italian Potentate was prepared to take the Bull by the horns in a material and tangible way, he had best not have ventured the experiment. It was, as you justly observe (sensible man as you are in reality, and Roman Catholic by courtesy and ancestry), "an unwise move." His Holiness should have stuck to spiritual primacy and supremacy, successorship to St. Peter, the head of the Apostles. John would listen to all that with a stolid air, as if it went in at one ear—as dear mother would say—and out at the other. But any attempt to parcel out his acres, and dispose of his sees, which are closely connected in his mind with revenues in solid coin of the realm,—any attempt of this kind enrages him; and without staying to enquire whether, after all, it is not as shadowy as the reflection in the stream, for the sake of which the dog let go the solid meat in his mouth; he ups with his hoofs and his horns, and plunges about in as mischievous a style as that veritable bull, whom some enthusiast of mesmerism lately endeavoured to magnetize into the rigid or the soporific state, and if he doesn't throw the Pope himself over the hedge, not being able to get at him, he may perhaps toss and maltreat no small number of his Holiness's servants in this country. The sight of a Cardinal's hat will, for

some time to come, perhaps, make him as dangerous as a scarlet rag makes the four-footed sovereign of the meadow.

Have you read "Alton Locke?" Sir F. Palgrave thinks it "poetry, and of a high order of conception."

XVI.

Objections to the use of Mesmerism as a Medical Agent—The Papal Aggression—Romanism in Ireland, in England, and in Spain—"Anglo-Catholicism," a transient Phase of Opinion.

To Miss FENWICK.

Bath, November 19th, 1850.—Mr T—— has shewn most active kindness on my behalf with respect to the Mesmeric scheme, and has supplied me with useful information at a sacrifice of his own time, for which I feel truly grateful. His high intelligence and calm philosophic temper make me feel much favoured to have an adviser in him. Perhaps he will wonder why I am still pausing, after having told him that I meant to apply to Mr P——, one of the Mesmerists whose address he procured for me from Dr A——. The reason is, that I do feel a repugnance more than I can well express, to put myself in the hands of one of these professional practitioners of an art, the grounds of which are at present so little understood. I believe from what I have heard, that these men are capable of pretending what is utterly incredible. One of them said he had cured Typhus fever in Mauritius, before there was time to know the result of any operations of his here, or that

his friend was ill in time for his mesmerizing. And even if it could be shewn that the fever ceased or had a favourable turn at the moment he was mesmerizing, what proof would that be that his passes had cured it? . . . . As for the prospect of obtaining sleep regularly by it, you see Lady Charlotte P—— is mesmerized almost daily by her husband. Now I would never permit E—— to mesmerize me. I have quite as much belief, quite as much data for believing, that it is exhaustive, and may be in many ways injurious, as I have for thinking it may have a beneficial effect. It is an agent for good and for evil, and I have always thought we ought to know the nature of it better, before we meddled with it. And yet, if none will try the experiment, science cannot be benefitted. I should not like any young woman to mesmerise me, lest I should communicate to her any of my ailments. With professional persons it is different. They are paid for what they do, and if they do it not for me, will do it for others.

Mrs J—— has just been telling me of a benevolent friend of hers who fell a sacrifice to mesmerism. She used to go about administering mesmeric sleeps to sick people who were greatly in want of rest, and among other patients she had one who was subject to epileptic fits. After mesmerizing him, she had not gone far from his house, when she fell down in a fit. She was subject to epilepsy ever after, and died of it. Up to the time of her thus catching the brain-affection she was a healthy person.

Mesmerism has a special effect on the brain, and this

was one of my old objections to it. I thought, from the accounts I had read, it had a strong tendency to produce epilepsy. It made Mrs J. L—— delirious, and the visions, called clair-voyance, are all signs how strongly it acts on the brain.

. . . . As for the concessions to the Romish bishops in Ireland, however unwise the measure, it does seem to me to come under a different head from tolerance of any territorial jurisdiction attempted to be usurped by the Papacy here. Romanism is the religion of the nation in Ireland, and a stout argument may be held for the opinion that it ought to be the enclosed and established church. I own I have long been inclined to think so myself.

But this aggression is a political worldly movement, and ought, as it seems to me, to be treated and resisted accordingly. It makes one's blood first run cold, then boil, to read of the state and doings of the Papal Religion in Spain, where it is rampant and not kept down by surrounding Protestantism. It is a great pity that Blanco White's "Poor Man's Preservative from Popery," which in itself is very effective and well written, is known to come from a renegade priest, who broke his vow, and in the end renounced the belief in Revelation. I know no other book of the kind which is so powerful a warning against the insidious fiendish wickedness of uncontrolled Romanism. "Lencadio Doblado" too is very powerful. The setting of parents against children, and children against parents, brothers and sisters against each other, both by the horrible Inquisition, and by the

monastic system, which acts on a far larger scale, as we too often see the facility of lunatic asylums do here, seems to me so dreadful a fruit of the Romish system, that nothing in any other religious system of Christianity, at least, is at all to be compared with it in evil.

As for the Chelsea Churches, it does indeed seem putting the cart before the horse, to give them such prominence among the causes of the Pope's move. They are a part of the tide, which has been rolling Romewards for some time, but had nothing to do with the first impulsion. My own belief certainly is, and always has been, though I have been seeing it, in course of time, more and more distinctly, that what is called Anglo-Catholicism,—vulgarly Tractarianism or Puseyism,—is out of place in the Church of England, and if it has not a place here, it is hard to say where its place can be, for in the Church of Rome it cannot exist, except as enlarged into Romanism. The principles of the Anglo-Catholic writers are contrary to the principles of the Reformation, those on which the formularies of our Church were framed. It is very true that our first Reformers held many of the opinions of the Anglo-Catholics, but they did not carry them out as Anglo-Catholics do now; their new doctrines did not harmonize with the old ones which they still retained. They reformed *doctrines* only to a certain extent, and this is the less to be wondered at because reform of doctrine as such, was not the original chief object of the Reformation, but the putting down of corrupt immoral

practices, which had grown out of doctrine, and were more and more overshadowing the truths of the Gospel, and darkening its pure light.

XVII.

Troubles and Anxieties—The Shortness of Life not to be regretted.

To Miss Morris.

10 *Chester Place*, [*November 24th*, 1850.—In a new Memoir of Gray, sent to me by a kind American correspondent, Professor Reed of Philadelphia, I read just now the words of the poet,—"Alas! I am a summer bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns." This brought in an instant to my mind Mrs A—— with a special vividness. Day after day have I been thinking of her and of you, dear Friend, longing to renew intercourse with you, and to know how you are. Little did I think when I perused with delight (though greatly affected by the opening) your letter to me at T—— Wood, that troubles and anxieties would intervene to prevent my answering it till the latter end of November. Oppressed as I have been with pen-work, it was not of course the fatigue of writing a note, that kept me silent, but the reluctance to enter upon the anxious matters which have been occupying my mind. Some of these related to my health, about which I have been more alarmed than ever before. Now I am better and in better spirits, but there are so many troubles pressing upon my mind relating to dear friends, that I have felt of late more

strongly than ever, how little cause we have to regret that the probationary period of our existence is such a brief one, unless a longer one would really bring more minds to repentance, which is much to be doubted.

XVIII.

Early and late Periods of the Wordsworthian Poetry compared with Ancient and Modern Art—Mr Ruskin's "Modern Painters"—Scott's Novels—Character-drawing in the "Black Dwarf"—The Anti-Papal Demonstration—Aversion to Popery in the English Mind—The Pope's Move political not religious—Intolerance of Romanism.

To Professor HENRY REED, Philadelphia.

10 *Chester Place, Regent's Park, November 29th*, 1850. —My dear friend—Many thanks to you for two most interesting volumes. The "Descriptive Sketches," with your inscriptions, is a very gratifying present to me. I have always wished to possess early editions of Mr Wordsworth's works, but have not been able to lay hold of many. I cannot bear the arrangement of his poems in the later editions by subject, without regard to date. The *tone* of the productions of the poet's second and third eras is as unlike that of his great vigorous day as a picture of Stanfield to one by Claude or Poussin; and who would mix modern painting in a gallery with those of the old hands? I remember seeing an exhibition of Calcott's landscape painting in the third room of the British Gallery, ancient masters occupying the first and second. You can hardly imagine the deaden-

ing effect upon them. They were reduced to chalk and water. Any believer in Ruskin, I think, must have been staggered by that most odious, or at least injurious, comparison and contrast. Not that I do not admire Ruskin's *first* book: it has great merits; but it never converted or perverted me from Claude, and Cuyp, and S. Rosa, though it made me more than ever, if possible, a worshipper of the great mistress of all painters—Nature. The edition of Gray and your Memoir are a valuable addition to my library. I possess the Eton edition, and had lately been reading Mitford's Memoir, which rendered yours all the more interesting, Yours ought to supersede every other. I think your conclusion about Gray's poetic power is the truth of the matter. The author of the "Elegy," admirable as his poetry is, in its line, would never, I think, under any circumstances have helped to found a new school of poetry. His mind did not present a broad enough surface for the spirit of the age to operate on, even if the new age, which moulded, and was moulded by, the last generation of poets and romancers, had set in while he was in his vigour. No new aspect of humanity or nature is exhibited in his writings. Even Cowper was, in my opinion, far more original as to thought and way of viewing things; and the personal character of Cowper was more broad, bold, and interesting than that of Gray. I am re-perusing with great delight the *Scotch* novels of Walter Scott. I do not think "Ivanhoe" and the later works, not on Scottish ground at all, to be reckoned among the great influen-

cive literary productions of the age—productions of genius—along with "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary" (perhaps the best of all), "Rob Roy," "The Black Dwarf" (which has been underrated), "Old Mortality," "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and "The Bride of Lammermoor." "The Black Dwarf" has an especial merit in exhibiting the odd mixture of feelings and opinions on particular subjects which may exist in uneducated, unreflective minds. Hobbie is persuaded that Father Elshie has dealings with the Evil One, and would try to prejudice his salvation if he had an opportunity, yet is willing to receive a benefit at his hands, and is grateful for it, and is affectionately disposed toward the donor, as if he believed him as "canny" as other folks. The tale, however, was overshadowed by the superior merit of "Old Mortality;" and no doubt it has more than the ordinary amount of absurdity in the foundation.

I own I rejoice in the anti-papal demonstration. The fear and anger of this crisis will, of course, subside; but what has taken place proves, and will show the Romanists and Romanizers, that there is a deep-seated and wide-spread aversion to Popery in this fair realm of England, which will come into effective action whenever any attempt is made to re-introduce a form of religion which is the natural and necessary enemy to liberty in all times and in every place. I cannot agree with C—— S——, who thinks we are straining at a gnat after swallowing the camel of Emancipation. There was nothing that directly endangered our Church

in a Romanist's sitting in Parliament; and the principles of toleration and equal dealing with all religions, *as such*, seemed to demand the concession. But this act is, in reality, a political movement, and ought to be politically resisted. My uncle Southey would have refused Emancipation in the foresight of this and similar aggressions; but it was better to give them *rope* enough to strangle their own cause in the hearts of the whole nation. Now, no man can say that the intolerance and ambition of Romanism are obsolete: all must see that it is a born Ishmael; its hand is against every other form of religion, and every other form must keep a controlling hand upon it.

NOTES ON PROFESSOR REED'S MEMOIR OF GRAY.

1. Liberality of Military Men—Mathematics opposed to Poetry, Professor Sedgwick on Newton and Milton. 2. Hereditary Genius—Her Father and his Son Hartley. 3. A Point of Style discussed. 4. Salutary Effect of Early Happiness on the Mind. 5. Horace Walpole and Gray—Frivolity of the Former. 6. Gray's Genius and its Limitations—Keat's Hyperion. 7. Handwritings of Men of Genius. 8. Talfourd's "Ion." 9. Landor as Scholar, Critic, and Poet. 10, 11. Mr Coleridge on Gray's Platonica, and the Ode on Eton College. 12. "Christabel." 13, 14. Causes of the Popularity of Gray's Elegy—Simplicity of Gray and Crabbe. 15. "The Long Story." 16. Speaking of Ailments, a Relief. 17. Gray at Keswick. 18. "Lines on Tintern Abbey." 19. Powers Measured by Results. 20. High Spirits.

To Professor HENRY REED, Philadelphia.

1. "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of

that poem than take Quebec."* This is indeed a most interesting anecdote. Query, is it characteristic of military men to be thus liberal and unappropriative? I certainly think that no class of men are so antipathetic to poetry as men of science, mathematicians, and students of the particular sciences to which mathematics are applied. The wider study which we call philosophy, the science of mind and of being, metaphysics at large, is not thus antagonistic to poetry, which it embraces in the compass of its analysis. A metaphysician like Kant is too knowing, too all-sided in knowledge, to despise poetry as a mere mathematician does. Plato's sentence upon poetry in the Republic has probably been misunderstood. Chemistry seems akin to poetry, from the brilliant shows and curious combinations which it deals with and produces: it is full of sensuous matter for poetic thought. Davy poetized, though he was not a *poet*. I have heard Mr Wordsworth say he might have been; but I think my father, though he overflowed with love and admiration of Davy, would not have subscribed to that opinion. He thought Wordsworth too lavish in his attributions of poetic power in some directions, as he was generally considered too slow to allow it in others. When, in my girlhood, I visited my brother Derwent at St John's College, Cambridge, with my dear mother, Professor Sedgwick showed me the statue of Newton by Roubilliac; and I remember his expressing an opinion, from

* Remark of General Wolfe on Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."—E. C.

which my young mind strongly dissented, that he was a far greater man than Milton. He knew far more of Newton's merits than I did; but even then I *felt* Milton as many able, intelligent men can never do. And I doubt whether the power and services of a philosopher like Newton cannot be far better estimated by one unlearned in mathematics and astronomy, than those of the author of "Paradise Lost" by one who does not *understand* poetry. For the benefit of poetry is poetry itself: both to the composer and the reader, it is its own exceeding great reward.

2. Eminent men, especially in literature, have often, that is, many eminent men have owed more to their mother than their father, both for nature and education. It was so with Cowper, and with my uncle Southey. But the truth, no doubt, is, that the parent whose mental qualities are most powerful and excellent, most moulds the child that attains to eminence, whether it be father or mother; and when it happens to be the latter that is best endowed, we are struck to find that man has derived less from man than from woman. Seldom has a poet had so poetical a son as S. T. C. had in Hartley. Not one poet of this age beside, has transmitted a spark of his fire to his offspring; but it is curious that Hartley excelled most in the sonnet, in which my father excelled least of all the poetic forms that he attempted.

3. "A father's wrongs." Is not this a doubtful expression? But for what had gone before, we should suppose wrongs *suffered by a father* to be meant. A *wrong* is

not a wrongful thing done, but undergone, I think, in common parlance. "Your injuries" is more ambiguous; perhaps this is a wrong of mine, my active wrong to your style.

4. All that you say in these pages about the enduring benefit of early happiness and tranquillity is well said, and to my mind most true. It is good for children to be happy and cheerful; early sorrow weakens the mind, if it does not harden it, as premature disproportionate labour injures the body. I know this by experience, and have carefully shielded my children's young minds from the trouble and constraints which so often came upon my own, like frosts and wintry blasts on the "darlings of the spring."

5. "Horace Walpole."—The oftener one meets Walpole in the region of literary biography, the more the impression is intensified, that he was a respectable fribble, and a compact solid mass of frivolity and littleness. Poets are men of feeling κατ' ἐξοχήν. They are like soft rich peaches, and he was the crude, hard, winter pear, that leaves a dint in every one of the former with which it comes in contact.

6. I should think Gray could never have written a philosophic poem under any circumstances. I do not believe that Keats would ever have written any thing better or higher than he had already produced. The "Hyperion," so exalted by Shelley, is, to my mind, a falling off in felicitous originality. It is too Miltonic. Gray was a very sensible man, and self-knowing. His own remarks on the poetical habits which unfitted him

for the production of a poem of large compass seem to me excellent, and are just what I have often heard in other words from W. Wordsworth and H. Taylor. There must be flat rough spaces in an extensive domain, if it is to be traversed with pleasure, and Gray could not be flat and rough like Dante. He had not masculine force enough for that. His verse, if not neat and polished, would have been nothing. Elegance and tenderness are its very soul.

7. "Delicate hand writing."—It is remarkable what fine hands men of genius write, even when they are as awkward in all other uses of the hand as a cow with a musket.

8. Do you think "Ion" a work of poetic genius, or only of an admirer of poetic genius? There was a want of poetic judgment in putting such intense Wordsworthian *modernism* into an ancient form I thought; like drinking Barclay's entire out of an antique drinking vessel, meant to hold Chian or Falernian wine. "Ion" was of the same kind as the Düsseldorf reproductions of Raphael.

9. Landor would be pleased at your compliment to his verse Latinity. I have been wont to hear scholars say that his Latin verse had merit, but not that of classicality. Last winter's number of the "Edinburgh Review" contains an article on Landor's poetry by my friend Mr Aubrey de Vere. The article contains an ingenious and eloquent comparison and contrast between the genius of ancient Greece and that of Catholic Christianity with reference to poetry and the arts. But it failed to inspire me with any warm admiration of the

poetic productions of Landor. In him I had, as a girl, an implicit faith, induced upon me by my uncle's attributions to the great self-assertor, whose most amiable trait, I must think, is his cordial admiration of, and warm testimonies to, Robert Southey. Landor's criticism is very acute and refined; his dialogues I admire; but his poems appear to me cold and ineffective,—the verse of a man too knowing and tasteful to write bad poetry, but without poetic genius to write well. At least, such was the impression on my mind. Some few passages of Landor's poetry are striking. I was a little disappointed that you did not notice here my father's notes on "Gray's Platonica." "Whatever might be expected from a scholar, a gentleman, a man of exquisite taste, as the quintessence of sane and sound good sense, Mr Gray appears to me to have performed. The poet Plato, &c., &c. But Plato the philosopher was not to be comprehended within the field of vision, or to be commanded by the fixed immoveable telescope of Mr Locke's human understanding."

10. De Quincey ("the Opium Eater," as he undisguisedly calls himself), called Parr a coarse old savage, and whatever his scholarship might be, would give him little credit, I believe, for any judgment on the internal merits of Plato.

11. Ode to Eton College. My father criticizes the stanza "Say, Father Thames," as the "only very objectionable one in point of diction;" the worst ten lines, he calls it, in all the works of Mr Gray; "falsetto throughout, harsh and feeble." He also condemns—

1 And Envy wan, &c.
2 Grim visaged, &c.
3 And sorrow's piercing dart.

As, 1, bad in the first; 2, in the second; 3, in the last degree. How different the fate of poor "Christabel," when she did appear! Enemies so fierce that even old friends seemed afraid to admire and protect her. I have heard her sneered at, and Lord Byron's praise called flummery, by men who *now* would as soon think of sneering at Gray's Elegy as at the "wild and original poem." I wonder what Dodsley's "pinches" were. One would rather not have any particular locality for the Elegy, than have one assigned, I think.

12. The strain of *thought* in the Elegy would not have made it popular without the strain of verse, the metrical accordance with the tone of feeling in the contents. But this metrical accordance is surely but the *causa sine qua non* of its general acceptability. The efficient cause —the peculiar merit—I have ever supposed to be that inexpressible felicity and delightfulness of diction of which the line noticed by Sir E. Brydges, "The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," is but one instance out of a host. Then the composition and combination of the sentiments and images—in *this* lies the charm—more than in the images themselves. These, indeed, were not new—scarce one but had been presented in poetry before. It has been the fashion with admirers of Shelley and Keats to disparage Gray. I remember coming out bluntly to my friend Mr de Vere with the opinion, that he looked coldly upon the author of the

Elegy, purely because he was simple and intelligible, and used the English language in the ordinary senses, not procuring for himself a *semblance* of the sublime by an easily assumed obscurity, and a mock magnificence by straining and inflection. For the same reason Crabbe is undervalued by devotees of Tennyson. Yet his "Tales of the Hall" display an acquaintance with the fine shades of human character, and the various phases and aspects of human sorrow—a vein of reflectiveness softened by poetic feeling, which render them a most interesting study to persons who have seen enough of life, as it is, in all its strangeness and sadness, to recognise the truth and worth of his representations. I believe that Crabbe, in his personal character, has all that sympathy with suffering humanity which appears in his poems; yesterday I read a private letter of his, in which he laments over the introduction of machinery—and yet allows for the necessity of the employers to use agents that "do not eat and drink." His sympathy with both parties is, remarkable. I believe he was a gentle hearted creature.

13. How stupid not to like the "Long Story!" Surely that might have been understood at once. "Not a wise remembrance." It is sometimes a relief thus to *objectize* our ailments. It seems to cast them *out* from us and give us a sort of mastery over them. The dumb state of misery, when one dares not talk of it, is by far the worst. Then it seems to possess one's whole being. There is a comfort also in looking back, and seeing what miseries one has gone through before and got beyond.

14. "Tour to the Lakes." It is said that Gray set the fashion of touring to the English Lakes in search of the picturesque. His horse-block is still shown near the vicarage of Keswick, on a hill overlooking Crosthwaite churchyard, where my Uncle's and Aunt Southey's remains lie buried, with Skiddaw in front.

15. Tintern Abbey. The "Lines on Tintern Abbey" is, in my opinion, one of the finest strains of verse which this age has produced.

16. This disquisition is very interesting. I think it is not sufficiently attended to, that "what a man does is the measure of what he can do," from one cause or another.

17. "High spirits take away mine."* The quiet gladness of children always cheers me; but the hilarity and vigour of grown persons depress the weak and tremulous spirits. We are hurt by the want of sympathy; and the comparison is odious.

XIX.

Character of a Friend.

To Professor REED.

Chester Place, 1850.—I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known *greater* poets than he is; but a more *entire* poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with. He is most amiable, uniting a feminine gentleness and compassionateness with the most perfect manliness, both

* A saying of Gray's.—E.C.

negative and positive. He is all simplicity, yet graceful, and so gracious ; sportive and jestful, yet with a depth of seriousness in his nature ever present.

It is rather the habit of his mind to idealize *ad libitum.* But this, if a defect, is the defect of a large and beautiful intellect. His mind is like his face, which seems to be all eye and forehead ; not that it is disproportioned in size, but that the eyes and forehead alone fix the attention, and seem to constitute the face.

XX.

The Lower Mastership of Eton School—Moderation acquired by Experience—Speeches for and against the proposed Parliamentary Enactment, rejecting the Pope's Claim to exercise Territorial Jurisdiction in England—Such a Protest neither intolerant, nor unpractical.

To Rev. EDWARD COLERIDGE.

10 *Chester Place, Dec. 7th* 1850.—My dear Edward,—I heard yesterday from C—— with great delight of your having obtained the Lower Mastership, and in a most satisfactory manner.

May it do you and your family all the good that your many friends desire it should, and may you do it and the school at large all the good you wish to do, and I suppose have long been meditating! You come to this really important post at the right time, both for yourself and for the advantage of Eton School, with abundant experience and that practical power in the management of human minds which long practice, with much know-

ledge, always gives to the capable. "Moderation" expresses but one side of that mental quality which experience and the trials of life superinduce upon energy and zeal. It is a quickness in perceiving, as it were, intuitively, requirements on all sides, and adjusting forces at once to the occasion, which gives to the experienced man a character for sobriety, with more real command than he possessed at an early period.

But this is prosing, which, however, I have slipped into, while I was fixing my eye on your personal, private successes and advantages. I had in my mind how much better you will be able to manage this post than you, or any man of your age, could have managed it ten years ago. What experience, what lessons, has the whole country had in the course of that decade. Coley,* (by the by, what a delightful fellow he is grown, or, at least, how delightfully his frank, honest, kindly, sensible character, has matured itself!) I was going to say that Coley talked with us yesterday, after lamenting Mr B——'s secession, about M——'s speech. Our view of its contents is pretty much alike. To argue that there ought to be no national protest at all from clergy or laity, because an irreligious movement is going on at the same time among the lower orders, who are but shewing on the present occasion their want of piety, rather than gaining any fresh accession to it, seems to me not a little *non sequitur*-ish. So again it is not very apparent why the clergy should not resist Rome by strict attention to ordinary duty,

* Her nephew, Coleridge Patteson.

and yet join in a national movement against the Papal aggression too.

I thought the Bishop of Oxford met the toleration argument very well, when he asked whether every Christian would not think it a glaring piece of sophistry if the Hindoo in England were to claim a right to burn his brother's widow at Charing Cross, on the plea that all religions are to be tolerated in England.

It was said truly and pithily about the time of Catholic Emancipation, that "sincere Roman Catholics cannot conscientiously be tolerant," and that, if such be the real character of Catholicism, the only security of toleration must be a certain degree of intolerance, in regard to its enemies; "as prisons in the freest governments are necessary for the preservation of freedom."

But in the present case it really is in no sense a question of tolerating or not tolerating. The new Bishops cannot be unmade, and, as "nought is never in danger," imaginary sees and jurisdictions cannot be removed out of the imaginations in which they have been created. But it does not follow from this that there ought to be no Parliamentary enactment on the subject,—at least, so I am led to believe, or that it will be a mere "dead letter" and "brutum fulmen," if not followed by an outward and corporeal penalty. It will exactly meet the exigencies of the case. It will be bull against bull, declaration against declaration. The Pope affirms and asserts that he can parcel out our country into sees, and grant territorial jurisdiction in the realm of England. The people of England, through the mouth of Parlia-

ment, shout aloud that he cannot, and that shout is not to pass into the air, a passing ineffectual sound, but to be fixed, and as it were substantiated by means of parchment and printer's ink. Just so much as Rome has done against the honour of our Church and State by the late act, will be undone to all intents and purposes, as it seemeth to me, by a Parliamentary declaration that the new Bishoprics are contrary to the law of England.

J—— says that the Pope's act shews strength and consciousness of strength, and our stir against it only weakness. I doubt very much whether the Pope thinks by this time, or Wiseman either, that the national protest against Popery shews only that we are afraid of it, and know not how to keep it at bay. It is an evidence of the fact, that Popery is unendurable to the mass of the people, high and low, high still more than low, in the end and at the bottom, in this land of strong hands, and strong hearts, and practical ways of thinking, that it is against the spirit of our domestic manners, of our social arrangements, and of our institutions, and never has been submitted to since the nation was in an adult state.

XXI.

Essay on Baptism in the Aids to Reflection inadequately expressed —Distinction between Signs and Causes—Action of the Will indispensable to an inward Renewal.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq., Curragh Chase, Adare.

Chester Place, 1850.—How prove you what you averred, at least as your opinion, that my father's view of baptism, or his objections to the ordinary high church view, are founded on two or three sophisms easily refuted?

I think, when you said this, you had in your eye the essay on Baptism in the "Aids," which does not fully enunciate my father's objections to the high church argument on behalf of momentary infant regeneration.

And I also fancy you, in your own mind, triumph over the turn of certain sentences which my father might easily have recast, so as to render them impregnable, had he reconsidered the essay, rather than the main thoughts which underlie the whole structure. Had my father to express these thoughts again, he would not have laid his chief stress on the inadequacy and trifling character of the means, the mere sprinkling of water on an infant's face. He well knew that our Anglican divines have described the outward signs of sacraments to be mere arbitrary concomitants of the spiritual effect, not proper instruments or real causes; and that, although

betwixt cause and effect, there must be a harmony and proportion, betwixt an arbitrary condition or mere appointed adjunct and a spiritual work annexed to it, there need be none at all. But then it remains true that God has given to man a certain spiritual constitution, and that according to the law of that constitution which He has framed, it cannot be changed without a concurrent act of its own. Because the spiritual being of man is will and intelligence, and will cannot acquire a new character and being, except by willing after a new manner under the influencive redemptive act of the Holy Spirit of God.

To this objection to momentary passive regeneration, an objection implying that the very statement involves an essential contradiction, I have never yet heard a reply even attempted. Men write volumes about the high church modern theory, but they always go dry-footed over this difficulty. They travel over miles of ground but still avoid this *pons asinorum*, which ought to be passed before the ground of logical coherency can be obtained.

CHAPTER XI.

1851.

January—July.

Letters to the Rev. Henry Moore, Mrs Moore, Miss Fenwick, Mrs Farrer, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Edward Quillinan, Esq., Professor Henry Reed.

I.

Causes of the Indifference to the Papal Aggression displayed both by Ultra-High Churchmen and Ultra-Liberals—Mixed Character of all National Movements—The Three Chief Religious Parties, and the Right of each to a place in the English Church—Inconsistency and Dogmatism among the Bishops—True View of the Royal Supremacy—Roman Intolerance to be resisted.

To Mrs Moore.

10 *Chester Place, January 2d*, 1850.—My dear Mrs Moore,—I should much like to know Mr Moore's opinion on the present crisis in the Church. I think you and he and Miss H—— generally agree on matters of this kind, your root principles and sentiments being pretty much the same; and therefore I mention only him, his being the masculine voice of the trio. We, in this house, are very decided anti-papal-aggressionists, and I, for my part, am too regular a "John Bulliana," as Sir F. Palgrave once called me, to give in to any of the new-fangled views of toleration preached up by the ultra-church party on one hand, and the ultra-liberal party on the other. I conceive that a certain sympathy with Rome inspires these views in the former, secret hopes of a re-union of Christendom, and reluctance to adopt any strong measure, or use any strong language

against his Holiness; and that, in the latter, they proceed from indifference both to Anglicanism and Romanism, an opinion that the pretensions of the vicar of Christ are not more nugatory and chimerical, even if more extravagant, than those of our own priests and bishops.

I cannot help thinking that this indifference and scorn in the latter party would shrink into a very small compass—I mean that few respectable and thoughtful men would entertain it—if the pretensions and claims of the clergy in our church were put on a more rational, intelligible foundation, if they were moral rather than mystical, according to the spirit of the Reformation, and entirely purified from Romish and *dark-agish* superstitions. However that may be, I rejoice in the demonstration against Popery which is now making by the people of England, and I have been telling Mr —— that to style it a *no Popery* row about the *royal supremacy* is more sarcastic than just. The movement has a thousand different grades and faces, but it is partaken by a very large proportion of the worthiest and most refined of the clergy and laity of this land. How could a national movement like this fail to include in its lower circles all that was low and abhorrent to the wise and well educated? All the great movements to which we owe our present high place among the nations have carried along with them a mass of iniquity. Maurice, in his "Church a Family," observes that "when the words 'no Virgin Mary,' 'no forgiveness of sins,' are seen written upon our walls, clergymen should think a little before they

fill whole sermons with specimens of Mariolatry, or with the perversions of the confessional."

I protest I cannot see the logic of this. ("How should you?" Mr Moore would say, "being of the illogical sex"). Ministers of the gospel, a part of whose vocations is to drive away false doctrine and prevent schism, are to refrain from preaching against the corruptions of Popery, even when it is beleaguering us round about and thundering at our very gates, because idle, irreligious boys scribble thoughtless nonsense upon the walls! "No Virgin Mary" may be a good Protestant sentiment, it may mean *no Virgin to be made an object of worship*, and "no forgiveness of sins" may mean *superstitiously by a priest*. If it is meant in the literal sense, it is a denial of revealed religion; and what have we to do with that?

The irreligion of these scribblers is not caused by controversial sermons, but arises from want and misery and spiritual destitution, and is to be met by positive remedies, if at all, not by abstinence from a particular line of preaching fitly addressed to any decent congregation.

I daresay you will agree with me on one point with respect to the present movement, and that is in detesting the silly, narrow, shabby way in which Tractarianism has been attacked in so many quarters, or rather Tractarians. This is sheer party spirit and overbearing intolerance. *Some* of the Tractarians are really disloyal to our church, and it is too true that many do unintentionally, by the tenor and spirit of their preaching, send

younger men to Rome, while they themselves are not prepared to go that length in honour of their principles. But the main body of the Anglo-Catholics have as much right to keep their places in our church as the main body of the Evangelicals, or the Philosophicals.

Tractarianism is as wide and vague a word as Rationalism or Germanism; every man so calls his neighbour who is more High Church than himself, and adopts more of those doctrines and practices which belong to Rome and are not forbidden to us, than he thinks proper to do; and so too every man accuses every other man of Rationalism, who doubts the truth or accuracy of any tenet or doctrinal formula which he holds sacred, on the score of its wanting reason.

The Tractarian party have shown such an intolerant spirit themselves on many occasions, that I own my feelings are more of contemptuous indignation against their adversaries than of sympathy with themselves. Even now how many of them are pining for a Convocation, which, as they flatter themselves, is to banish from the Church the school represented to their minds by Gorham. A decree of the assembled Synod is to drive away the whole multitude of those who will not declare positively before God and man that *all* infants are internally regenerate *in* baptism, and rendered secure of heaven *by* baptism, a belief not properly compatible with belief in election; for St Augustine's *regeneration* of the non-elect was a mere term for baptism, implying no spiritual gift whatever, no forgiveness of sin, or possession by the Spirit.

Now, this would be to banish a school which has existed in the church ever since the Reformation, and is in reality quite as intolerant as the conduct of their adversaries in the present moment, though it may not have been manifested in so coarse and childish a form, simply because Anglo-Catholicism is not a popular mode of faith, and has never spread so wide nor gone so low in the mass of society as puritanical Protestantism.

The Bishop of L—— is much blamed by some parties for yielding to the popular voice and the *Times* newspaper. D—— holds his conduct inconsistent, because, on finding that his charge of 1844 could be carried out only on one side, that he has not power to require compliance with the rubric in regard to the prayer for the Church Militant and the preparation of the elements, against the Low Church party, he leaves them alone, and is driven into making a strict inquisition into those churches which offend on the other side.

It should be remembered on behalf of the Bishop's honesty or consistency with himself, that he has always been, on principle, what is commonly, though I believe improperly, called a practical character, which should rather be called an empirical one. He was always for going by authority and the voice of the existing influential majority, and acting upon what was already established rather than upon speculative principle and abstract views of what is in itself right or wrong, true or untrue. This practical mode of shaping his course brings him at last to be the executor of the sovereign will and orders of the *Times* newspaper. It does not signify appealing

to rubrics, except as rubrics are backed up by some existing power. They become a dead letter when that fails. The Church party were the Bishop's authority when he began his course. This seemed dignified and ecclesiastical more than his present subserviency, but it contained no security a bit more than his present authority for truth and justice.

As for the Bishop of E——, his state of mind may be somewhat higher than the Bishop of L——'s, but I doubt whether there is more of heart in his doctrine, or whether he cares for anything but carrying out an ecclesiastical system, which is radically Romish and opposed to the spirit and principles of the Reformation, however imperfectly that was understood at the time of the re-settlement of our Church. His objections to the Bishop's address seem to me overstrained and captious, taking the matter everywhere by the wrong handle. He will not call the Queen *Head of the Church.* Why, she is not at all the Head in the sense that our Lord is such,—but is there not a sense in which she may properly be called so (in which the Pope claims to be so over all Christendom together, together with another which does, to our Protestant mind, invade our Saviour's office). May not she be called the head of the Church, as having to assign the territorial sphere of jurisdiction to Bishops, to call councils when any are formed, and to be the source of all temporal powers and privileges by which the Church is enriched and strengthened?

Then he says that the Bishops have nothing to do with encroachment on the prerogative. But when such

encroachment is bound up with spiritual claims and pretensions, surely the Bishops who sit as temporal Lords in the Council of the nation, may not improperly petition the Queen on the subject.

But after all, what can be done? I am one who think that already a good deal has been done by the demonstration that has been made of the anti-Popish mind of the nation; but I should hope that something more might be done in Parliament to fix and ratify that demonstration. Revival of disabilities no one thinks of for a moment. But without infringing the principles of toleration, I do think an act might be passed to prevent offensive ceremonies and imposing symbolisms importing that our Church is a nullity, and our orders null and void. This might come under the head of pure *self-defence*, and resistance of public indecorum. And it is idle to say that Romanists ought to be tolerated equally with all other dissenters. When they claim no more than other dissenters, and give no more offence to the National Church, they will be refused no more.

II.

Faith and Works—Allowances to be made on all sides—Insult offered to our Church by Rome, in affecting to ignore its Existence — Anomalous Position of the Establishment in Ireland — The Royal Supremacy as representing the Lay Element of the Church.

To Rev. H. Moore.

10 *Chester Place, January 29th* 1851.—I am delighted

with your address, and assent heartily to your whole letter, which seems to my poor understanding to display a right judgment in all things that pertain to this wily aggression.

Never in my life before did I feel so near (comparatively near, but absolutely far enough off) fraternising with the Tractarians as on the recent agitation, when, at meetings, those shabby, shallow, intolerant addresses to put down the Tractarians were got up by ignorant vulgarians. The plain truth being this, that no thoughtful, earnest mind can embrace the natural sense of *all* the formularies and documents of our Church, and that each party needs toleration from the other. Certainly not a Tractarian in the land teaches justification by faith alone, in the genuine sense of the Article and Homily on Salvation. All teach Bull's view, and Bull does well enough with St Paul, who, as you often say, was not thinking about the point at issue; but when he tries to harmonize his view with the Homily, he descends into a quibbler and sophisticator, just as he proves Tully and the other fellows to have sophisticated, in his *Animadversiones*.

And I do think that Chap. iii. of Romans favours the Lutheran logic—grace were not grace if given to works as such. All works are a man's own works, whether they come of grace or no. All works are of God, whether done before the special grace of Christ or no, because God gives the power to work, and sustains it by His presence.

But faith first brings us to Christ, the real Justifier,

and so justifies instrumentally—not as qualifying us for heaven. This formula all Tractarians reject with scorn. It certainly keeps the mind upon Christ more than the other, and it can never mislead, if taken with Luther's own repeated statement, that a good life must come of that saving faith, and that he whose deeds are evil must not believe himself by any other sign, to have true faith.

The other party cannot take, in the sense of the framers, or at least of those by whom the forms were originally devised, certain sentences in the Liturgy.

But no doubt there are Tractarians who are Romanists in disguise, who act a dishonest part,—proselytising to Rome while they eat the bread of our Church; and there are, on the opposite side, no-Churchmen, who are utterly alienated from the spirit in which our Church services and articles were composed, and who in reality believe no more of the Church system than Quakers. Such are individuals, who ought not to be confounded with the bodies to which they externally belong.

All you say about the Supremacy seems to me excellent. As I say to ——, you go on about the Supremacy, you say truly that the Queen's power over the loaves and fishes is not touched,—but here is an insult offered and a wrong done to our *Church*, an insult to every Bishop of our Church and his Diocesan flock. Dissenters have never done the like. They acknowledge not the Church in our sense. You do acknowledge it, and you proclaim openly by your ostentatious arrangements that you *cover the whole ground*, and that our Bishops and Bishoprics are nothing. Tell me that

toleration requires us to endure this injury to the influence of our Church—for such it is, and will be, if unresisted! No one can maintain this but by a quibble, by setting up words against practical realities, for the hurt to our Protestant religion would be real, and we have a right to defend it.

Ultra-Liberals say this free country will never bear any restrictions on religious liberty, and so says the Guardian, and the Ultra-High Church. Let us see whether John Bull, who is a practical personage, and apt to go by *feel* in these matters rather than by tongue, does not bear very well the suppression of a development of the Romish Church organization—not necessary to the full exercise of the religion of Romanists, and only useful in *policy* as the means of aggrandizement.

Even if it were a necessary part of their religion, men can't be indulged in a religion injurious to the religion of the nation.

The example of Ireland in this, as in all such occasions, is in our way. The national religion there is robbed,—maltreated. We feel it necessary to admit Bishops' titles to Romanists there, and then are called upon, in consistency, to allow them here in the face of the Establishment. The nation and the Established religion ought ever to be in unity, and to treat Ireland as a mere part of Great Britain, is a practical falsehood.

I send you H. C. Robinson's paper. It has been greatly approved. It shews so clearly how the matter may be presented purely in a national point of view, since such are the thoughts and feelings of a *Unitarian.*

About the Supremacy, may we not say, that though, of course, there is nothing spiritual in it,—directly,—yet that there is an element that may be called Ecclesiastical. As entitled to convoke the clergy, and to assign the territorial sphere of jurisdiction, which surely is independent of emolument, our Sovereign owns a power which cannot belong to Christ, but is something beyond mere headship in temporal things. It is quasi-spiritual, since it concerns spiritual matters. This power relates to the Church as visible. It must reside somewhere, and when we deprived the Pope of it, we vested it in the Sovereign, as the head and representative of the nation. This is a true Protestant idea, because it assigns the authority of determining the general movements of the visible Church, to the representative of the laity, that is of the nation, lay as well as clerical, not to a priest or representative of priests.

. . . . I should have been *cracky* if you had taken up any non-national coxcombical view on the present occasion.

III.

Letter to Countess Ida Hahn-hahn by Oberken—"Death's Jest Book," and other Dramatic Works, by Mr Beddoes.

Mrs FARRER, 3 Gloucester Terrace.

Chester Place, January, 1851.—I am much pleased at your concurrence of opinion with me about the letter to Countess Ida. It is by Oberken, a great friend of the Chevalier Bunsen. This little work sets forth the dis-

tinctive characters of Romanism and Protestantism more forcibly, I should almost say *profoundly*, than any other work I have met with. The defence of the Reformation seems to me admirable. It mirrored to me all my own views with new force and distinctness.

Dearest Mrs Farrer, you once kindly sent some dramatic poems of Beddoes here, which I declined reading, not liking my impression of the "Death's Jest Book," in which I saw much to admire, to be interfered with, and hearing they were much inferior to that. Just before I went into Staffordshire, I received that drama from the author, and put it aside. After my return, I took it up, considering it a duty at least to look it through. I had been repelled by the first peep I took into it. Those were my days, or rather nights, of reading in bed, and so struck was I with the powerful original imagery, and some of the wild situations of the drama, that I did not lay it down till I had perused the whole. I was really thrilled with some parts, the effect, perhaps, being enhanced by the nightly gloom and silence. Well, I resolved to express my admiration to the author the very next day, and I was not the less inclined to be pleased, that on the blank leaf I found a gratifying inscription, and that the author was the son of an old Bristol friend of my father. But in the morning came a letter from Mr Quillinan, expressing warm admiration of the drama I had just been reading, and at the same time announcing the death of the author in rapid decline. I thought mournfully of Gray's elegiac sentiment—

"Can flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

It was not flattery, in the common acceptation of the word, that I meant to address to Mr Beddoes, but a sincere tribute of praise, for as much as it was worth.

Yet, after all, dear Mrs Farrer, I quite agree in your strictures on this same striking production. The plot is most extravagant, and some of the characters are so wicked for mere wickedness' sake, that they are placed without the pale of humanity, and therefore out of reach of our human interests and sympathies. Still, with all these great faults, the play interested me greatly.

IV.

Inaccuracies of a Review in the Quarterly of the "Life of Southey."

To Miss FENWICK.

Chester Place, February 11th, 1851.—Did you read the review of the Southey Life in the *Quarterly?* It has been answered in very hearty, gallant style by Forster in the *Examiner.* The summary of my uncle's literary merits at the end of Forster's paper is excellent. There are many inaccuracies in the review. How strange to call Lloyd "a pauper," and suitor to a fourth Miss Fricker! Lloyd was son of a wealthy banker, and always well off, poor only in health and nervous sanity. He never proposed to one of my aunts, but married Miss Sophia Pemberton, a lady of great worth and sense, and some fortune. Lloyd left money to all of his eight children. Then I do not think it true that no congregation would

elect my father on account of his unpunctuality. He might have remained as preacher at Shrewsbury, when he received Mr Wedgwood's offer, and resolved not to tie himself up. He did not like the shackles of preachership to a body of religionists. "Hiring another division of Greta Hall," too, is incorrect enough; but these are minor matters.

V.

Mr Carlyle's "Life of Sterling"—Autobiography of Leigh Hunt—Epicureanism.

To Miss Morris.

March 12th, 1851.—Did you read Carlyle's "Life of Sterling?" To me the work is fascinating, as far as the biographical part is concerned. Dr Calvert (Sterling's dear friend) was a life-long intimate friend of mine. The chapter on S. T. C. is ridiculous. Leigh Hunt's Autobiography is most entertaining. What a Christianified epicureanism is his religion! Yet such is the religion of a large portion of our amiable, refined, intelligent men. High Churchmen, Evangelical, Sceptical, Epicurean, such are the chief divisions of religious thought, I believe, among the educated now-a-days.

VI.

Early Reminiscences of the Character and Conversation of Mr Wordsworth and Mr Southey—Youthful Impressions mostly Unconscious—The Platonic Ode—The Triad Compared with Lycidas—The Prelude—Testimonies contained in it to the Friendship between her Father and Mr Wordsworth.

Professor HENRY REED, Philadelphia.

Chester Place, May 19th 1851.—I daresay that you and your friend, Mr Yarnall, have lately been dwelling a good deal on the "Memoir of Wordsworth," which I finished slowly perusing last night in my hours of wakefulness. For, alas! I sleep but every other night,—the intervening one is now almost wholly sleepless. Mr H. C. Robinson requested that I would use the pencil or pen freely on the margin of his copy: "the more notes the better." I fear he will be greatly disappointed by what I have written, and I almost wish it rubbed out, it is so trifling, and in some instances not to the purpose—as, I fear, the owner of the book will think. I knew dear Mr Wordsworth perhaps as well as I have ever known any one in the world—more intimately than I knew my father, and as intimately as I knew my Uncle Southey. There was much in him to know, and the lines of his character were deep and strong—the whole they formed, simple and impressive. His discourse, as compared with my father's, was as the Latin language to the Greek, or, to borrow a comparison which has been applied to Shakespeare and Milton, as statuary to painting, it was

intelligent, wise, and easily remembered. But in my youth, when I enjoyed such ample opportunities of taking in his mind, I listened to "enjoy and not to understand," much less to report and inform others. In our springtime of life we are poetical, not literary, and often absorb unconsciously the intellectual airs that blow or stilly dwell around us, as our bodies do the fragrant atmosphere of May,—full of the breath of primroses and violets,—and are nourished thereby without reflecting upon the matter, any more than we classify and systematize after Linnæus or Jussieu, the vernal blossoms which delight our outward senses. I used to take long walks with Mr Wordsworth about Rydal and Grasmere, and sometimes, though seldom, at Keswick, to his Applethwaite cottage, listening to his talk all the way; and for hours have I often listened when he conversed with my uncle, or indoors at Rydal Mount, when he chatted or harangued to the inmates of his household or the neighbours. But I took no *notes* of his discourse either on the tablet of memory or on material paper; my mind and turn of thought were gradually moulded by his conversation, and the influences under which I was brought by his means in matters of intellect, whilst in those which concerned the heart and the moral being I was still more deeply and importantly indebted to the character and daily conduct of my admirable Uncle Southey. Yet I never adopted the opinions of either *en masse*, and since I have come to years of secondary and more mature reflection I have been unable to retain many

which I received from them. The impression upon my feelings of their minds remains unabated in force; but the formal views and judgments which I received from their lips are greatly modified, though not more than they themselves modified and re-adjusted their own views and judgments from youth to age.

You express surprise at something I let fall in a former letter on what I consider the difference and inferiority in kind of Mr Wordsworth's late poems from those of his youth and middle age. I must own that I do see this very strongly, and should as little think of comparing that on the "Power of Sound" with the "Platonic Ode," or the "Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle;" as—what shall I say?—the Crystal Palace with Windsor Castle; or the grand carved side-board in the former with the broad oak of the forest when its majestic stem of strong and solid wood is robed in foliage of tender, mellow green. Those earlier odes seem to be *organic* wholes: the first of them is in some sort an image of the individual spirit of which it is an efflux. The energy and felicity of its language is so great, that every passage and every line of it has been received into the poetical heart of this country, and has become the common expression of certain moods of mind and modes of thought, which had hardly been developed before its appearance. The ode on the "Power of Sound," like the "Triad," is an elegant composition by a poetic artist—a poetical will-work, not as a whole, I should say, a piece of inspiration, though some lines in it are breathings of the poetic spirit.

I confess, at the risk of lowering my taste in your esteem, which I should be right sorry to do, yet not liking to retain it by mere suppression of a part of my mind—a serious and decided part, which has stood assaults of poetic reasoning of no small force and animation; I do confess that I have never been able to rank the "Triad" among Mr Wordsworth's immortal works of genius. It is just what he came into the poetical world to condemn, and both by practice and theory to supplant. It is, to my mind, *artificial* and *unreal.* There is no truth in it as a whole, although bits of truth, glazed and magnified, are embodied in it, as in the lines, "Features to old ideal grace allied," a most unintelligible allusion to a likeness discovered in dear Dora's contour of countenance to the great Memnon head in the British Museum, with its overflowing lips and width of mouth, which seems to be typical of the ocean. The poem always strikes me as a mongrel—an amphibious thing, neither portrait nor ideal, but an ambiguous cross between the two. Mr de Vere, before he knew me, took it for a personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity, taken in inverse order—a sufficient proof, I think, that it is extravagant and unnatural as a description of three young ladies of the nineteenth century. In "Lycidas," poetic idealism is not brought so closely into contrast and conflict with familiar reality, as in the "Triad," because it contains no description of the individual. The theme in reality is quite general and abstract—death by drowning of the friend of a great poet, in his bloom of youth, a minister of the Gospel.

This theme is adorned with all the pomp and garniture of classic and Hebraic imagery that could be clustered and cumulated round it. After all, in theory Milton's mixture of Pagan mythology with the spiritualities of the Gospel is not defensible. The best defence of "Lycidas" is not to defend the design of it at all, but to allege that the execution is perfect, the diction the *ne plus ultra* of grace and loveliness, and that the spirit of the whole is as original as if the poem contained no traces of the author's acquaintance with ancient pastoral poetry, from Theocritus downward. I am much pleased to see how highly Mr Wordsworth speaks of Virgil's style, and of his "Bucolics," which I have ever thought most graceful and tender. They are quite another thing from Theocritus, however they may be based upon Theocritus.

You invited me, in a former letter, to speak to you of the "Prelude;" but this must be reserved for a future communication. I can only say, now, that I was deeply delighted in reading it, and think it a truly noble composition. It is not, perhaps, except in certain passages, which had been extracted and given to the public before the publication of the poem as a whole, effective and brilliant poetry; but it is deeply interesting as the image of a great poetic mind: none but a mind on a great scale could have produced it. As a supplement to the poetic works of the author, it is of the highest value. You may imagine how I was affected and gladdened by the warm tributes which it contains to my father, and the proof it affords of their close intimacy

and earnest friendship. I think the history of literature hardly affords a parallel instance of entire union and unreserve between two poets. There may have been more co-operation betwixt Beaumont and Fletcher; but from the character of their lives, there could hardly have been such pure love and consonancy of thought and feeling on high themes, and accordance in high aims and endeavours. Mr Yarnall's remembrances of the poet in his last year I thought highly interesting. I saw in them a touch of Wordsworth's own manner, a reverent tenderness and "solemn gloom." To judge from the notes of Mrs Davy and Lady Richardson, Mr Wordsworth must have been somewhat more like his old self in discourse when at his own home, surrounded by the natural objects in which he took such high interest, than when I was with him at Miss Fenwick's, at Bath, in the spring of that sad summer which deprived him of his beloved daughter. Then, he seemed unable to talk, except in snatches and fragments; and there was nothing fresh in what he said. His speech seemed to me but a feeble, mournful echo of his former utterances.

VII.

Visit to the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park—Sculpture and Jewels —The Royal Academy of 1851—Portrait of Mr Wordsworth by Pickergill—Supposed Tendency to Pantheism in the "Lines on Tintern Abbey."

To Miss Fenwick.

May 25, 1851, *Chester Place.*—Dearest Miss Fenwick,

—Yesterday, for the first time, I visited the Crystal Palace, and ever since I have been longing for you to see it. Is it quite impossible for you to come up, to me first, and see this interesting assemblage of works of art? I saw so many Bath chairs, and invalids in them, so many, many degrees weaker than you or I. You could be wheeled about to everything with perfect ease, and there are several gentlemen, either of whom would delight to devote time to going about with us and showing us everything.

I had a perfect dread of the thing before I went, and would not have gone at all but to escape the perpetual question, "Have you seen the great wonder?" and "Do go with me. Do let me take you to see it." I would not go with any party, fearing that I should have to stay longer than my strength would allow. E. went with her cousin S——, a very sweet girl, the image of her beloved papa, whose sudden death she so deeply mourned, both in face and in the gentle affectionateness of her manner. I procured for them the escortof Mrs P. E——. Yesterday, E. and I went under the care of Mr D——, brother-in-law of Mrs D. C——., we stayed *four hours*, and I came away far less fatigued than I have often felt after half an hour in the Royal Academy. The difference arises from the freedom in walking about, and the freshness of the atmosphere. In this great conservatory or glasshouse, we are perfectly sheltered from all inclemency of weather, all *too muchness* of hot or cold, wind or sun, and under foot are smooth boards which do not try the limbs like the inequalities of street

or road; and yet there is an openness and space, and free circulation of air such as was never enjoyed, I suppose, *under cover* before. I did not think to stay more than one hour, but four soon slipped away. We were lucky in meeting Lord Monteagle, who talked instructively to me on the works of art, and pointed out a most graceful and beautiful piece of sculpture by Gibson, which I afterwards showed to friends whom I met, telling them at the same time of Lord M——'s criticism. . . . Lord M—— talked of little A——, and of his having enjoyed one of the greatest honours a mortal could obtain, in having been preferred to the hippopotamus! I daresay you may have heard the story of little A——'s choosing to see grandpapa, rather than to visit the zoological favourite new-comer.

At first I felt mortified to see how British art, in the high line of sculpture, appeared to be outdone by foreign,—all the striking pieces, and those which occupied the conspicuous places in the centre of the great middle aisle, being German, Italian, or French performances. The grandest thing in this way is an Amazon* on horseback, about to spear a lioness, who has leaped upon her horse, and is trying to throttle it. The huntress sits back upon her steed, the right leg drawn up, the left extended on the other side below the belly of the horse, a superb tom-boy indeed. The piece is colossal. Then there are two fishing girls by Monti of Milan, most lovely, but quite *real-life-ish*,—not like Gibson's piece, which would be almost taken for a Greek antique.

* By Kiss, a German sculptor.—Ed.

and there are such beauteous little babes in marble, one little fellow strapped to his cot, from which he is trying to rear himself up. But among the most striking performances are two groups by Lequesne: 1. a dog protecting a boy, about four or five years old, from a serpent; 2. the dog, having bitten off the serpent's head, caressed by the child. The contrast in the face of the dog when he is about to kill the serpent and when he has done the job, is most expressive; in the first group it is sharpened with anxiety, it looks almost like that of a wolf, full of horror and disgust at the noxious beast, and cautious determination. In the second, it is all abroad with comfortable, placid satisfaction, and affectionate good-nature. These, of course, are only a few in a crowd.

I was disappointed in the great diamond, even though I had heard that it disappointed every one. There is nothing *diamondy* in it that I can see, no multiplicity of sparkle, it looks only like a respectable piece of crystal. The two strings of large pearls of the East India Company are very fine, but I have some strings of large mock pearl which look almost as well, and they can be imitated still more nearly. The huge emeralds, too, look rather glassy. Of all the works of art adapted to the uses of domestic life, the most exquisite is the Gobelin tapestry; in our noblemen's palaces and houses there is nothing like it. The bunches of flowers are more delicate and brilliant than any painting I ever saw. The carved wood furniture is very fine, but in that department the English equal the French, except in one sideboard, supported by four hounds, which is

the most elegantly magnificent thing I ever saw. The grand beds, too, are *very* grand. . . . The crowd was far greater yesterday than it ever was before, and what it will be on the shilling days I know not. It was fine to look down from the galleries, and see such a vast mass of human beings all in motion, enjoying themselves, and animated. Everybody looked pleased and comfortable.

The picture Exhibition, too, is worth seeing. I like Watts' portrait of Mr Taylor much, and there are beautiful portraits of Gibson, the sculptor, and a lady by Boxall. Eastlake's Hippolita is very beautiful, but too pinky. Pickersgill's portrait of our dear departed great poet is *insufferable*—velvet waistcoat, neat shiny boots—just the sort of dress he would not have worn if you could have hired him—and a sombre sentimentalism of countenance quite unlike his own look, which was either elevated with high gladness or deep thought, or at times simply and childishly gruff,—but never tender after that fashion, so lackadaisical and mawkishly sentimental.

Dr Wordsworth's apologizing in the "Life," for the "Lines on Tintern Abbey," seems to me injudicious. Those great works of the Poet's vigorous mind must stand for themselves; it is on them, I believe, that Wordsworth's fame will rest, and by them he must be judged.

But why admit for a moment that they might be accused of Pantheism, or that Wordsworth might, had he not written in a different spirit late in life? If they had really proceeded from a Pantheistic view, they

ought to have been suppressed if possible. Their beauty and power ought not to have saved them ; this would give them influence,—add wings to the poisoned shaft. But there is no such thing as Pantheism truly imputable to them.

VIII.

Intellectual Tuft-hunting.

To E. QUILLINAN, Esq.

1851.—A parent cannot say to a son, "You must never form an intimacy except with decidedly superior men." There would be a sort of intellectual tuft-hunting in this, which could not lead to good, for man is a very complex animal, and cannot be determined in his movements and procedure by one part of his nature without regard to the rest, and our connections arise from many influences, all of which cannot be given an exact account of.

IX.

The Bears of Literature—Margate—Bean-fields and Water Companies—Hartley Coleridge's Lines to Dr Arnold—Eutychianism—Leibnitz on the Nature of the Soul—Materialism of the early Fathers—Great Metaphysical Work projected by Mr Coleridge—Historical Reading—Scott's Novels.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq.

3 *Zion Place, Eastcliff, Margate, June 20th,* 1851.—

I have delayed writing to you more as reserving a pleasure, than postponing a time-consuming task, for the subjects which you invite me to investigate with you are so interesting to my mind that a letter to you is always a high entertainment to myself, whether or no to you it be a *treat* so far as it is a *treatise*, or only acceptable as a personal communication. I ought to have written sooner, however, to express my grateful delight in what you have undertaken on behalf of dear Hartley's poetry. It is painful to think of your composition being cut and slashed and squeezed and ground, and perhaps inlaid and vamped by editorial interference. Still, in any shape, the article will be *very* acceptable, unless more tampered with than I can believe probable; and even if aught unforeseen should prevent its appearance altogether, it would always be most agreeable to me to think of your having written it. I should like to see your composition in its original virgin state, like the gadding vine or well-attired woodbine, free and luxuriant in kindly remark and beauty-finding criticism. An editor of a critical review ought to be painted with a pruning-hook in his hand as big as himself, and an axe beside him, just ready to fall edge foremost upon his own foot,—only that it would tantalize one to see it always suspended. There's a piece of savagery! The foot ought to be represented as rough as that of a bear, and clumsy as the pedestal of an elephant, to denote the rough clumsy way in which those ursine editors go ramping and ravaging about the fairest flower-gardens. Don't you remember how C——'s

great hoofs went plunging about in Tennyson's first volume, containing "Mariana," "The Miller's Daughter," and the "Ode to Memory," and "The Dying Swan," and "Œnone," the loveliest and most characteristic things, to my fancy, that he ever wrote? Indeed, C——'s stamping down that pretty bed of heart's ease, Moxon's Sonnets, was shameful, and shewed him fit to be chained to a post, or shut up with the guests of Circe, in a sty of tolerable accommodation and capacity, for the rest of his bearish and Grilline existence. All this indignation streams forth from me on the pressure of the mere thought of the treatment that your article is to receive. "But let them go, and be you blithe and bonny," oh! products of poetic genius of every degree, from the greatest to the least, in spite of the Bears of Literature, remembering how Keats was treated, who now by some critics is boldly styled the most poetical poet of the age.

My general health has derived as much benefit from my stay here as it usually does from a seaside visit. I walk an hour in the morning, and in the evening an hour or fifty minutes. I could do more than this in the way of exercise, but though my strength would allow of it, I fear that it might not be prudent.

The weather was quite wintry, a spring temperature, with the squally look and sound of winter, during the first nine or ten days of our stay. Now it begins to be Juneish, the butterflies are abroad, especially the azure ones, that seem to be animated bits cut out of the sapphire of the still blue sea; the corn poppy rears its

head, that was hung down like that of an eastern slave making a low obeisance, and discloses its scarlet head-gear; while the blossomed beans look up and seem to *stare* at us with their clear black eye, the jetty iris surrounded by a snowy cornea. Have you ever observed this in the bean-blossom?—it is really pretty to behold. The sweet odours from the bean-fields, and from little gardens full of stocks, carnations, roses, gilly-flowers, pinks, and southernwood, which we pass on our cliff walk, are an agreeable contrast to the vile ones which annoy us when we enter the town to post letters, or get a book from one of the libraries. The whole way round the town, there are not many yards of ground free from this nuisance. Surely many summers will not pass ere Margate radically reforms her drainage, and every town and city in England adopts those better plans of water-supply and extrusion of uncleanness which are already before the public. How strange it seems that Government should in any degree admit the proposals of the water companies for consolidating them, and granting them a monopoly of this lucrative business! What can they say in answer to the allegations against the old system, and all that is advanced in support of another plan? I do think, in all matters of this kind, which concern the public health, Government ought to be paternal and governing; and I hope, in time, the country will support them in taking such businesses into their own hands, and conducting them on a plan having the advantage of unity. But you will see that I am talking after the article on centralization,

&c., in the last Quarterly, an article which pleased me very much, because it both gave me new information, and confirmed some of my old opinions that the Government on sanitary matters should act more boldly, and take more upon it than heretofore, and not suffer what is important to the health of the community to be *misguggled* by individual selfishness and caprice, or the rapacious dishonesty of companies.

To return to the Hartley poems, you told me that in the lines on the death of Dr Arnold, you could not make anything of "his subject and his Lord." Now I cannot help seeing that the commencing lines of this poem are awkward, ambiguous, and ill-expressed, but the meaning of "subject" in the third line I doubt not is *theme*, the subject-matter of discourse and preaching; the sense is not that which is directly opposed to *Lord*. The parenthesis I rather thought rightly placed. But it is a great pity that a good poem of the weightier sort should begin so carelessly and ineruditely.

I must soon bid you good-bye and take my evening walk, and must not now enter upon theology, though your last leaves me charged with the heresy of Eutyches. Friend de Vere, Does not Eutychianism consist in a denial of the two natures of our Lord? Is it not the Catholic faith that our Lord had but one person with the human and divine natures, only adding, that if, as some divines, Aquinas and others, affirm, the personality of Christ is divine, not human, we must say the human personality is merged in the divine. Even if this is an inconvenient expression, I see not how it

infers Eutychianism. Perhaps it would be better to say that the human nature distinctly appears in our Lord in every other attribute save this of personality, and that, in bare personality considered in itself, apart from every other attribute, the distinction between human and divine cannot manifest itself. The Church, speaking in the Creed commonly called of Athanasius, (if we are to consider that Creed as her voice, and I do not think it is the voice of Christ) but the Church, speaking through decrees of councils, has merely decided, I believe, that our Lord is one Person having two natures. It is only individual schoolmen and divines who have declared Him not to have taken human personality. We are not obliged to any explicit doctrine on the point in question.

I have been reading Leibnitz on the origin, and nature, and composition of the soul, and found much in his teaching that is satisfactory. But of this more anon. He says, with a sage simplicity, that if his doctrine, as was objected to it, represents the souls of beasts as imperishable, it is much better to allow *them* immortality than to deny it to men. He thinks that the Anti-Platonism of some of the early fathers (indeed, I believe, of all the orthodox ones), which made the soul, in all finite beings, men and angels, to be material, not immortal *per se*, by its original conformation, but only made so, in particular cases, by the arbitrary determination of the Creator, keeping alive the good for reward and the evil for punishment,—is a dangerous notion. And certainly, if materialism, in any shape, is commended to the minds of men, however guarded it may be by the teachers of

it within the Church, by a corollary framed in support of Revelation, it will be laid hold of by teachers without the Church, and easily separated from its pious appendix. The more agreement can be made out betwixt philosophy and religion, the better for the interests of the latter; the more foundation for the hopes to which Revelation points, can be laid on the ground of reason, the better for the authority of the former. And yet some Christian teachers in all ages have manifested a jealousy of support to religious doctrine supplied by reason, as if the ally must needs prove an usurper. Such usurpation would be but a supplanting of herself.

I have been answering a letter from Sir John K—— inclosing one from a clerical friend of his, containing a most earnest inquiry about my father's great "metaphysical opus," a great profession of admiration of his mind, confidence in his powers, and value for his speculations, as throwing light on the truths of the Christian religion. This kind of inquiry is frequently made to me, and begins to embarrass me a good deal. At one time I hoped that Mr Green would be able, in the course of a few years, to exhibit a scheme of Divine Philosophy, the ideas, or substance whereof would be my father's—the composition, except in some portions where he was furnished with regular dictation of his master, his own. Now, I scarce know what to say. Difficulties seem to unfold themselves as he proceeds, in the execution of the work,* but it is best to refer such

* Spiritual Philosophy, founded on the Teaching of the late S. T. Coleridge, by the late T. H. Green. Edited by Dr Simon. Macmillan & Co., 1865.—E.C.

inquiries to Mr Green himself. Meantime, this I think, and have ventured to suggest to Sir John K——'s friend, that the writings of my father already published, the latter volumes of the "Literary Remains," "Appendix to the Statesman's Manual," "Church and State," and its notes, and even the "Aids to Reflection," have never yet been made full use of, or *approfondis*, even by professed admirers of my father's mind, or thoroughly enucleated, digested and applied.

My reading books here are Leibnitz, Ranke, and the Scotch Novels, and of these the middle is the one to which alone I find it difficult to enchain my attention. History is always difficult to me, because taking in so much *fact* at once, is like making a meal all of dry bread. As for Scott, I grieve to be nearing the end of his charming productions. They fill a place in literature which they have entirely to themselves. No other books combine the same qualities,—so much humour, so much information, so high a tone, varying from the chivalrous to the gentlemanly, and such an out-of-door freshness, the scene being so much in the open air, or in mansions connected with nature or elevated by historic association, or rendered interesting by the way in which they show characteristics of the Scottish peasantry or townsfolk.

X.

Comments on an Essay on her Brother Hartley and his Poetry—Death of Mr Quillinan—Mœhler's Symbolik.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, July 11th,* 1851.—My dear Friend,—I have just finished reading your article on Hartley, and am even more thankful for it than I expected to be. It is the only essay on the subject that has satisfied *my heart.* Oh! how true it is that charity is the best wisdom! Your article seems to me far truer and wiser than any of the rest. There is so much more of intuition in it, of insight into the good of Hartley's nature. The article in the "Christian Remembrancer" is a brilliant essay, eloquent and touching in parts, and, as every orator can be, pathetic,—it is a part of his art. It does justice to Hartley's intellect and genius, and to his amiability; but the desire to show up the subject as a moral lesson, to use it by way of illustrating the peculiar or characteristic principles and sentiments of the review, gives a dryness and heartlessness to the whole, and makes even the tenderness seem artificial. I do not lament over the curtailment of your paper so much as I did in prospect, although I grudge losing what you have written. Yet so impatient are readers now-a-days, and so fastidious from the quantity of food always pouring in upon them, that I daresay the *effect* of the article will be the greater from its having been shortened.

That is a beautiful description at p. 5, "with a vague

grace, with feet that seemed almost unable to keep their hold of the ground," &c. That does so bring him before me! As I read, it was like a lightning flash revealing what long had lain amid the shadows of memory. I marked also the affecting paragraph at pp. 15, 16, and that between pp. 25, 26, and that sentence at p. 21. "She interpreted between him and his neighbours, she sweetened the draught of an impoverished life, and made atonement to a defrauded heart." That is beautiful, and my tears are flowing, as I read, at this and other passages.

That is a pretty fancy at p. 29, on the character of his love poems, "the moonlight of a warm climate."

This is a point, too, on which your intuitive knowledge of Hartley appears, which no other review brought forward. The impetuosity of manner in my brother gave to some a notion that he had strong passions. But I have been comparing him with my father lately in musing on the two, and feeling how much stronger were all the features of *his* character—his emotions more vehement.

I dwell thus upon those that have been long removed, while sorrow is in my heart at the unexpected departure of one for whom I had, what you had also, a warm regard. Another of my set of valued old friends is taken from me! Mr Quillinan was one whom it was impossible to regard with indifference, striking and peculiar in character, and full of gifts as well as attractions.

Our new clergyman (I do like him *so much*) had a

little, or rather longish, talk with us the other day on the religious debates of this time and of the past, and in the course of it he asked if we knew Mœhler's Symbolik. He said that Manning considered the first 120 pages of Vol. II. as quite unanswerable, that he was enthusiastic about it, and was endeavouring to proselyte by means of it right and left; that he declares he has shown it to several of our Anglican doctors, that they are quite unable to answer it, and so forth. Now I thought all the argument of that book had been long ago reproduced to the English public by Newman, had been answered by Archer Butler, and other controversialists on their side, at least to the satisfaction of Anglicans and themselves. But I should like very much to see the book.

Your criticism on Hartley's poetry is by far the best, in every way, that I have seen; it presents the poems in their deepest and most dignified aspect, and the dear man's character along with them. Yet there is nothing that can be cavilled at as exalting them too highly in the scale as compositions, nothing that seems violently partial and exaggerated. One review speaks more highly of the Prometheus than you speak of it. I certainly think the hymn fine at the conclusion. To that you allow all its merit.

CHAPTER XII.

1851.

July—December.

Letters to Mr Ellis Yarnall, Professor Henry Reed, Aubrey de Vere, Esq., Thomas Blackburne, Esq., Miss Fenwick.

I.

Visit to the Zoological Gardens—Dependence on Outward Conditions a Characteristic of Animals, in Contradistinction to Man.

To Aubrey de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, August 18th,* 1851.—I was very sorry to find that I had missed you on my return from the Zoological Gardens. You should visit the animals if you have not been there for some time. I never saw the creatures so well provided for before, their dwellings so spacious, or their peculiar habits so attended to in the arrangements, sham rocks and trees appropriately distributed, and careful directions everywhere to the visitors what is *not* to be done to the annoyance and injury of the unspeaking inhabitants.

There are two kitten jaguars, which alone are worth going to see. Such darls! I wish I had seen them when they were still smaller. These are on the lion side. On the opposite, one of the large dens holds six or seven lovely leopards, which were lying about in a choice variety of easy, elegant attitudes, the long tail of one special beauty depending carelessly over a bough, the lithe limb stretched out opposite. She looked like an eastern sultana, very young. Wordsworth might well choose the "Panther in the Wilderness" as an emblem of beauty,—their forms, their motions, their exquisitely

variegated coat, all are so beautiful; and they look both good-natured and playful. The giraffes so remind one of a delirious dream, that I think if I were to look at them long I should go off into a sort of trance. Oh, how very hideous the ouran-outang is! Why *did* Nature make such a hideous creature? And how the elephants look like a first rude clumsy formation of her "prentice hand," and yet I suppose their construction is not simpler or less refined than that of slenderer creatures. How one is struck, in these gardens, with the way in which the inferior animals are adapted and conformed, each to a certain habitat, monkeys and leopards and the sloth to trees, though each in a different way, great birds to rocks, giraffes to places where there are high trees, the hippopotamus to streams, &c., while man is fitted to no habitation, but fits a habitation to himself, except that the constitutions of some peoples are suited to certain climates.

II.

Immortality—Causes of Ancient and Modern Infidelity—Comparative Advantages of America and Europe—Copies from the Old Masters—The Bridgewater Gallery—The High Church Movement—The Central Truth of Christianity—Merits of Anglicanism as compared with Romanism, Quakerism, and Scepticism—Danger of Staking the Faith on External Evidences—Pre-eminence ascribed by certain Fathers and Councils of the Church to the See of Rome—The Protestant Ground of Faith—The Theory of Development—A Dinner Party at

Mr Kenyon's—Interesting Appearance and High Poetic Gifts of Mrs Browning—Expression and Thought in Poetry—Women's Novels—Conclusion.

To Mr ELLIS YARNALL,* Philadelphia, U.S.

10 *Chester Place, Regent's Park, August 28th,* 1851.—Dear Mr Yarnall,—I will begin an answer to your interesting letter at once, not waiting for more time, or aught else, to answer it suitably, and as I should like to do; for I know how much better ever so brief an answer is than none, so that it be not short in friendly feelings. It was by no means necessary to apologise, as you do, for the personal accounts in your letter, which were to me remarkably interesting. A good and wise man, one who is enjoying life himself, and promoting the welfare and happiness of others, called away suddenly,

> "While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket,"

is always a subject for serious meditation on the ways of God with man, and to religious minds an evidence that here we have *no abiding city*,—that the best estate of frail mortals, so frail as earthly beings, so strong in the heavenly part of their constitution, is when they feel themselves to be strangers and pilgrims here below. What a depth of consolation there is in some of those expressions in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews! How

* A friend and fellow-townsman of Professor Reed's, from whom he brought an introduction to my mother, while on a visit to England in the summer of 1849.—E. C.

they articulate the voice of immortality within us, and countervail the melancholy oracle of Lucretius, with their calm and confident assurances! The atheism of Epicurus gained its power upon the mind from the irrationality and antimoralism, the sensuality and cruelty involved in the popular religion which it opposed. And just so it is, I think, in the present day; the deniers of Revelation, and doubters of a future state, the disbelievers even of a God and an immortality for man in His presence, acquire all their strength from the weakness of the mediæval ecclesiastical system, its audacious contradictions of Scripture and the moral sense, and the unscrupulous use it makes of the most corrupt human instrumentalities for the furtherance of its purposes, and consolidation of its power. But I must not plunge into this large subject at present.

I looked out in the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society's maps for the places you mention, and found some of them, and ascertained their relation to New York. It is very interesting to think how a ready-made civilization is rapidly spreading around that vast westerly lake, Michigan. It seems to me that in your country you have a great deal of our refinement without our troublesome tedious conventionality. You have books, and in them the main substance of cultivation, the best part of civilization; and you have a noble, beautiful, nature around you, which would do nothing to elevate the mind *by itself*, but where intellectual education has laid a ground-work, becomes an exalting and refining influence, and a perpetual source of delight.

I wish you had more pictures by the old imaginative masters, and some of the architectural and sculptorial works of past generations of men, whose circumstances enabled them to do what never can be done again, unless a new state of things comes in, of which there is now no prospect. But the facilities of intercourse with Europe will do something to make up for that deficiency, by enabling every man of taste and leisure (even occasional) in your country, to fill his memory with those noble and lovely forms. Surely all of you who visit Italy, or the galleries of France and England, or the palaces of Spain, enriched by the painters of that sunny land, ought to bring home some copies of the finer productions of art. I have seen copies of old pictures which, I do believe, have *almost* all in them that the originals possess, *almost* all those qualities which constitute their charm and salutary influence; and it is, fortunately, paintings of the higher order of merit, the merit of which is most adequately conveyed by copies, and even by prints. There is in them a grace and loftiness of design, which cannot be absent from any attempt at translation. Whenever I see an original Raphael, I behold an infinite deal of beauty which no print can convey; a soft exquisiteness of outline, and a life-like elasticity in the flesh; and yet I greet it as an old acquaintance. Lately, I visited Lord Ellesmere's noble collection of pictures, which used to be called the Stafford or the Bridgewater gallery (Lord Ellesmere is brother to the Duke of Sutherland). I had seen this splendid assemblage twice in my life before,

once when I was a girl, and saw little more in the Titians and Poussins and Raphaels than products of power which I could not understand. A year ago I saw them again with Mr Quillinan, Mr Wordsworth's son-in-law, whose death filled us with grief two months ago. In Lord Ellesmere's new house the pictures are not well lighted, and many of them are placed so high as to be quite lost to the eye in all but a general outline. Still I received a pleasure from them unfelt before. In the centre of the principal room are the four Raphaels, La Vierge au Palmier, the Virgin seated under a palm tree, presenting the infant Saviour to the kneeling Joseph. This is one of the loveliest pictures I ever beheld. To judge from the print, the Virgin de la Maison d'Albe, seated on the ground, with the Child Jesus climbing into her lap, St John smilingly adoring close by, must be of equal beauty. Both these paintings are in a circular form, which aids the effect of their soft symmetry and perfect grace. The next in beauty of the Raphaels is the standing Virgin,* with Jesus and John, as boys of seven or eight, close beside her. La Vierge au Linge is least interesting, the Babe being too young to display grace of form and motion. It is asleep, the mother lifting the veil from its face. The fourth is the Blessed Mother, with her Babe stretching itself across her arms. The two large Titians, Diana, Calisto, and Nymphs,—Diana, Actæon, and Nymphs form a part of this rich group. I feel their power, but cannot pro-

* La Belle Vierge.—E. C.

perly appreciate these pictures; and they are out of harmony, in tone, with the main mass of the paintings around. The famous Assumption of the Virgin, by Guido, is at the end of the room, a large painting in a sort of alcove. It was one of the first pictures that ever awakened pictorial enthusiasm in me, or rather excited poetical enthusiasm by means of the pictorial art, when I saw it at the British Institution. The Maid Mother, robed in pink, with a blue scarf fluttering over her rich, graceful form, floats upward through a sky of aerial gold. The face is round and fair, and exquisitely delicate, with soft yellow hair, and upturned hazel eyes. The "Michael triumphing over Satan," in another apartment, is to my imagination quite as delightful as this more admired production of the same master. In the Archangel there is the same rich, full form as in the ascending Madonna, the same round, almost infantine face, surmounted with a natural glory of light golden hair; the beauty is womanish, as if Venus had been transformed into Apollo, for one day's festival in heaven, with an expectation of going back into her original state of goddesshood the day after. By comparing this picture with some of Murillo's, we obtain a notion of the superiority in the latter of religious depth and seriousness. For Murillo is always *serious*, though never quite sublime; evangelical more than ecclesiastical, which latter may be Christian, and yet will admit of Paganized conceptions of divine things, and these accompanied with a Pagan air of luxurious and voluptuous earthiness. I was led to this remark by thinking of the Angels or

Divine Persons who appear to Abraham, in Murillo's great picture, companion to the still finer Prodigal Son, by the same great artist (both are in the possession of Lord Ellesmere's brother, the Duke of Sutherland, and are in his palatial town-house), they are so much more spiritual in their beauty.

You speak of the Movement in our church, originated by Newman and other writers of the "Tracts for the Times," and I can entirely agree with you in thinking that it has awakened a loftier spirit than before was prevailing. I believe too that the discussions it has occasioned must be in the main for good, and at any rate were inevitable. The particular Tractarian movement indeed is itself but the offspring of a deeper one, which is common to all Europe, and has been produced by such a complex cause of circumstances, states, and relations, as ever brings about the great general changes in the public condition of things, and social arrangements at large. Matters pertaining to religion could not remain as they were left by the Reformation; as thought advanced, and when this nation was no longer occupied with foreign wars or internal commotions, and began to think seriously of setting its house in order, the discrepancies and incoherencies, intellectual and moral, discoverable to the searching eye in various departments of Church and State, must be revealed in a clear light, and call for remedy. Tractarianism was a stage in the progress of newly-awakened thought; but how men who *go on* thinking can suppose that it set forth a coherent religious system, with which a serious

mind could rest satisfied, or settled religious matters on a firm basis, I cannot imagine for a moment. On the contrary, of all forms of the Christian faith that ever have found favour with respectable bodies of men, Anglo-Catholicism seems to me the most baseless and inconsistent. My friend, Mr H. Crabb Robinson, says that its inconsistency is its merit, as compared, he means, with Romanism on the one hand, or Straussism on the other. Differing as I do materially from Mr Robinson respecting the great central truth of Christianity, the Divinity of our Lord (for I believe the Redeemer to be God Himself, and he holds Jesus Christ to be a Being empowered by God to save the world, no mere man, and yet not very God), I do agree with him in this, and believe Anglo-Catholicism a far better religion than Romanism, Quakerism, or general scepticism, though more inconsistent than either.

I think it far better than Romanism, because it rejects that impious supplementary gospel, those blasphemous pretensions, heathenish figments, demoralising principles, and debasing practices, which the Church of Rome keeps up for the benefit of the clergy, together with those doctrines of Papal authority, which, if unresisted (providentially it has always been kept in check), must soon destroy all national independence, and introduce a despotism inimical to the progress and best interests of the human race.

I think it better than Quakerism, which rejects the whole Visible Church system, because I see in that system, so far as it is maintained on sound principles, for the edu-

cating of mankind in spirituals, not for blinding and enchaining them, immense utility. All temporal governments require a Church to work in alliance with them; and the Anglican form, retaining the Episcopate, is an excellent institution, which may be placed on a firm basis of reason and morality. On this foundation it has been standing all along, amid the various theories of men hovering around it, and supposed to be the foundation by mystified beholders, who cannot distinguish between cloudage and *terra firma.*

I need not say why Anglo-Catholicism is better than such doctrine as that of the rejectors of Revelation, who think that St John confounded his own dreams, engendered of human philosophies, with the teaching of the Spirit, and deprive those whom they seduce of all solid ground of hope in a better life to come. Such views appear to be the immediate result, in some minds, of the High Church externalism and dogmatism, which denies the inward revelation to be the true ultimate assurance of faith. They examine that external authority to which they have been commanded to bow, and find it wanting in the material of conviction; and they have never been led to think and feel that the Christian religion, so far as it answers any true purpose of a religion in purifying and elevating our nature *is its own evidence;* that the Bible attests its own divineness, as the sun reveals itself by its own light. These sceptics, equally with the externalizing Romanist, are ever seen to be deficient in a sense and perception of *moral evidence;* they are blind to the traces of God,

both in the course of the world and in the volume of Revelation; equally with the Romanist, the Infidel fails to see that religion is a spirit, a power or principle, not a certain set of formal beliefs bound up together in a frame, so that a man must take it all up at once, or leave it all. The Romanist urges that if the ideas of reason (or aught in the mind within) are the criterion of truth, a man's creed will be always varying; he does not understand that we may perceive truth in a thousand different ways and degrees, but that we can really perceive none at all except by the mirror of heaven within us. Just so the sceptic finds out certain incoherencies, or thinks he finds them, in the Scriptural accounts of our Lord's course upon earth, and thereupon concludes that the Word of God cannot be *contained* in the Bible, because he finds it in part to be the mistaken word of man.

The inconsistency of the Anglo-Catholic position seems to me to be this,—the Anglican, who firmly maintains the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, as absolutely essential to the being of the Christian Church, and boasts that our hierarchy, by means of regular ordination, descends in an unbroken line from the Apostles; who insists upon the absolving powers of the clergy, and founds them upon Scripture, by transferring the promise of our Lord to His faithful followers (the chosen Twelve) that they should have the power of binding and loosing, to all their successors ordained in due form, whatever their personal qualifications may happen to be; when it is objected that the language of

the New Testament itself authorizes no such application, that it is an arbitrary extension of the sense, and supposes a thing in its own nature unreasonable, because the mission and the promise are obviously adapted to the personal qualifications of those to whom they were originally addressed,—their supernatural powers which ceased with them—their burning faith and zeal, which cannot be conveyed by ordination, or any other ceremony; the Anglican, I say, constantly replies (and certainly no other reply can be given) that all sound members of the Catholic Church submit to the judgment of the Church, which is to be ascertained by the decrees and acts of general councils and the consent of ancient bishops and doctors. But on all the same grounds of Scripture, and application of Scripture by Councils and Fathers, we ought to believe in the primacy of the Pope, that he is the supreme judge in all controversies, and the determiner of doctrine, whence it follows that we ought to accept the whole Romish system, with its Deification of the Virgin, doctrine of the Mass, adoration of saints (for such it practically is), with all those religious institutes and practices which the English mind so revolts from and contemns,—the mockery of indulgences, the corruption of the confessional, monasticism with all its social mischiefs, loosening the bonds of family life, intrusion and domination of the priesthood. For all these things and more are contained within that dark womb, so simple without, so labyrinthine within—the Papal Supremacy and Infallibility; for though the latter article is not called *de fide*, yet it so obviously follows from the

former, that exalters of the papacy may very well afford to leave it to take care of itself, when the Supremacy has been established. Here the Anglican interposes, taking exception at the term *Supremacy.* He tells you the primacy acknowledged by the church of the first six centuries, is a widely different thing from the headship now claimed for the Pope; it may be proved by overwhelming evidence that bishops of old, the very same men who used high language concerning the Chair of Peter, did hold their own against this most exalted and venerable Chair, whenever they thought it necessary to assert their independence, and defend their proceedings and their doctrine against an adverse decision of the Holy See; nay, that some of them openly disclaimed a bishop of bishops, alleging that the Apostles were heads of their several charges, and declaring that there is no Head of the whole Church but Christ. To this answer the modern Romanist replies, that the doctrine was as yet not fully *developed,* which is a plain fact; but, without admitting his pretension that an article not known or understood in the first ages can be a divine truth, necessary to be admitted by all Christians on peril of salvation, I must concede to the Romanist that the Fathers generally, and by a sort of consent, attributed a pre-eminence to the See and Bishop of Rome, which properly involve the supremacy even in the modern sense, and their words and actions, repudiating the paramount authority of the latter, are really inconsistent with their attributions to the successor of the Fisherman, when no particular interest or influence induces them to diminish

his claims. I have lately examined this question in debates with Mr —— who has satisfied himself that the Romish Church theory is the only tenable one, and although unable myself to receive or admire any mystico-ecclesiastical system, Roman or Anglican, yet with a strong desire to find the Romanist pretensions to patristic testimony in favour of the papacy, wholly vain. But in this I have been disappointed. The language of Cyprian, Ambrose, and very many other Fathers, as well as of councils venerated by Anglo-Catholics, is unmeaning and self-contradictory, if understood so as to exclude the supremacy. It imports that the Bishop of Rome is the centre and *origin* of unity; his See the Rock on which the Church is built; himself the successor of Peter, from whom the "Apostolate and Episcopate in Christ took its beginning;" that "where Peter is, there is the Church;" that to be out of communion with Rome is to be cut off from Christ; that from the See of Peter "*the full grace of all Pontiffs is derived;*" that the Roman Church is the "foundation and mould of the churches;" that the Holy See *transmits its rights* to the universal Church;" that "the Pope is the head of the Church, other bishops the members." In the Third General Council he was acknowledged to be the "*Head* of the whole Faith." Now, surely this language, and it is quite as general as any which can be cited from the Fatherhood on the Con-substantiality of Christ with the Father, or the three Persons in the Godhead, is senseless babble, if it does not mean that the Pope is the source of jurisdiction and the ultimate decider of

controversy in the Church. The ancient Fathers, with scarce a dissentient voice, ascribe a pre-eminence and authority to Peter over the other Apostles ; and as *all* the Apostles had supernatural powers, what could St Peter have beyond them, except what is now ascribed to the Pope as his successor, namely, to be their earthly head, the channel of grace and episcopal power from Christ to them, consequently to be the ultimate judge of questions concerning the faith ?

I fully admit that the Fathers and Bishops often contradict this doctrine, as I have already said, (though Tertullian's language proves that the Papal supremacy was asserted in the second century) and the Canons of Sardica are strong evidence that it was not a " Law and Tradition of the Church " acknowledged from the beginning, as well as the silence of the earliest Christian writers, especially St Ignatius, who exalts the Episcopate, and says nought of any Bishop of Bishops.—But surely this incoherent and conflicting testimony, of which it seems impossible to make a harmonious whole, and which keeps up the controversy between the Churches, contains amplê vindication of the attitude assumed by genuine Scriptural Protestantism, which acknowledges no positive divine ground of faith but the Bible, acknowledged to be divine by its own internal character, and corresponding to the image of the divine within us, not by any external testimony of the visible Church. Surely it shows those to have reason on their side, who refuse to be absolutely determined, in all the articles of their belief, by majorities of ancient Bishops and Doctors, or

even by their consentient voice. It begins to be generally felt that no consistent scheme of doctrine can be obtained from the ancient Fathers; and that the principle of development must be freely acted on, in order to the maintenance of any Church system founded in the Christian Revelation, and connected with it by unbroken tradition. But this principle of development is contradictory to the general mind of the Ancient Church, which always appeals to Scripture and the continuous teaching of the Church authorities; it is incongruous with the root-principles of a system of externalism and uniformity of doctrine in its intellectual aspect, which ought to be supported by outward and historic testimony. Hereafter a Head Bishop, or a General Council, may decide that Arianism is, after all, the right doctrine of the Godhead, and who could disprove the assertion that it was the proper development of the original belief, always acknowledged by a part of the Church, held in germ, and so forth. Development is too large a key for the lock to which it is deceptively applied. The lock it really fits is one which opens into the illimitable Court of Anarchy, not into the area of the existing Visible Church system. There is no conceivable corruption or transmutation of doctrine and practice, which may not be called a true development, if there is no rule or standard by which the legitimacy of the extension is to be judged; and all depends on the judgment of an irresponsible Head, presumed to be the oracle through which Christ speaks to His Church.

. . . My daughter and I lately met at the house of my

excellent old friend, Mr Kenyon, that poetical pair, Mr and Mrs Browning. You probably know her as Elizabeth Barrett, author of the "Seraphim," "Drama of Exile," and many ballads and minor poems, among which "Cowper's Grave" is of special excellence. She has lately published "Casa Guidi Windows," a meditative, political poem of considerable merit; Mazzini admires it, and it has been translated into Italian. Mrs Browning is in weak health, and cannot remain in this foggy clime; they are to reside in Paris. She is little, hard-featured, with long dark ringlets, a pale face, and plaintive voice, something very impressive in her dark eyes and her brow. Her general aspect puts me in mind of Mignon,— what Mignon might be in maturity and maternity. She has more poetic genius than any other woman living,—perhaps more than any woman ever shewed before, except Sappho. Still there is an imperfectness in what she produces; in many passages the expressions are very faulty,—the images forced and untrue,—the sentiments exaggerated, and the situations unnatural and unpleasant. Another pervading fault of Mrs Browning's poetry is rugged, harsh versification, with imperfect rhymes, and altogether that want of art in the department of metre, which prevents the language from being an unobstructive medium for the thought. Verse and diction are the bodily organism of poetry; this body ought to be soft, bright, lovely, carrying with it an influence and impression of delightfulness, yet not challenging attention by itself. These defects in poetical organism are inimical to the enduring

life of the poetry; the same or similar thoughts will reappear in better form, and so supersede the earlier version; whereas, if poetic thoughts are once bodied to perfection, they will remain and exclude all future rivals. There is fear with regard to many of our present producers of poetry, lest the good that is in them should be swamped by the inferior matter, which gives a grotesque air to their compositions at large.

It has been ever a favourite saying with me, that there is one line of literature, and only one, in which women can do something that men cannot do, and do better; and that is a certain style of novel. I warmly admire the better novels produced by women during the last seventy or eighty years,—the writings of Inchbald, Burney, Edgeworth, Jane Austen, Miss Ferrier, and those interesting productions of the present day, from the pen of Mrs Marsh and Miss Bronté. Mrs Gore's novels are full of talent, and display a most extensive acquaintance both with modern books and modern things; but there is a most unpleasant tone about them. "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley" by Miss Bronté are full of genius. There is a spirit, a glow and fire about them, a masculine energy of satire and of picturesque description, which have delighted me; but they also abound in proofs of a certain hardness of feeling and plebeian coarseness of taste. The novels of Mrs Marsh, upon the whole, please me better than any that are now forthcoming. They are thoroughly feminine; and though often too diffuse, their diffuseness may be skimmed over without leaving any unpleasant

impression on the mind. "The Wilmingtons," with its sequel, "Time the Avenger," is to my feelings an interesting book.

If you happen to have any communication with Newbury Port, Massachusetts,—but this is a vain thought. I was thinking of my unseen friends and correspondents, Mr and Mrs Tracey of that place. My last to them spoke of my weakened health, and they are anxious to know how I am going on. I cannot give a good report of myself, and from several causes must not attempt more letter-writing at present. My kindest wishes attend them. I have already sent kind regards and thanks to Mr and Mrs Reed. Accept the same yourself, dear Sir, and may you long have health and strength to enjoy the infinite delights of literature, and the loveliness of "this bright, breathing world," which the poets teach us to admire, and the Gospel makes us hope to find again in that unseen world whither we are all going.—Believe me truly your friend,

SARA COLERIDGE.

III.

Prayer for Temporal and Spiritual Benefits.

To Miss FENWICK.

September 4th, 1851.—Your friendship, dear friend, has been one great blessing of these last years of my life, and I trust not only a comfort and happiness, but a lasting benefit, which will survive all the worsening and decay

of our poor, frail, earthly tabernacle. My gratitude to you is one of my deepest feelings. God bless you, and bestow upon you all whatsoever He knows to be best for you. I must still pray for temporal comforts to be granted you. We are to pray ever, and He will set our prayers straight. But still more earnestly, and with more confidence for you and for myself, I ask for that *peace which passes understanding*.—Ever most affectionately your friend, SARA COLERIDGE.

IV.

Increase of Illness—Fancied Wishes—Trial and Effects of Mesmerism—Editorial Duties still fulfilled—Derwent Isle and Keswick Vale—Visit of the Archdukes to General Peachy in 1815—Old Letters—Death ; and the Life beyond it.

To AUBREY DE VERE, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, Oct.* 1, 1851.—My dear Friend.—You will regret very much to learn how much worse and weaker I am than when you saw me last. I cannot now walk more than half-an-hour at a time, when I am at the best. At Margate an hour or hour and twenty minutes did not fatigue me. I still take short walks twice a day, but how long my power of doing this will last I cannot say.

You can hardly imagine how my mind hovers about that old well-known churchyard, with Skiddaw and the Bassenthwaite hills in sight; how I long to take away Mama's remains from the place where they are now

deposited, and when my own time comes, to repose beside her, as to what now *seems* myself, in that grassy burial-ground, with the Southeys reposing close by. My husband I hope to meet in heaven; but there is a different feeling in regard to earlier ties. Hartley and Mr Wordsworth I would have where they are, in that Grasmere churchyard, within an easy distance of Keswick, as it used to be in old times.

These are strong *feelings*, translated into fancied *wishes*,—not sober earnest. When we are withdrawn from society and the bustle of life, in some measure, and our thoughts are from any cause fixed on the grave, how does the early life rise up into glow and prominence, and, as it were, call one back into itself! Yet during that early life how I looked forward, imagining better things here below than I had yet experienced, and going beyond this world altogether, into the realms above!

A few weeks ago, my old friend C. H. Townshend * came to town for a short time on business from Lausanne. He reproached me for not trying mesmerism, and on my yielding to his representations on the subject, brought Dr Elliotson to give me advice. My housemaid willingly undertook the business, was instructed, and now mesmerises regularly twice a day.

* The name of Mr Chauncy Hare Townshend will be familiar to all visitors at the South Kensington Museum, where the fine collection of pictures and jewels, bequeathed by him to that institution, is now exhibited. He was the author of "Facts in Mesmerism," and of several volumes of poetry, and was, besides, an accomplished amateur artist and musician.—E. C.

The effect on me is not strong, sophisticated as my nerves have been by morphine; but there is a perceptible *peculiar* sensation produced by the passes. They soothe me at the time, and make me drowsy, and I think there is some beneficial influence exerted on the constitution. From what I feel, I am much inclined to believe that some agent in the physical frame is called into action by the passes; that the mesmeric influence of the operator *excites* this principle in the patient, as heat kindles heat upon communication. Neuralgic pains are soon relieved by the passes. They return after a while, but are quieted for the time. An article on Electro-biology in the last *Westminster*, reducing all the phenomena under ordinary causes, I think shallow, and know to be mistaken.

I have not yet opened the book of new poetry you have sent me to read, but hope to do so ere we meet. I have a great many books on hand, and Derwent keeps me busy in matters which he is concerned in, as far as my weak strength will allow. He wants some new editions of the Esteesian Marginalia prepared for the press, and this cannot be done at present, as I have so long been the Esteesian *housekeeper*, without my superintendence.

We have seen a good deal lately of Mr Blackburne, a poetical friend of my brother Hartley, a charming converser, but very much in want of a steady, regular profession. He has always some new poem or poemet to recite whenever he comes. His poetry is graceful, abounding in sweet images, but lacks *bone*. He is too

fond, I think, of the boneless Keatsian sort of poetry, which is all marrow, and wearies one at last with its want of fibre. Indeed, I say the other extreme is better in the end.

October 2nd.—Sweet Derwent Isle! how many, many scenes of my youth arise in my mind in connection with thee! I had a personal and a second-hand association with that lovely spot; for Mama used to tell me much of Emma, the first young wife of General Peachey, youngest daughter of Mr Charter of Taunton, whom my Uncle Southey so beautifully described in those epitaph lines, which present her as she appeared, "like a dream of old romance, skimming along in her little boat, and how she was laid, before her youth had ripened into full summer, amid Madeira's orange-groves to rest." She was tall—a man's height—five foot eight at least, but so feminine—a slender, blue-eyed blonde.

I cannot remember that fair Emma; but what pleasant visits have I paid to the Island—in summer, autumn, icy winter—in the second lady's time! There I was when the Archdukes came to visit the Island, and lunched there after the entrance of the Allied Kings into Paris. Oh! the fussiness of the General on that occasion! How their Serenities *Russianly* absorbed the preservative butter of the potted char! What a beautiful Prussian Count they had with them, with whom I fancied myself in love for two or three days! —tried hard to be, I believe, though the cement was wanting of advances on his part towards me, without which Apollo himself would soon have slipped away

from my heart and fancy. Sometimes we were detained in the Island by stress of weather, and once were prevented from a visit to it by the same cause.

I wonder whether the feathery fern I transplanted from the Carding-mill field, the part among trees beside the river, is yet living, and the beech-tree, which I used to climb, with its copper foliage, at the foot of which, in spring, a few crocuses grew.

I was quite sorry to say farewell to C. H. Townshend. He was more agreeable, more clever in talk, than ever; and we have such interesting common Greta Hall and Keswick remembrances.

A sweet and affecting set of verses from Blackburne, on receiving back old letters of Hartley's,

> "There they lie, a frozen ocean,
> Running on without a shore,
> But the ardour and the motion
> Of the heart beats there no more.
> And *thou?* art thou grown brighter
> Since I saw thee then so bright?
> Thinner are thy hands, and whiter,
> And thy hair like autumn light."

Oh Keswick vale! and shall I really die, and never, never see thee again? Surely there will be another Keswick—all the loveliness transfused, the hope, the joy of youth! How wholly was that joy the work of imagination!

Oh, this life is very dear to me! The outward beauty of earth, and the love and sympathy of fellow-creatures, make it, to my feelings, a sort of heaven half

ruined—an Elysium into which a dark tumultuous ocean is perpetually rushing in to agitate and destroy, to lay low the blooming bowers of tranquil bliss, and drown the rich harvests. Love is the sun of this lower world; and we know from the beloved Disciple that it will be the bliss of Heaven. God is Love; and whatever there may be that we cannot now conceive, love will surely be contained in it. It will be Love sublimed, and incorporated in Beauty infinite and perfect.

I am very faint and weak to-day—more so than I have yet been; but I have been as low in nerves often formerly, otherwise I might think that I had entered into the dark valley, and was approaching the river of Death. How kind of Bunyan—what a beneficent imagination—to shadow out death as a *river*, which is so pleasant to the mind, and carries it on into regions bright and fair beyond that boundary stream.

Miss Fenwick is to me an angel upon earth. Her being near me now has seemed a special providence. God bless her, and spare her to us and her many friends. She is a noble creature, all tenderness and strength. When I first became acquainted with her, I saw at once that her heart was of the very finest, richest quality; and her wisdom and insight are, as ever must be in such a case, exactly correspondent.

V.

Leave-taking—Value of a Profession—A Lily, and a Poem—Flowers—Beauty and Use.

To Thomas Blackburne, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, October 13th*, 1851.—I feel much in saying farewell to you, dear friend of my ever-lamented brother. You have known me in a sad, shaded stage of my existence, yet have greeted my poor autumn as brightly and genially as if it were spring or summer. Hitherto my head has been "above water;" ere you return to this busy town, *the waves may have gone over my head.* My great endeavour is not to foreshape the future in particulars, but knowing that my strength always has been equal to my day, when the day is come, to feel that it ever will be so on to the end, come what may, and that all things except a reproaching conscience, are "less dreadful than they seem."

God bless you! Cultivate your poetical talent, which will ever be a delight to you, but still, as I used to say to my friend Mr ——, have a profession,—a broad beam of the house of life, around which the bright occasional garland may be woven from time to time.—Believe me, dear Mr Blackburne, yours with much regard, Sara Coleridge.

> "Espouse thy doom at once, and cleave
> To fortitude without reprieve."*

are words that often sound in my ear.

* "White Doe of Rylstone," Canto II.—E. C.

Wordsworth was more to my opening mind in the way of religious consolation than all books put together except the Bible.

Regent's Park, September 28th.—Thank you, dear Mr Blackburne, for that beauteous flower and lovely poem. Two lines I specially admire—

> "And like a poet tell it with a blossom
> To each new sun."

The corolla of flowers is intended to protect the fructifying system in its tender state. But this purpose might have been served by something unsightly. Nature has provided exquisite beauty both in the stamina and pistils (which give all the grace and spirit to many blossoms, or, expanding into petals, form the richness of the *rosa centifolia*, and numberless other double flowers), and in their guard, which exceeds the robes of Solomon, and rivals the butterfly, which "flutters with free wings above it."

How stupid are those people who reduce all beauty to the sense of usefulness—early association! I have heard a very clever man insist that children may be taught to admire toads and spiders, and think them as beautiful as butterflies, birds of paradise, or such a lily as you have sent me.

VI.

Proposal to visit the South of France—Climate and Society of Lausanne—The Spasmodic School of Poetry—Article on Immortality, in the *Westminster Review*—Outward Means a part of the Christian Scheme—The "Evil Heart of Unbelief"—The Foundations of Religion.

To Audrey de Vere, Esq.

Chester Place, October 19th, 1851.—My dear Friend—Are you still at that dear Derwent Island? I must direct a few lines thither for the chance of their finding you there. Since your last most kind letter, I have been longing to thank you for its most soothing contents.

I am sure you would have a pleasure in giving up your own favourite project of visiting Rome,—postponing it in order to guard the poor invalid on her way to a better clime than this. Alas! it is but a pleasant vision, the thought of my journeying to the south of France. Yet, I believe a foreign climate, more bracing, less damp and unsettled than this, might afford me as much advantage as I could receive from external things. C. H. Townshend talked to me of the effect of Lausanne air upon his relaxed and ailing frame, till he inspired me with a great wish, unfelt by me before, that I could live abroad with my E——. The discourse of other friends, William and Emma G——, who are delicate people, goes strongly the same way. Mrs Browning feels life abroad to be life indeed.

Then Chauncy Townshend says that he prefers the state of society around him at Mon Loisir to London excitement and bustle. "There," he says, "I may be sad if sorrow comes, but I am *always calm.*" The way in which he uttered these words was calming to my spirit; and certainly never did I see our old friend in better mood, more quietly gladsome, free, and variously eloquent. He tells me that he has a most agreeable, refined, intellectual set of acquaintances at Lausanne, whom he visits without London formality and expense. He provides himself with a store of books for the winter, and is as independent and happy as man can be in this life. "But why did you furnish this fine house in Norfolk Street, Park Lane," said I, "and fill it with beautiful works of art, only to enter it at long intervals, and then for a few weeks?" He declared he had as much pleasure in thinking of it, and roaming all over it in imagination, as if he were actually occupying its space, and beholding its adornments. This is, perhaps, rather fantastical. An imagination so pliant might go a step further, and imagine the house and contents, without keeping money locked up in it.

I read through the dramatic poem you were so kind as to send me, and found it full of passion and energy, but, on the whole, painful and unsatisfactory,—a production which shoots its bolt at once, and then has no more that it can do. I was reminded of the Preface to the "Virgin Widow" in reading it. One most powerful passage is a vision of the death of an ancient gladiator; but then it is utterly extravagant and untrue.

Such things could not be,—such horrid combinations of incompatible terrors and sufferings and ecstacies of enjoyment, and power and weakness, could not exist together. There are no lines and expressions, lovely and felicitous, which take place among the treasures of the mind, and are re-visited ever and anon. Mr Taylor has not written a great deal, but the proportion of such satisfactory passages to the total quantity of his compositions is considerable, and will give him a place, I think, finally, above all the other spasmodists of the present day.

Did you read Helps's "Companions of my Solitude?" There is a great charm in Helps, and he does give some help to reflection, though rather butterflyish in his movements.

Last night I read an article on Immortality in the *Westminster*. What a shallow sciolist that A—— seems to be! This life would be a gorgeous vestibule to no edifice, only a darksome cavern, if there were nought for man beyond it. How disproportionate our intellectual and spiritual education! "Few of us seem fit for heaven. What human goodness is commensurate to perfect, endless felicity—what human frailty to eternal woe?" Thus men argue against a future state. But we know not how heaven hereafter will be apportioned, and how the soul may expand in heaven-worthiness. If man be destined for the dust in a few years, he is a strange riddle. This life has ever seemed a mere transitional state, and tolerable only on that supposition, to the most elevated and cultivated men.

Viewing the Romish system as you do, my dear friend, a bright ideal, I cannot regret that you think as you do of the compatibility of my father's scheme of philosophy therewith, assured as I feel that he had done that papal system too much justice to believe in it as a divine institution. Do not think I am ever worried by what you call your "rough notes" on Romanism, however surprised I may sometimes be at your views in all their eloquence.

I do verily think no pious Romanist can suppose that faith does not involve a spiritual intuition and internal revelation of the truth. But the question was, which is the *ultimate ground of belief*, that which underlies and supports all the rest, this discernment of divine things which Christ himself by His Spirit works in the heart, or the teaching of the Church? Is the latter necessary to assure us that the very work of God in the soul of man is really and truly His work?

An external system for teaching Christianity, for initiating men into it, leading them to Christ, I believe to be a part of God's providence; and such a system, in so far as it is conformed to reason and moral truth, will have the blessing of the Spirit. But I cannot think it necessary, or even desirable for the right religious education of mankind, the education of the higher faculties and nobler feelings, that this system should be infallible. I admit that sin is not the only obstacle or impediment by which divine truth may be kept from the minds of men. The African savage cannot make himself religious wholly from within. There must be a preacher

and outward instrumentalities. I only meant to say that when the deep spiritual verities, which are the substance of the faith, are presented to the mind, it is *sin*, and not any imperfection in our faculties, which can alone prevent it from being clearly perceived. This seems to be plainly intimated by our Lord, when He shews why the Jews did not receive Him, and in His discourse to Philip. Upon the whole, we have as good means of knowing the Saviour, and all that concerns our peace, as our Lord's disciples had. We cannot know Him at all, except by an inward revelation of the Spirit. It is by knowledge of the truth, that is, information of it from without, that this communion with the enlightening Spirit comes about. But where it is, surely it is an absolute, independent certainty.

The term "private judgment" is ambiguous. It may be interpreted in a bad sense, in which I do not see that it is fairly chargeable on Reformed Christianity. But it is confounded with *individual intuition*, and in that sense it is not easily convicted of error. But I do not pretend to maintain any particular reformed system as the very truth. I believe we have but approximations to absolute truth.

I own too that there are to my mind far more interesting considerations concerning religion than those which we have been discussing. It is the foundations of religion, those problems and difficulties that belong to every system, or underlie them all, which engage my serious thoughts. I care not so much about the difference between Romish and Anglican, though I confess

the views of the Blessed Virgin in the Church of Rome do seem to me to make modern Romanism an essentially different faith and system from that of the Bible and of early Christianity.

VII.

Gradual Loss of Strength—Credulity of Unbelievers—Spiritual Peace—Thoughts of past Years.

To Aubery de Vere, Esq.

10 *Chester Place, Oct. 27th*, 1851.—My dear Friend,—I was sorry not to see you yesterday, and the more so lest I should be too weak when you come again,

> For I'm wearing awa, Friend,
> Like snaw when it's thaw, Friend,

and I feel as if I should not be long here. There is a torpor ever hanging over me, like a cloud overspreading the sky, only rent here and there by some special force; and my eyes have a heavy, deathy look. I am decidedly worse since I saw you, and I begin to wish to get rid of the mesmerism, which is producing no good effect.

Thank you for the "Valley of Lilies."* I have been looking at that strange book of A—— and M——. In all the volume of Humanity, as far as I have opened it, this is the very strangest, saddest page, as far

* A devotional work by Thomas à Kempis.—E. C.

as relates to states of thought and opinion. Is it not astonishing that, in a Christian country, there can have been such a one-sided intellectual development? The *condition* constantly throughout the book confounded with the efficient cause. I now feel as if I had never seen arrogance and shallowness, before these Letters came before me. The monstrous credulity on one hand, and utter faithlessness on the other, is truly frightful.

Do you remember how beautifully Hooker shows how our spiritual peace may be smothered for a time by bodily clouds? But, as my father says, there is a mind *within the mind*, and we must try to draw out and strengthen that.

I dwell on the Southey Letters. My mind is ever going back to my brighter days of youth, and all its dear people and things of other days.

VIII.

Congratulations on a Friend's Recovery from Illness—Her own State of Health and of Mind—Wilkie's Portrait of her Brother Hartley at Ten Years old—The Northern Worthies—A Farewell.

To Professor Henry Reed.

10 *Chester Place, December 22d*, 1851.—My dear Professor Reed—Many weeks ago I heard from Mr Yarnall with deep concern of your severe, lingering illness—lingering, though transitory, I trust, in its nature. A week

since I received from your friend another long and very interesting letter, which conveyed to me the welcome news that, though still confined to your bed, you were in a fair way of recovery. It may be premature to congratulate you on positive recovery, and Mrs Reed with you; but I may say how hopefully I look forward to it, and how rejoiced I should be to hear of your restoration to your family and all your various activities, literary and professional. Would that *my* health prospect were as yours—as hopeful! I am now an invalid, confined to my own room and the adjoining apartment, with little prospect of restoration, though I am not entirely hopeless. My malady, which had been threatening me ever since the summer before last, did not come into activity till a few months ago. What my course and the event may be perhaps no physician can tell to a certainty. I endeavour not to speculate, to make the most of each day as it comes, making use of what powers remain to me, and feeling assured that strength will be supplied, if it be sought from above, to bear any trial which my Father in heaven may think fit to send. I do not suffer pain. My principal suffering is the sense of sinking and depression. Of course all literary exertion and extensive correspondence are out of the question for me in my present condition. New editions of my father's works are in contemplation, and I can still be of use to my brother Derwent, in helping to arrange them. But any work that I do now is of a very slight and slow description.

Mr Herbert Taylor kindly offers to send to Philadel-

phia any book or packet for me, and I take the opportunity of sending you an enlarged engraving of Wilkie's sketch of my brother Hartley, in which you were so much interested, and the more from a likeness you discerned in it to your son. My brother's biographical work, "The Northern Worthies," is in the press, and great pleasure I have in reading the proof sheets, and perceiving how much more merit there is in these lives than I ever knew them to possess before. Their chief interest consists in the accompanying criticisms and reflections. I feel sure you will like them exceedingly, though, of course, you may dissent from many of the opinions and sentiments expressed.

Farewell, my dear Sir, you have my sincere wishes and prayers for your entire restoration. I *may* not be able to answer any more letters from America—a land in which I shall never cease to take an interest—but I shall ever hear with pleasure of you and yours, as long as my powers of thought remain.

Give my kind regards to Mrs Reed, and believe me yours with much esteem and sympathy,

SARA COLERIDGE.

THE END.

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Coleridge, Sara (Coleridge)
Memoir and letters

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